WILD LIFE

AMONG

THE REDMEN

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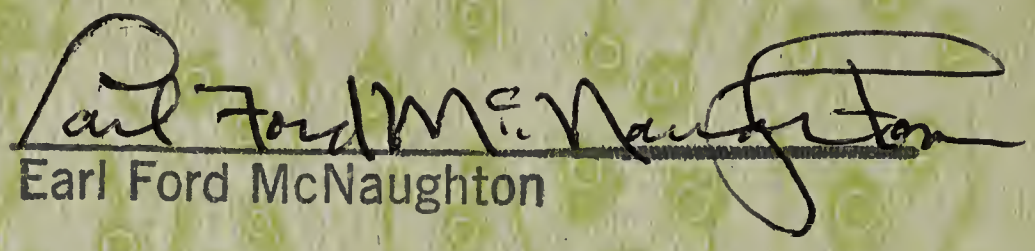

Earl Ford McNaughton

PRESENTED

TO:

from papa

BY

to Hobart

1904

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS

WILD LIFE

AMONG

THE RED MEN

CONTAINING A

FULL ACCOUNT OF THEIR CUSTOMS, TRAITS OF CHARACTER, SUPERSTITIONS, MODES OF WARFARE, TRADITIONS, ETC.

INCLUDING

FANTASTIC WAR DANCES; MYSTERIOUS MEDICINE MEN; DESPERATE INDIAN BRAVES; TORTURES OF PRISONERS; DARING DEEDS; ADVENTURES OF THE CHASE, ETC.

TOGETHER WITH

THRILLING INCIDENTS; BLOODY WARS; STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS; FAMOUS CHIEFS; EFFORTS TO CIVILIZE THE RED MEN OF THE FOREST, ETC.

By ELLA HINES STRATTON

Author of "Lives of Our Presidents," "Story of Our Nation," "A Trip around the World with Captain Parker," etc.

Superbly Illustrated with Phototype and Wood Engravings

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INTRODUCTION.

IN PRESENTING this History of the Indian Tribes to the American public we wish to say there are two classes of people whom we do not aim to please—those who, reading the Leatherstocking tales, are apt to base their ideas upon them, and regard the "noble red man" as but little lower than the angels; and the frontiersman who having, perhaps, witnessed massacres, can see no good trait in Indians, but regards them all as demons. If you reason until doomsday you can never change the ideas of these people, who hold such widely different opinions.

The happy medium between these two estimates of the Indian character would be the true one of a race which possesses human thoughts and instincts; a race to whom civilization came too soon and in the wrong way; a race which certainly was no worse than our own ancestors of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The Indian, like Topsy, simply "growed." He followed his own inclinations, without regard to right or wrong. He had no more moral sense of right or wrong than a little child has before its education in that direction begins. He could return good for good very well, but knew nothing about returning good for evil, although he understood how to give bad for bad, adding compound interest every time. He was a treacherous and cruel enemy, but a faithful friend.

The lessons which he learned were all of cruelty and, later, of hatred to the white man, whom he was taught to regard as worse than a beast of prey, for he would take his native land from him. As the Israelitites of old thought it was no crime to "borrow" of their Egyptian neighbors upon the eve of their flight from that land, so the red man considered it no crime to borrow whatever the white man had—even his life. He was desperately brave against the Spaniards, who gave him his first lessons in deceit and cruelty.

Both North and South American Indians reverenced age, as a rule; loved their children, and had a high sense of honor and justice. They were naturally silent and taciturn but fond of set speech, metaphors and similes. Cruelty to captives was the worst thing that could be said of them.

Why not read and ponder over the history of political and religious persecutions among the civilized nations of earth? Why forget the Salem witchcraft craze, the burning of negroes in New York City, and some of the old plantation tales?

The red man certainly is not a saint, but he is a human being, and should not be utterly condemned without a hearing. So far the white man has generally told the story in his own way. The Indian practiced as well as preached personal independence and freedom from all restraint; he bitterly resented the laws of the white man. He has shown the courage of Leonidas, and can not be regarded as a weak character when he has proved himself to be a shrewd, desperate and powerful foe. Our own ancestors lived in rude huts, clothed themselves in the skins of wild beasts, and painted their bodies, nor were they less cruel to their enemies than were the red men of America.

The Indian thought it a weakness to forgive an injury and noble to revenge it. He always went to war to redress a real or fancied wrong. Revenge was a sacred duty to him, yet he was an affectionate father, hospitable to all, and never forgot an injury or kindness.

Nearly all of his legends told him of visitors who would come from distant lands, manitous or gods, fair, majestic, and vastly superior to his race, whom they would speedily elevate to their own plane. When he found that the newcomers were foes instead of friends he made a gallant fight for his home in his own cruel way, which, after all that has been said, was not more cruel than the ways of his conqueror, certainly not worse than those of our own Anglo-Saxon forefathers in Europe.

He retaliated on the innocent! So did some of the white settlers. A short time ago a friend told us the story of her great-great uncle, who saw his wife killed by Indians, although, for some unexplained

reason, his own life was spared. He immediately vowed "death to all Indians" and did kill three who had nothing to do with the murder of his wife. More than that, he scalped them, and when he was dying, he had the scalps placed where he could see them and remember his revenge. Could an Indian cherish hatred more than that?

The laws of the human races follow closely those of the vegetable kingdom, and we see the survival of the fittest every day. Nation follows nation, the stronger overcoming the weaker; peoples arise and vanish and others take their places in the onward march. It is the law of progress. The Indians gave way before our race as some other race gave way to them.

We find that the first white men were regarded as gods from the distant Chebakunah, the Land of Souls, and the tidings of their coming ran from tribe to tribe, to be talked of in lodge and council house. The Indians welcomed them with gifts of corn and fruit, giving them cordial help, but all too soon these trusting people discovered that their supposed gods were very selfish and human men.

The first thing was to kidnap some of the unsuspecting natives to send across the water as a show, and the next step was easy—to make slaves of them! Is it any wonder that they became "wild and unruly," and tried to prevent more ships from anchoring?

The white man's "firewater" was the most deadly agent in the conquest of the American Indians. Drunkenness was never known among them before Columbus came. The story goes that Masewapega, an Ojibway, visited the white spirits and carried back to his tribe some spirits which were not white in character. The Indians dare not taste it, fearing that it was poison, but finally gave a glass to a very old squaw who had not much longer to live.

To their great surprise the old woman did not die, and presently begged for more. From that day the Ojibways thought nothing of going a hundred miles, if need be, to get "firewater." Rum would buy more fine furs than cloth and beads, and was used freely by Indian traders. With better civilization temperance comes, and there are tem-

perance societies on some of the reservations now, while the reports grow better every year.

There are tribes which have never been hostile, no matter what the provocation has been. The different clans differ as much, one from another, as the white man differs from them all. There are the noble and the rough, the good and the bad, with all the grades between, among the native races.

The Italian peddler is not a Roman senator; the English swell is not a King Arthur; the average United States citizen is not a Washington or a Lincoln, and every Indian is not a Massasoit or a Tecumseh.

The white man is a savage, whitewashed by years of education and training. Treated as the Indian has been, placed beyond the necessity of work, would he have made more progress in a century than the Indian has done?

The memory of an injury is handed down through generations—so is the memory of a kindly deed. Once a party of Indians visited Philadelphia and were shown the statue of William Penn. They fell on their knees before it at once, so strong was the reverence for him, which had descended from father to son.

The main causes of the wars with the Indians has been failures to fulfil treaties made by the commissioners; dishonest agents, and it was a notorious fact that an agent with a salary of $1500 to $2000 a year could retire with a fortune in a few years; and encroachment of whites upon their reservations. Miners entered and took their best hunting grounds, regardless of treaties, and the government representatives professed to be unable to prevent them. In fact, the whites have always settled on Indian lands regardless of their treaty rights, and then the Indian has been told that he must "move on."

General Sherman said: "Civilization makes its own compact with the weaker party; it is violated, but not by the savage." The United States spends fifty times as much as Canada does on Indian affairs, still Canada never had Indian wars. Why? She calls them "the Indian subjects of the Crown" and treats them accordingly.

Wild Cat, a noted Seminole chief, said after the war with that tribe: "I was once a boy, then I saw the white man afar off. I hunted in those woods, first with a bow and arrow, then with a rifle. I saw the white man and was told that he was my enemy. I could not shoot him as I would a wolf or bear, yet like these he came upon me. Horses, cattle and fields he took from me. He said he was my friend. He abused our women and children and told us to go from the land. Still he gave his hand in friendship. We took it. Whilst taking it he had a snake in the other. His tongue was forked. He lied and stung us. I asked but for a small piece of these lands, enough to plant and live upon, far south—a spot where I could lay the ashes of my kindred. And even this has not been granted to me. I feel the irons in my heart!"

If this simple story teaches our youth to look upon the Indian as a brother man, undeveloped and childlike though he may be, yet with the characteristics of the great human race within his soul; a being who is capable of seeing, thinking, living and loving as we do; a fellow mortal, whose religion is based on the principle of "an eye for an eye," and who readily learns what our own acts teach him—then our efforts will not have been in vain.

All the standard histories have been consulted, as well as the yearly reports on Indian Affairs. "Boots and Saddles" has been carefully read and compared with "A Century of Dishonor." The words of army officers and Indian fighters have been considered, as well as those of the most devoted missionaries. In fact, every effort has been made to give an impartial history of the unfortunate race which once possessed our broad land, and hunted the wild animals of the forest where our proudest cities now stand.

Our thanks are especially due to the superintendents of the Hampton and Carlisle Schools for their courtesy in supplying valuable material. Also to G. W. James, Alice C. Fletcher, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, Canada, the principals of Indian Schools, and others who have contributed both facts and anecdotes.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY DISCOVERERS.

"O'er the water, floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
——a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking in the water ;
And within it came a people
From the farthest realms of morning."

"WE are going to give you a concert to-night," Ernest announced, as they seated themselves for the next study hour.

"I have no objection to that after your study hour is over," smiled Uncle Jack. "I think that we shall all enjoy a little music."

"I shall be obliged to leave you on pressing business," said the guide grimly.

"It is too bad you do not like music better," Teddy observed in a sarcastic tone.

"I do, youngster," was the calm reply. "I do like music, but ——"

"If you don't like ours you can better it," flashed Will, but the guide had disappeared in the forest.

"Attention, young men. Can you tell me how the Norsemen used the natives, and how they were used by them?" asked Uncle Jack.

"They used the Indians well enough at the first, and they often visited them to exchange furs for articles which they had brought from Ice-

land, things which they had never seen before," answered Hadley readily.

"But that did not last long!" cried Ray. "It was in the spring of 1002 that Thorwald sailed around the point of land which he called Keel Cape. The Danish Society thought that the place was what is now Cape Cod, the general outline of which resembles the keel to a ship. The vessel was shipwrecked there but, after repairing it, he sailed into a beautiful bay and was so well pleased with the land which he saw that he decided to stay there for awhile."

"What has all that to do with the Indians?" asked Will impatiently.

"A great deal, as you will soon see. The Norsemen soon came upon three canoes filled with Indians, upon whom they fired and killed all but one. This one got away and told his friends what the white strangers had done to his comrades."

FIRST BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

"And of course they all rallied to avenge the deed," nodded Roy.

"I should say that they would and did, and who can blame them? Thorwald was the only one who was wounded. He called his men around him, asked if any of them were harmed, and said: 'I have received a wound which I feel will be mortal. I advise you to prepare immediately for your return; but ye shall first carry my body to the promontory which I have thought so beautiful, and where I had thought to reside. There bury me.' He did die, and they buried him there, and that was the first battle with the Indians in America so far as I could find out," ejaculated Ernest.

"What can you tell us about his wife, the good and wise Gudrida, Wil

"She came back with Thorfinn, her second husband, and the Indians were very friendly at first, often visiting them to trade, and bringing them supplies of all kinds which they had. But after that they became so hostile that the settlement was abandoned, and no attempt was made by the Norsemen to establish another," continued Ernest.

"What more can you tell us of the Indians in the time of the adventurous Northmen, Hadley?"

"It was in the year 1026 that Gudleif started for Dublin, in Ireland, but his vessel was caught in a storm and driven to the American coast, where the crew were taken by the natives and carried into the interior. They were greatly surprised to find there an old chief who addressed them in their own language. He would not tell his name, nor how he came to be there, but they thought that they knew who he was. That is the first mention that I saw of a white man becoming chief among the Indians."

"It was quite a common thing later," returned Roy. "But who was he? Do you know, Teddy?"

"He sent a gold ring to Thurida, the sister of Snorre Gode, and a sword to her son, and the men were sure that he was Biorne the Bard, who had been her lover, and had left Iceland in 998," replied Teddy. "Of course they didn't know that this was so, but they thought it."

ADVENTURERS SEARCHING FOR GOLD.

"A great many years passed before explorers saw the shores of America again, or if any did, no record was kept of the voyage. Moreover there has always been various opinions as to who should rightfully have the honor of discovering America the next time. So we will begin with Columbus. How did he use the owners of the land which he found?" asked Uncle Jack.

"He found the island inhabited by a humane and hospitable people, and he took some of them away with him to show what kind of a race lived in the land which he had discovered—I don't know whether they wanted to go with him or not. The simple Indians thought that the white men who came in the 'canoes with wings' were gods from Chebakunah, the land of souls. They were frightened when they fired their guns, and prostrated themselves before them at every movement," Ray replied

"He saw many of these natives running along the shore and watch-

LANDING OF COLUMBUS ON THE ISLAND OF SAN SALVADOR.

ing the white strangers in utter astonishment and wonder," continued Will. "He took some of the fruits and flowers of the new world, as well as seven of the natives, and sailed for home. But first he made a small fort in Hayti, or Hispaniola, as they called that island, because of its fancied resemblance to the Spain which they had left."

"This fort was called La Navidad, and Columbus left men to garrison it, with commands to use the Indians fairly. Can you tell me what happened to that fort, Roy?" inquired Uncle Jack.

"Although the men whom he left promised him that they would be good to the natives, they were not. Almost before the Nina was out of sight they broke every promise thus made. They stole the gold ornaments which the women wore, and each man took two or three of them as his wives. Then they searched the island over for the treasures—which they did not find. They made the Indians do all of their work, and they did not pay them anything for it either."

"What was the result of this treachery, Ernest?"

"Why, the colony was destroyed, of course; didn't it serve them right? The natives did it in revenge, just as the Indians of America have kept doing ever since. But Columbus planted another settlement when he came again, and so the colonization of that island began."

"What sort of men were these early discoverers, Teddy?"

ORIGINAL INHABITANTS.

"They were rude, fearless, and ambitious—adventurers in search of gold and treasure, who considered that might made right in all things. They regarded the natives as beasts almost, instead of thinking of them as human beings like themselves, and did not hesitate to take from them whatever they pleased, even their homes, their liberty and their lives."

"Yes, they almost always went at them with swords and guns, even when there was no need for it," declared Hadley. "When they spared their lives it was to take them away from their homes and sell them as slaves in a distant land."

22 COLUMBUS RECEIVING NATIVES ON BOARD HIS SHIP.

"But all of them were not like that; there were some good ones among the early discoverers of this new land," protested Teddy.

"We are speaking of the majority, my boy, and that was the beginning of the white man's reign in America, when men, calling themselves Christians, made a desolate land of misery and woe, for many, many cruel years, of the beautiful country which was a pagan Eden when they found it," said Uncle Jack sadly. "How did the Indians take the coming of these strangers? Can you tell us what was done when they first came, Ray?"

CONSTERNATION AMONG THE NATIVES.

"There was astonishment and confusion. Runners carried the incredible news along the narrow Indian trails which led from the coast to the interior. The strange tale was whispered from lodge to lodge, and gravely commented on in the councils. Alas, the simple red men little dreamed that the coming of the more powerful white man marked the twilight of their own supremacy in the broad land of America."

"I question that; it isn't original!" cried Teddy. "We must tell everything in our own words, mustn't we, Uncle Jack?"

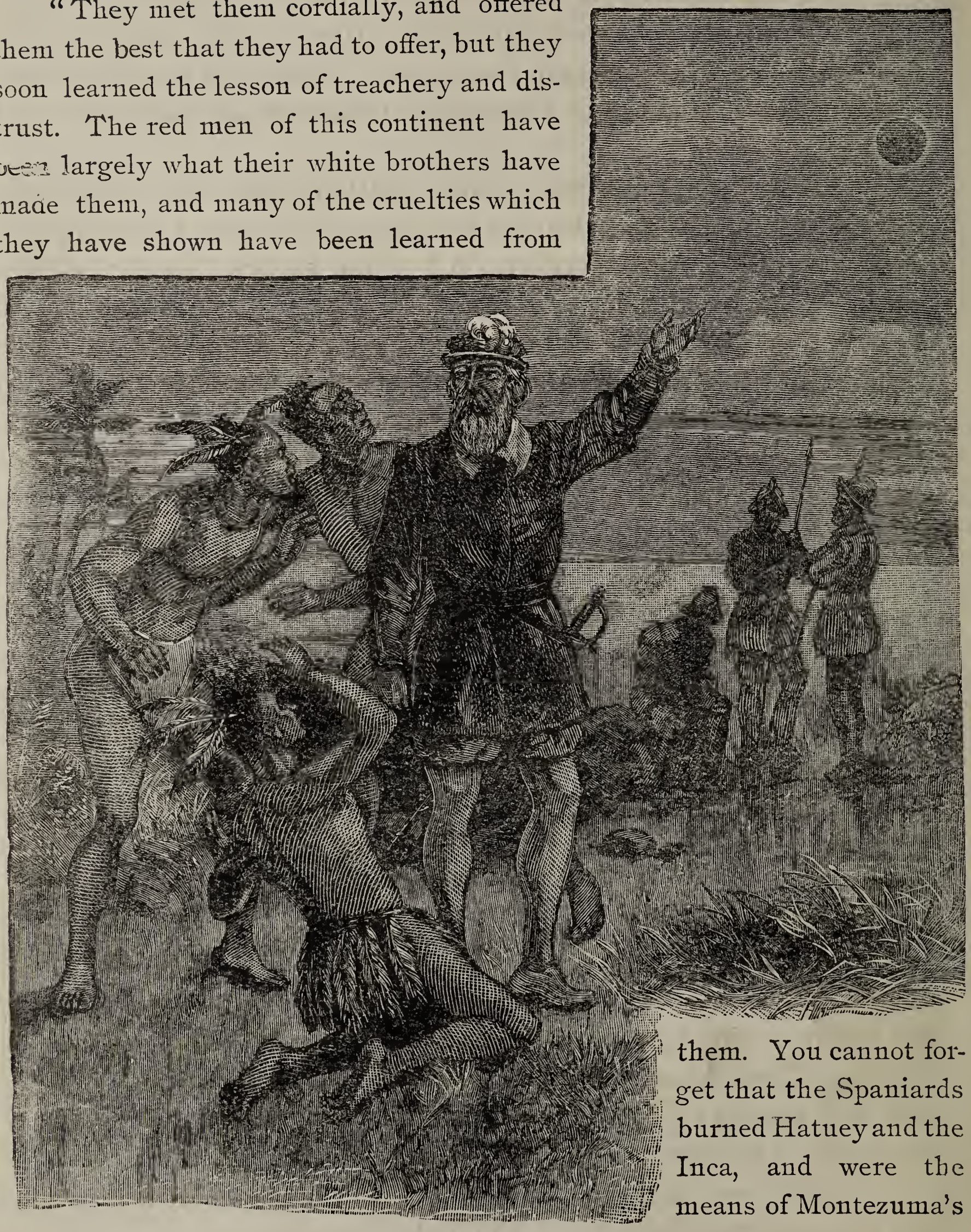
"We will make that a rule if we haven't before," answered Uncle Jack. "You will remember it better if you tell it in your own words, as you have understood it. You may go on Teddy."

"When Columbus made his last voyage his men were more cruel and unjust to the natives than ever before, and the Indians refused to give them any supplies. They would have starved if Columbus hadn't remembered how very superstitious the Indians were. He knew that an eclipse of the sun was nearly due, and threatened that he would cause the great and glorious sun to lose its light. When the black shadow began to creep over its bright surface the poor Indians were so frightened that they were willing to do whatever he wanted."

"Hadn't they ever seen an eclipse?" demanded Will.

"You must ask some one else, history does not say a word about that! Perhaps it would spoil a good story to study into it too closely. Now tell us how the Indians met the new comers, Roy?"

"They met them cordially, and offered them the best that they had to offer, but they soon learned the lesson of treachery and distrust. The red men of this continent have been largely what their white brothers have made them, and many of the cruelties which they have shown have been learned from them. You cannot forget that the Spaniards burned Hatuey and the Inca, and were the means of Montezuma's death."



NATIVES ASTONISHED BY ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

"No, we cannot forget that," answered Hadley earnestly.

"Now we will hear about the Indian slavery which existed in this free land of ours before Negro slavery did. Ernest, you may begin with some historical instance of kidnapping Indians to sell as slaves" said Uncle Jack.

"The different tribes were widely scattered and often at war with each other, but they soon learned the lesson of 'an eye for an eye' too well for the white man's comfort. All of the earliest voyagers carried away natives as curiosities, or to sell for slaves. Caspar Cortereal, in 1501, enticed fifty-seven of them aboard his ship and sailed away with them. He was killed while trying to take more at another place, and I don't care if he was. This was at Labrador, and the name of that country is to commemorate the cruel deed, for it is called Terra de Labrador, or the Land of Laborers."

BEGINNING OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

"Go on, Teddy."

"Columbus began the slave trade. The most truthful natives became treacherous and suspicious. The story was much the same everywhere in the New World, where the white man made a settlement. In 1494 Columbus, while cruising in the West Indies, sent twelve shiploads of Indian captives to Spain as slaves. Even De Soto wrote about the 'sport of killing Indians,' and I think much less of this greatly admired adventurer than I do of Hirihigua, the hated Seminole, who fought so valiantly for the homes of his people."

"Drake tells a pretty good story of a white man who, meeting an Indian saluted him as 'brother.' 'Ugh, how we be brothers?' asked the Indian. 'Oh, by way of old Adam, I suppose,' was the laughing answer. The red man did not answer for some minutes, and then he said very gravely: 'Ugh, me tank Him Great Spirit we be no nearer brothers.' I call that pretty good for an answer," laughed Ernest.

"I don't wonder that he wanted no nearer relationship, and I would not have admitted that much," said Teddy thoughtfully.

"What can you say of John Verrazzani, an Italian explorer, Ray?"

"He reached America and was the first white man to land on the shore of North Carolina. The astonished natives received him with fearless hospitality. These Indians were dressed in the skins of animals, and wore necklaces of coral with feather ornaments."

"One of his crew was sent on shore with presents, but he was so frightened when he saw the Indians waiting for him that he turned about and tried to swim back to the ship. He was nearly drowned when the natives rescued him, but they dried his clothes, warmed him, and then retired to a distance until a boat from the ship came to take him away," added Hadley.

"Yes, and to pay for this kindness to one of their number the visitors took a child away from its mother, and tried to capture a young woman 'of tall stature and very beautiful.' I guess the Indians wished that they had let him drown!" exclaimed Teddy indignantly.

ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

"Did they land at any other point in America, Will?"

"Oh, yes. They entered the harbors of New York and Newport, then skirted New England to Nova Scotia, and perhaps they went farther north. There they found that the natives were not friendly, because, as you remember, Cortereal had been kidnapping along that coast, and they thought that all white men were alike, and would not trust any of them."

"And they were about right!" Ray declared indignantly. "Others had been kidnapping there. Sebastian Cabot made Henry VII a present of three natives from Newfoundland before that. And if you hunt your histories you will find more accounts of this business."

"Have you anything further to tell us, Ernest?"

"Vasquez de Ayllon sent two ships from San Domingo to the Bahamas for Indians to be sold as slaves. The native population of the West Indies had died out so rapidly under the cruel rule of their conquerors that it was necessary to find laborers elsewhere to work the

plantations and mines. So Vasquez formed a company, fitted out two ships, and started on a kidnapping expedition."

"They went to the Bahamas first, and then to South Carolina," continued Roy. "And they named the country where they landed Chicora. The Indians had not learned to be afraid of their white brothers, and, although they were rather timid at first, they soon gained confidence in the visitors who gave them such wonderful presents."

"What did Vasquez do then, Ernest?"

"He invited them to visit the ship and a great many of them came. When he thought that he had all that his vessels would carry, he hoisted the sails and carried them away from their homes and native land to slave for cruel strangers. But he did not gain as much by the deed as he hoped to do. One of his ships went down in a violent storm with all on board of her, and the most of the remaining captives died of a pestilence."

FAILED TO CONQUER.

"Did he ever return, Teddy?"

"Yes. Charles V appointed him governor of Chicora, and he returned to conquer the country. He spent all of his fortune in the enterprise, and failed. He found that the natives were not likely to forget his former treachery, and nearly all of his men were killed. He died of grief and mortification almost as soon as he reached home."

"Will, what have you to tell us?" asked Uncle Jack, in the pause which followed.

"Captain Weymouth kidnapped five natives, taking also their boat bows and arrows, and similar outrages were perpetrated all along the coast. Instead of making heroes of these early adventurers, I would tell the stories of Tuscaloosa, the Chickasaw chief; of Hirihigua, the Seminole; of Capafi, the Creek, and of the young chieftainess of Cofitachiqui. They suffered in defence of their homes, which the newcomers were trying to take from them."

"Go on, Roy."

"When Ponce de Leon went in search of the fabulous Fountain of

Youth, in 1513, he was wounded by the Indians of Florida, and returned to Cuba to die, finding a grave instead of perpetual youth. By this time the Indians of the coast had learned to try and keep the strangers from landing—that is, those of them who had had any experience with the white men."

"It was in April, 1528, that Pamphilo de Narvaez cast anchor in Tampa Bay, and a week later he took possession of all Florida in the name of Spain. He was very wealthy, but put his whole fortune into the enterprise of conquering the country between the Atlantic and the River of Palms. Many younger sons of noble families were with him. He found the natives very hostile, but he would not turn back. He stole corn from the Indians and killed the horses for food. Only a handful of his men were ever heard from again after they started for the interior in search of gold, and four of them, at least, were captives among the Indians for more than six years," Teddy added.

FERDINAND DE SOTO.

"Who visited Florida in 1539, Hadley?"

"It was De Soto, and one of the bloodiest battles ever fought in America between the red and white men was the one fought by De Soto and the Cherokee Confederation, at the Indian village of Mavilla, on the Alabama river."

"How was this expedition received by the Indians, Ray?"

"Well, I guess they were not very welcome. The Indian guides continually led the Spaniards out of the way, and then the Spaniards had them torn to pieces by the blood-hounds. Yet this dreadful punishment did not keep the next guide from doing the same thing and brav-

ing the same fate. In 1540 De Soto had one of these guides burned alive."

"I don't blame the Indians one bit for being treacherous with him, for they couldn't get even by fair means," declared Will emphatically. "The Spaniards cut off their hands for every little fault, burned them alive, gave them to the hounds, chained them in pairs by the neck, and forced them to carry their baggage."

"What can you tell us about the town of Mavilla, Roy?"

"I read that the town consisted of eighty houses, each one large enough to hold a thousand men, but I don't know whether to believe it or not. These houses were surrounded by a high wall made of great tree trunks set very close together and interwoven with stout vines."

"What next, Ernest?"

"Why, the Spaniards attacked the town, and there was a desperate battle, in which they won the victory, but the place was burned and the white men lost the most of their baggage."

A WINTER OF GREAT PRIVATION.

"I suppose they gave up the enterprise, then, Hadley?"

"Oh, no. They spent the winter in a deserted Chickasaw village, living on the corn which had been left standing in the fields. We must give those early explorers credit for courage and perseverance, if they were cruel."

"What happened to them in the spring of 1541, Teddy?"

"De Soto ordered a Chickasaw chief to furnish him with two hundred men to carry his baggage, and the chief refused. That night the Indians attacked them, the village was burned, and they lost all that had been saved before. Still they pushed on until they reached the Mississippi, where the natives treated them kindly. But De Soto died in June, 1542, and was buried in the river at midnight, in order to conceal his death from the Indians, who thought that he was immortal."

"What became of his followers, Hadley?"

"They set out across the country to Mexico, although he had advised them to continue down the river; but they aroused the whole country by their barbarous treatment of the natives, and at last they were driven back, and were obliged to make boats and go down the river

SPANIARDS DESCENDING THE MISSISSIPPI AFTER THE DEATH OF DE SOTO.

after all. Their progress was very slow, for they were harassed by the Indians on the shores, and they had a continual fight every mile of the way."

"It was no wonder that the Indians had suspicions of the godliness of the Spaniards," declared Ray. "When Cortez went to Mexico it had been foretold that an invincible people would come to avenge the angry gods in a terrible way, as the gods were irritated at the many crimes of the inhabitants of the land. So when the Spaniards came the natives accepted and reverenced them at first. They saw them on horseback

and thought that man and horse were one wonderful creature. They had very vivid imaginations."

"But some of them decided to prove whether they were really gods or not," Teddy interrupted. "They were sent to bring a young Spaniard to a cacique's house on a visit, and they pushed him overboard while they were rowing him across the river, and resolutely held him under the water until he was dead. Then they carried him to the shore very gently, and watched the body three days and nights to see if life would return to it. When they discovered signs of death instead of returning life, they knew that the Spaniards were human like themselves, and ceased to fear them so much."

THOUGHT GUNPOWDER WAS MADE FOR NEGROES.

"I can tell a story, too," cried Will eagerly. "The Americans of South America, when they saw Negroes with the Spaniards, thought that gunpowder was made from their bodies—they were so very black. So they caught one of them as quickly as they could and burned him, hoping to discover thereby the secret of the 'white man's thunder that killed.' They were very much surprised as well as bewildered by the result."

"Indians could be generous to a brave enemy, and they often were!" Teddy exclaimed. "I found this story of Major Elliot, who died fighting them desperately. You know Indians believe that if a man is scalped he cannot go to the happy hunting grounds, and so they scalp all the enemies they can to keep them out. But they did not scalp him. They said that so brave a man ought to go to heaven, still they cut off his right hand and foot so that he could do them no harm there, when they all got to paradise! Wasn't they generous?"

"The Indians gave the white men lots of things that they never heard of," Ernest asserted. "We know that the squaws baked beans in earthen pots, as we do now, but they had more than beans—vegetables and fruits, wild geese and ducks, turkeys and pigeons. Then they had corn, tobacco, potatoes, artichokes, tapioca, arrowroot, cocoa, vanilla,

pimento, pepper, pineapples, guava—all of these, and more, were here when America was discovered by the white man."

"Guess how they cooked potatoes at first!" cried Roy. "They thought that the balls were the part to eat and they did not like them any too well. When they learned enough to eat the potatoes they cooked them in a funny way sometimes. I asked mamma to try it but she said she didn't want to waste the potatoes!"

"Why don't you tell us how it was?" said Roy.

"Why, they boiled and mashed the potatoes, seasoned them with cinnamon, nutmeg, and pepper; then treated them with sugar, butter, and grape juice; and frosted them with rosewater and sugar. I would rather have plain boiled potatoes, wouldn't you?"

THEIR MUD DWELLINGS.

"Did you find anything about their villages, Teddy?"

"Natchez Indians were first visited by La Salle in 1682, and he found 'large, square dwellings, built of sun-baked mud, mixed with straw. These were covered with dome-shaped roofs of cane, and were placed in regular order around an open space, or court. Two of them were larger and better than the rest. One was the lodge of the chief, the other was the temple of the Sun * * * and before it burned the perpetual fire * * * a strong mud wall surrounding it, planted with stakes, upon which were the skulls of the enemy who had been sacrificed there to the Sun.'"

"What was the greatest cause of the Indian's trouble with the white man, Will?"

"Worse than the white man's deceit, or swords, or guns, was the 'white man's firewater.' The downfall of the poor Indian in that respect is the most eloquent sermon on temperance that ever was spoken or written in the history of a people. Drunkenness was unknown until the white man brought it to them—a fatal gift—for it has destroyed more than all the disease and wars, which, by the way, have come to them from the same source."

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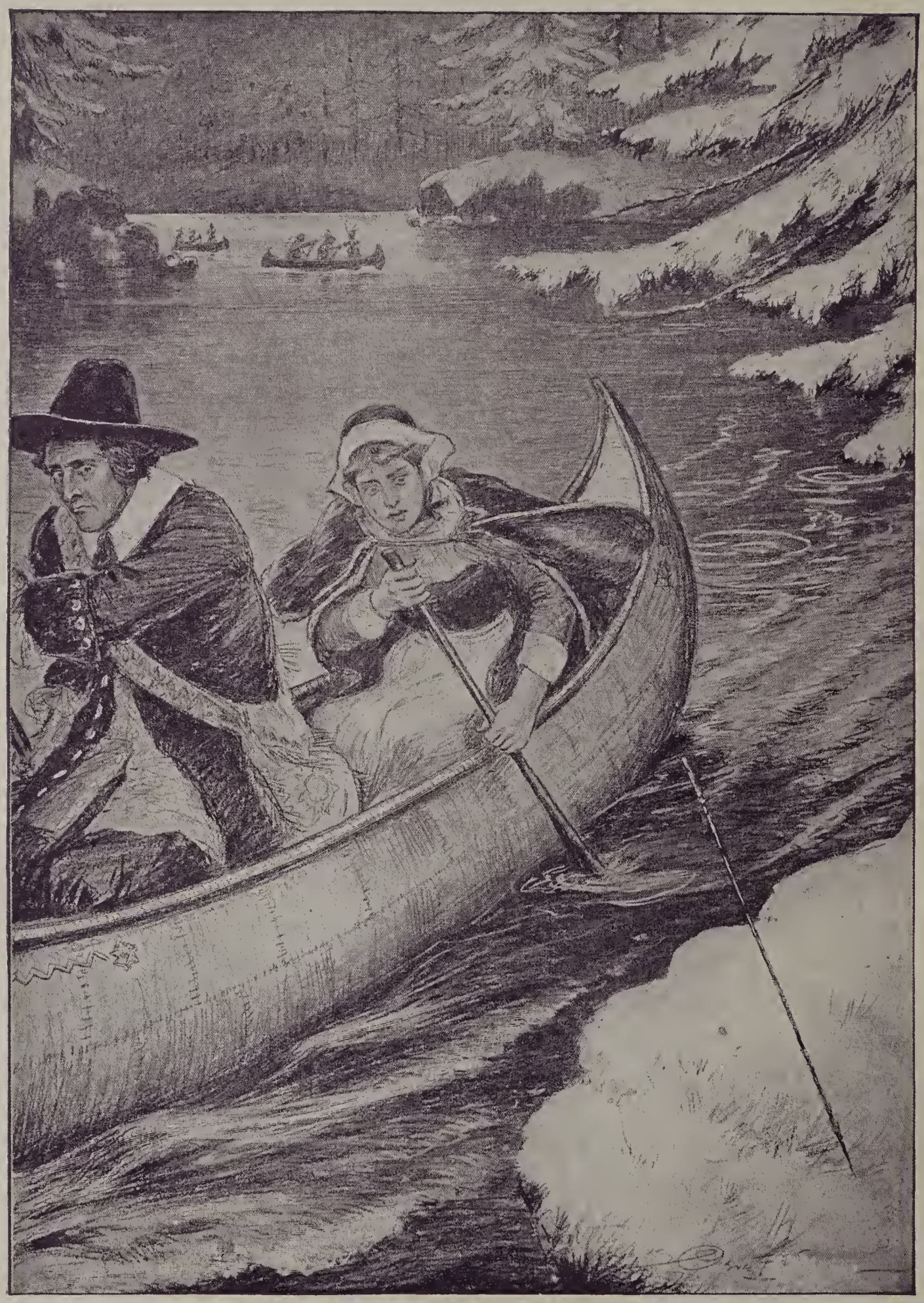
ENTRANCE OF CORTEZ INTO MEXICO



SCENE ON THE JAMES RIVER IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF VIRGINIA

AN ARROW OF THE PURSUING INDIANS HAS JUST MISSED THE GIRL'S SHOULDER AND PLUNGED INTO THE SNOW-COVERED BANK

ARRAPAHOE BRAVES, CAMP SUPPLY, INDIAN TERRITORY

YAMAPI, RUNNER FOR CHIEF OURAY

UTE TRIBE

OURAY

THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE UTES

WICHITA INDIAN CAMP

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

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BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE

GENERAL HARRISON WAS ATTACKED BY TECUMSEH AND THE INDIANS WERE ROUTED WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER

SALUTE BY INDIANS TO A DEAD CHIEF

IT IS CUSTOMARY FOR INDIANS TO PAY RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF A CHIEF WHO HAS GONE TO THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS BY A FEW WORDS OF A WAR-SONG, A WARWHOOP OR HOLDING UP THEIR PIPES TO THE DEAD BODY

INDIAN WAR DANCE

HAIRY BEAR

PONCA TRIBE

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BATTLE OF THE LITTLE HORN RIVER

ON THE 25TH DAY OF JUNE, 1876, GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER ATTACKED A BODY OF SIOUX, AND AFTER THE FIERCEST FIGHT KNOWN IN INDIAN WARFARE, HE AND HIS ENTIRE COMMAND WERE DESTROYED

THE SNOW-SHOE DANCE

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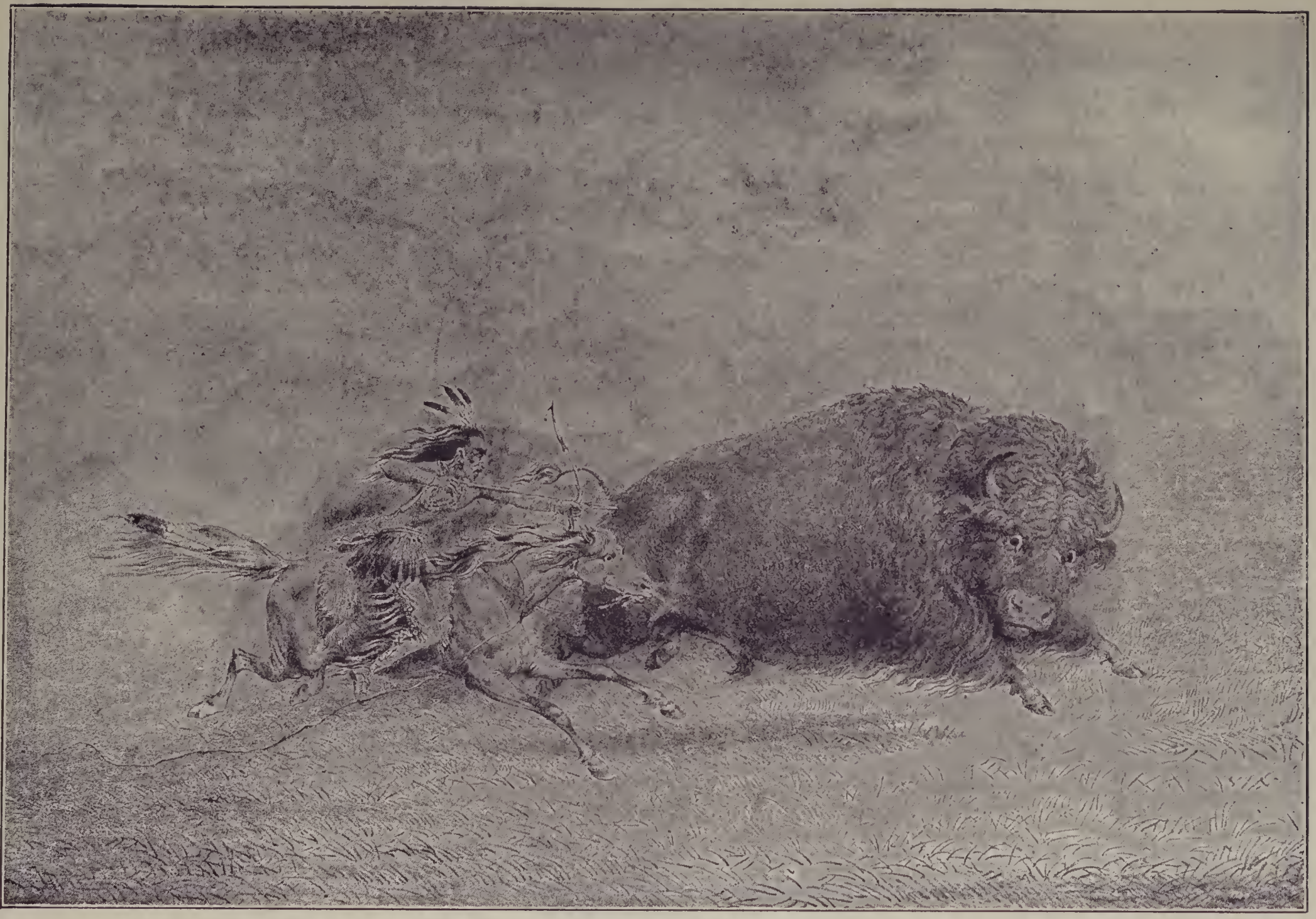
CAPTURE AND DEATH OF THE INDIAN CHIEF SITTING BULL

HE WAS CHIEF OF THE SIOUX INDIANS AND WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN THE SLAUGHTER OF GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS ENTIRE COMMAND AT LITTLE HORN RIVER IN JUNE, 1876. IN 1890 HE WAS CAPTURED AND SHOT BY A BODY OF INDIAN POLICE



INDIAN HUNTING ONE OF THE LARGEST SPECIES OF BUFFALOES

AMERICAN HORSE

OGALLALA TRIBE

"Who first gave it to them?"

"Henry Hudson was the first to give strong drink to the Indian," answered Roy positively. "The simple red men thought that he, with his brilliant red coat trimmed with golden lace, must be the Great Spirit Himself—so fine did he appear."

"Yes," added Ernest; "It was an evil day for the red men of America when the 'Half Moon,' manned by her picked crew, entered New York harbor. Even Hudson's sad fate does not excuse his conduct, or make people forget it."

HENDRIK HUDSON.

"What was that?" asked Teddy. "Oh, I know. He, with his son and four sick men, were placed in a frail shallop and set adrift. That was in Hudson's Bay, and the gloomy waters became his tomb and his monument, for the bay bears his name to this day."

"Well, I want to know more about his treatment of the Indians," demanded Hadley. "I know that he thought the Hudson river was just a passage to India."

"He was very cruel and unjust to them, and such treatment brought its usual result," answered Ray. "When he offered them the strong drink they would only smell of it at first. Then one of the chiefs, thinking that they would offend the Great Spirit if they didn't drink what he offered them, and being, perhaps, a little braver than his fellows, bade his comrades a last, solemn farewell, and drained the glass."

"And got drunk!" ejaculated Teddy.

"Well, he soon began to stagger, then fell, and his friends thought

that he had gone to the happy hunting ground surely. They were very much astonished when he came to life after a little while. He told them that it was the strongest water that he had ever seen, and that he was never so happy in his life before."

"And that settled it!" cried Ernest. "Then every Indian took some, and it has destroyed more of them than war has done. Strong drink has been the curse of the red man as well as of his white brother."

"To-morrow we will continue our talk, but I think we have had enough for this time. Do you see the moonlight on the water? I take its glimmer as an invitation to take a sail in its path of light," said Uncle Jack, as he went to the door of the camp.

"You mean that the invitation comes from you, and we are all ready to accept it," laughed Hadley, following him.

CHAPTER II.

MORE ABOUT EARLY DAYS.

"Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!
With sword and lance, and armor strong, they scoured the country round;
And whatever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old!"

"WE will begin where our last lesson left off," said Uncle Jack. "I think you told me that some of the white men who came here purchased their lands of the original owners. Who can tell us about this?"

"When the white men did buy their lands they did not pay much for them," declared Hadley. "New York was purchased for twenty-four dollars' worth of scarlet cloth, brass buttons and other trinkets, the real cost being about one-sixth of a cent per acre."

"And the pay was not always of such harmless stuff as cloth and trinkets," said Ray significantly.

"No. Mr. Turner says: 'From the hour when Henry Hudson first lured the Indians on board his vessel, on the river which bears his name, and gave them their first taste of spirituous liquors, the whole history of British intercourse with the Indians is marked by the use of this accursed agent as a principal means of success. What do you say to that?" questioned Ernest.

"What was the Indian opinion of these things? Can you tell us, Roy?"

"Red Jacket said once: 'The red man knew nothing of trouble until it came from the white man. As soon as they crossed the Great Water they wanted to take our country from us, and in return they have always been ready to teach us to quarrel about their religion. The things they teach us we do not understand, and the light they give us makes the straight and plain path trod by our fathers dark and dreary.'"

"But all of the early discoverers did not treat the Indians badly. I know that," protested Will.

"No; some of them, like Penn, purchased the lands instead of taking what they wanted by force. In 1634 Maquacomen, a Pawtuxet chief of some influence, said: 'I love the English so well that, if they should go about to kill me, if I had so much breath as to speak, I would command my people not to revenge my death, for I know they would do no such thing except it was through my own fault,'" answered Uncle Jack. "But two hundred and forty-two years later, in 1876, Sitting Bull, an Ogallalla Sioux, said bitterly, 'There is not one white man who loves an Indian, and not one true Indian but what hates a white man.' Quite a marked difference of opinion, wasn't it? Ninigret, a famous chief and warrior, when asked to allow Christianity to be taught to his people said: 'It would be better to preach it to the English until they are good.' He was very fierce and proud, but perhaps he had reason to be."

"Some of their sayings are very sad, and they show the distrust with which they had learned to regard the white man," said Roy. "Let me tell you about Menawa, who, as he left his home when his people were 'Going West,' said sadly: 'Last evening I saw the sun set for the last time, and its light shone upon the tree tops and the land, and the water that I am never to look upon again. No other evening will come, bringing to Menawa's eyes the rays of the setting sun upon the home that he has left forever.'"

DID NOT WANT TO SEE A WHITE MAN.

"That was not all that he said," declared Will. "Before he went he took his portrait to a white man whom he called his friend, saying to him: 'I am going away. I have brought you this picture; I have always found you true to me, but, great as my regard for you is, I never wish to see you in that new country to which I am going; for, when I cross the great river, my desire is that I may never again see the face of a white man.'"

"Gracious, how he must have hated the race!" ejaculated Teddy.

"I want you to tell me why the Indians always wore blankets, and many of them wear them yet," said Ernest.

"Oh, you want me to tell you the story of the first Indian blanket, do you?" laughed Teddy. "Well, I suppose I can do it. When this world was all new there was a man who went forth to hunt, so that he might help his people, but he had naught wherewith to clothe himself, save only a bunch of grass tied about his loins."

"Wasn't he cold?" asked Roy soberly; but Teddy went on without noticing the interruption.

THE FORM OF A DEER.

"'There arose a storm, and he was cold, very cold; and he was sore distressed and like to die. Lo! then of a sudden, came forth from the East Land what seemed to be a mighty deer, but it was really one of the Masters of Life in the form and person of a deer only.' I am telling you this in the same words that I found, for it sounds better than I can tell it in my own."

"Never mind that, go on," cried Ernest impatiently.

"'As he approached, he lifted his foot and moved it to and fro, as if in sign of peace. His antlers were wide spreading, his back was covered with long, thick hair, like a mantle of fur, giving him warmth, so that far better clothed was he than the Indian standing before him. And he said to the man who stood there, startled and trembling: 'Look now, oh son, give heed to what I say, for I live not here only, and in this form which thou dost see, but lo! I live in all the six regions round about the world. I breathe in the wind's breaths of all directions, and what though thou kill me, yet will I not be slain.'"

"Did he kill him?" demanded Hadley.

"He said: 'Smite me, therefore, with thine arrow here,' and he motioned to a spot over his heart, behind his shoulder, 'and when I fall cut so, and so, and so,' said he, pointing out in all the directions that ever since that day Indians have followed in taking off the skin from the

deer. 'When thou hast done all these things, thou shalt take the skin which thou hast thus lifted from off my form and stretch it over the ground until it becomes larger and straightened.'"

"What other direction did he give him?" asked Ray.

"He continued:—'Then thou shalt soften it by rubbing it between the hands and drawing it over the knees and feet, and when this is done thou shalt cut off the longer pieces which now cover my hinder legs, and with them make a girdle, whilst with the part that covers my back cover thou thy back, folding the strips that are now upon my fore legs over thy shoulders, and girding the broader part that hangs below thy waist. Thus shalt thou have a mantle wherewith to cover thee, even as it covers me now, from the cold and rain, and thy arms will be free for use, and thy legs for running as free as mine.'"

"And that Indian killed him, I suppose," ejaculated Ray. "I would have run, yes sir, I would, if a deer talked to me like that!"

AN ANCIENT MAN APPEARED.

"'The Indian folded his arms across his breast, and bowed his head and breathed deeply from his hands, that he might remember and do these things; but he liked not to smite the deer, and though he lifted his bow, he dropped it again and again, until commanded anew. Then quickly he drew an arrow to the head and aimed it and loosed it, and it sank deep in the side of the deer and he fell to the ground. Behold! The mists of his dying breath assumed, ere they vanished, the form of an ancient man——'"

"Gee whiz!" cried Will wildly. "If that Indian stayed there after that he was pretty plucky."

"This man of mist said to him: 'The rest of this form of mine thou shalt see freely use for thy needs and for the needs of thy people and children; and thou shalt tell them everything which I have told and shown to thee, without omission. Thus through all ages of the world, as it waxeth old, there will be great numbers of my kind for, remembering these things, thou nor thy many children will kill us wantonly.

Only that ye may have mantles to wear and meat to eat, will ye kill us." The Indian did as he was bidden and lo! even unto this day the deer endure, what though generations of men have slain them; and the Indians love the mantle warm with the life of the first father of the deer kind, who gave it to their father when the world was new.'"

"That is the best legend yet—except that of the first robin," nodded Ray.

"I am afraid that we are drifting back to legends and, while they may be very interesting and we might spend days in searching them out, there are other things which are much more important to us now. It is the history of the American Indian that we are after, you remember," Uncle Jack reminded them. "Can you tell me what happened in 1578, Will?"

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed for America, but it was an ill-fated expedition and he lost his life. Then his half brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, a nobleman in more than name, determined to plant a colony in Carolina. He fitted out two vessels under the command of Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, and sent them to explore the country."

"How did they find the natives there, Roy?"

"Sir Walter said that 'the natives are as kindly as their climate and soil.' It was these vessels sent out by him that were so kindly welcomed at Roanoke Island by the wife of Granganimo."

"Can you give the account of how she did receive them, Ernest? Give it in the words of the historian."

"Hakyluvt gives this letter as written by Amidas or Barlow to Sir

Walter: 'The soile is most plentifull, sweete, fruitfull, and wholesome of all the world . . . the wife of Granganimo, the king's brother, came running out to meete us very cheerfully and friendly, her husband not being in the village. Some of her people shee commanded to drawe our boate on shore for the beating of the billoe, others shee appointed to cary us on their backes to the dry ground, and the others to bring our oares into the house for feare of stealing . . .'"

"Was that all of the story, Teddy?"

"Oh, no. He said: 'Shee caused us to sit downe by a greate fire, and after tooke off our clothes and washed them and dried them againe. Some of the women plucked off our stockings and washed our feete in warm water, and shee herself tooke greate pains to see all things ordered in the best manner shee could, making greate haste to dresse some meate for us to eate.'"

"I would like to know what she gave them to eat," laughed Ray.

BOUNDLESS HOSPITALITY.

"That is easy enough to find out, for the same writer goes on to say: 'After we had thus dried ourselves, shee brought us into the inner roome, where shee sat on the board standing along the house, some wheate like furmentie; sodden venison and roasted; fish, sodden, boyled, and roasted; melons raw and sodden; roots of divers kinds; and divers fruits. Their drinke is commonly water, but while the grape lasteth they drink wine, but it is sodden with ginger in it, and black sinamon, and sometimes sassaphras, and divers other wholesome and medicinable hearbes and trees,'" answered Hadley.

"And he asserted further: 'We were entertained with alle love and kindnesse, and with as much bountie, after their manner, as they could possibly devise. We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithfull; voide of alle guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age,'" continued Will.

"Amidas and Barlow were greatly pleased with the country as well as the inhabitants, and published glowing accounts of it when they

reached England, so that many people wanted to go to America. They took two Indians away with them—perhaps they wanted to go—they were Wanchese and Manteo, the latter of which was afterwards of great service as an interpreter. But a grave mistake was made in this business ; can you tell us what it was, Roy ?"

"Sir Walter Raleigh made the mistake. When Amidas and Barlow

INDIANS TATOOING A WHITE MAN.

told what a fine country it was he resolved to send out another expedition immediately, but he was not careful in selecting the men whom he permitted to go, any more than our emigration officers are now. The expedition was composed for the most part of adventurers whose heads were turned by the prospect of great gain, and who had little respect for the rights of others, especially the Indian."

"Sir Richard Grenville commanded the expedition," Will continued. "They landed and went to the same place where the former ex-

pedition had been. On the march a silver cup was lost or stolen by some of the Indians and Grenville did a very wrong thing. He ordered the village where the supposed thief lived to be burned and all of the standing corn destroyed."

"And he didn't even know that the cup was stolen!" exclaimed Ray indignantly. "What did the Indians do about it? I guess they were mad."

"Their first thought was for revenge, and Grenville soon returned to England, leaving a colony to hold the place. Those old commanders often had a way of leaving colonies and getting to a safer place themselves."

"Was that the last attempt that Raleigh made to found a settlement in the New World?"

THOUGHT THEY MUST BE IMMORTAL.

"No indeed, and the simple Indians who thought that, as these men had no women with them, they must be immortal, soon found out their mistake. They grew alarmed at the growing power of the white men and began to plan their destruction. Governor Lane grew suspicious of them, too, and laid a plan which was even more treacherous than any plan of the savages."

"What, was that?" asked Hadley quickly. "Those old fellows seemed to lay a great many such plans and carry them out, too."

"Why, he visited Wingina, one of the most active chiefs. The Indians received him kindly, because he said that he and his men came to them as friends, to pay them a friendly visit. While they were talking he gave the signal which had been agreed on, and the white men put all that they could to death immediately, and Wingina was among them."

"Did the colony prosper after that treacherous act?" demanded Teddy. "Do you know, Hadley?"

"No, they got tired of waiting for supplies, and when Sir Francis Drake called at the island they went off with him. Two weeks later Grenville came with the expected supplies, found the place

FLIGHT OF THE INDIANS AFTER THE MASSACRE.

deserted, and left fifteen men to hold it while he went to England again. These men met the fate which Governor Lane gave to Wingina and his braves, which was only to be expected."

"Didn't Grenville know they would?" cried Teddy. "He must have had an awful grudge towards those fifteen men to leave them alone surrounded by the Indians of Wingina's tribe."

"But Raleigh tried again to make a settlement by sending out women and children with the colony, under the command of Governor White. By this time the Indians were bitterly hostile, and White was soon obliged to return to England for reinforcements and supplies. His granddaughter, Virginia Dare, was the first English child born in the United States, she was born just before he left," Ray added.

NO ONE KNOWS THEIR FATE.

"What became of that colony? Did the Indians kill them, too?" asked Roy.

"When White returned, in 1590, he found no trace of them, nor has any certainty of their fate ever been discovered. No one knows to this day whether they were killed or adopted by the Indians, or whether they died of disease."

"But there is a tradition that they were adopted into the tribe of Hatteras Indians and intermarried with them. People have even said that the looks and character of these Indians plainly prove their white blood," declared Will.

"That would be better than to think that they were all murdered," mused Roy.

"Well, the Indians were cruel as well as the discoverers. I don't think either party could complain much of the other," nodded Ernest wisely.

"Yes, but could they excel our own ancestors in that line?" asked Uncle Jack pointedly. "I think not. William Wallace, the Scotch patriot, was first hanged, cut down before he was dead, revived and tortured, portions of his body being cut off and burned before his eyes. After suffering the greatest torture, he was beheaded and his head stuck upon a pole on London Bridge."

"I know the rest of that!" cried Teddy. "Then his body was

quartered, his left arm being sent to Berwick, his right to Newcastle, one leg to Perth, and one to Aberdeen. This was done to frighten the Scotch people out of trying for their liberty, but it strikes me as being nearly as barbarous as anything that the American Indian has ever done. The Indian is not much worse than other people.

INDIANS HUNTING WILD BUFFALOES.

"I think this finishes our lesson for to-night, and you are excused," smiled Uncle Jack.

"Then now for our concert," shouted Ernest. "We'll tune up with the Warrior's song. How lucky that Uncle Jack got Alice Fletcher's Indian Song and Story! Here we go with a 'Hi a ha ha a he a we aho he-e-e-e hu he a he ahe ya a ho e dho he-e-e-e hu e a-a-he ya a ha e dho he-e-e he,' he concluded, whirling around with the tamborine.

"Or the prayer song before smoking the pipe," added Teddy, softly

singing, '"Wa-kon-da dha-ni ga dhe ke. Wa-kon-da dha-ni ga dhe ke. Wa-kon-da dha-ni ga dhe ke. E-ha dha-ni hin ga we dho he dho.'"

"I like the laughing song best," Hadley interrupted, springing to his feet with 'Ha-ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha hi-hi ha-ha hi!' as he danced out of doors into the moonlight, followed by the others with their instruments.

"The dance song isn't bad," asserted Roy. "'Ni-ka wi-ta wa-gun-dha ti-be-no. Ni-ka wi-ta wa-gun-dha ti-be-no dho-e. Nu-da hunga. Ich-i-buz-zhi dha-da-e dhinke de.'"

"Here's the song of the Bird's Nest," laughed Will. 'Ho-o-o Ha-re ha-re re ha-re. Re wha-ka ha-re re ha-re wha-ka ha-re re ha-re.'"

"And we will end the concert with the 'High-yi-yi High-yi' of the Chippeway scalp dance song," Ray was telling them, when Teddy leaped up with a Comanche yell and started for the camp. The others, astonished and startled, followed to see what the trouble was. They met Teddy in the door.

"Now you needn't laugh, you fellows," he said in a shamed way, before anyone could speak. "Any of you would have run if you had seen what I did, just as Ray was screeching 'High-yi-yi,' too."

"What was it?"

"We didn't see a thing."

"What did it look like?"

"Why don't you tell us?"

SAW AN INDIAN FEATHERS AND ALL.

They exclaimed in chorus.

"I did; I saw an Indian, feathers and all, and it did take a rise out of me and that's the truth, but now I'm going back to see what it was," answered Teddy boldly.

"Perhaps it was the ghost of that deer," suggested Ernest. "I don't know whether I like to hear these Indian yarns out here in the woods or not, but I guess we will remember them better."

"It does make things seem pretty real, don't it?" mused Ray.

"Where is Uncle Jack?" asked Hadley suddenly.

"He didn't come in, but—there he is now, and two men are with him—and one is the guide," gasped Teddy. "And he had the feathers of some bird fixed on his head, and they are all laughing as if it was a good joke! I'll get even with that guide."

"Tut, tut, youngster, he was only getting even with you for your war dance the other night. Howsomever, it was all a happen-so except the feathers, and I will own up that they were stuck there on purpose to take a good rise out of you."

"Is he an Indian?" whispered Ray nervously, as he pulled at the guide's sleeve.

"That's what he is, and you youngsters have not given me a chance to introduce him," was the laughing reply. "This is old John Hunter; I found him at the lake doing a little trapping, and I just brought him along to show you fellows what a white-hearted red man is like. We two have guided together more times than you are years old, and I guess we can go another bout. He'll stay with us awhile anyway, and I know that you will like him."

The Indian made them a short, quick bow in reply to their greeting, and took his place at the farther side of the camp in silence.

"He don't look much like the pictures of Indians in McKenney's and Hall's history," muttered Teddy, who could not yet forget or forgive his fright.

Then the boys quietly laid away their musical instruments and tumbled into their berths, where they could watch a real live Indian without seeming to.

CHAPTER III.

FROM 1600 TO 1615.

"Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary laborer left his plough—
The milk-maid carolled by her cow—"

"ALTHOUGH we have been learning something of the usage of the Indians by the white men, we will continue our lesson to-night by looking further on that subject," Uncle Jack began. "Wendell Philips once said that neither Greece nor Germany nor France nor Scotland could show a prouder record than the North American Indian. The Spaniards were not the only people who abused the natives of the new land which they coveted. French, English, Dutch, Swede—all of them—regarded them as wild beasts and heathen, fit only to be driven about and deceived. It is no wonder that the Indians said that 'the white skins have forked tongues and hawk's fingers.' It is a significant fact that Quakers had no wars with their red brethren. Ernest, you may begin and tell us what you know of the matter."

"I don't think that the colonists were very wise, for while they were cheating and deceiving the Indians, they sold them the arms which would make them deadly foes. Sir Francis Drake treated the Indians of the Pacific coast kindly and they crowned him king. Captain George Weymouth, who kidnapped some Indians, tells that they had great difficulty in getting them into the boats, and adds coolly that their best hold was their long hair!"

"I can tell you the story of Hatuey of Cuba," cried Teddy eagerly. "When Diego de Velasquez invaded Cuba it is said that a native cacique named Hatuey, told his people to throw all of their gold into the sea, because gold was the god of the Spaniards, and 'there was no place but the bottom of the sea which would elude their search for it.' So they collected all the treasure they could and threw it into the ocean."

"Afterwards Hatuey was taken and condemned to death by burning," continued Ernest. "As he stood bound to the stake, dry wood smeared with pitch piled high around him, a priest came forward to baptize him ere he was murdered, so that he might be sure of the joys of paradise. 'Do Spaniards go to that heaven?' demanded the cacique, drawing back. 'Certainly, all good men do,' was the smiling reply. 'Then leave me, I will not go where there is any danger of meeting one of them,' was Hatuey's startling answer, as the black smoke closed around him."

DROVE THE NATIVES FROM THE ISLAND.

"Can you tell us what was done to the other natives of the West Indies, Hadley?"

"I can tell about some of them, and I suppose that the story was much the same in all of the islands. These Indians were nearly all Caribs, the same race that had so many killed on St. Vincent in 1902. The French settled Martinique in 1635, and drove the natives from the island; they also settled St. Lucia in 1650, under a man named Rousselan, who married a native woman and was greatly beloved by them, but they killed three of his successors."

"You have forgotten to tell us about the Caribs of Grenada," Ray interrupted. "The French took possession of that island and were so cruel that, at last, the natives were despairing and desperate. Then they collected, what were left of them, at the top of a high rock and jumped off."

"What did they—why they committed a wholesale suicide!" cried Will in dismay.

"They did it to escape the power of the terrible French—they thought it was the only way," was the sad reply.

"These few instances tell the story of the natives of the West Indies. They disappeared first because they were first discovered," said Uncle Jack. "Now we will go on. What occurred in 1603, Roy?"

"A company of merchants of Rouen sent Samuel Chamberlain to explore Canada. He traded with the Indians very successfully, and

the Jesuit priests who followed him had a great influence in the French and English wars, in which the Indians were allies on both sides."

"You may tell us something about Captain John Smith, Ernest."

"He visited America more than once, trading with the natives and exploring. He made a map of the coast from the Penobscot River to Cape Cod, and named that country New England. It was before this that Captain Weymouth kidnapped the five Indians to be educated in England as interpreters."

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

"And it was shortly after that that Captain Hunt kidnapped a lot to be sold as slaves in Spain. Squanto was among them," interrupted Teddy.

"Smith was a great boaster, but he was square in his dealings with the Indians, and they liked him almost as much as they feared him," declared Hadley.

"I don't know about that," said Ray decidedly. "When the others were so homesick that they couldn't or wouldn't work, he was always at it, always generous, always cheerful, always hopeful. I think he had something to boast of. He helped to build the huts, tended the sick, and visited the Indians. The colony was saved from destruction by his firmness and energy, for he managed to buy corn of the natives, and he made the men hunt for game, saying that those who would not work could not eat."

"When was the settlement at Jamestown made, Will? We must

be particular in these details for it was one of the events of the Indian history of America."

"The settlement was begun May 13, 1607, and John Smith was one of the leading spirits in the enterprise. He was the 'Father of Virginia, and he ought to have been the first Governor of the colony, but Wingfield was chosen instead."

"What was the name of the principal chief who held the country where they concluded to settle, Roy?"

"It was Powhatan, and he lived near where Richmond is, on the bank of the river, a few miles below the falls. He was a very large man, past middle age, and had many warriors. When his people did not want the whites to stay there he said: 'They hurt you not; they only want a little land.' But Governor Wingfield did not understand his business, the settlement was soon attacked by the Indians and was only saved by the fire from the ship."

POCAHONTAS.

"When are you coming to Pocahontas?" asked Ernest impatiently.

"It was in December, after the houses were all completed and a supply of corn was stored for use that Smith set out to explore the country. His little party went up the Chickahominy as far as they could in boats, then continued the journey on foot. Soon they were attacked by the Indians, all the men were killed and Smith was taken prisoner," said Teddy.

"The Indians suffered before they took him, though," cried Hadley. "He caught one Indian with his left hand and held him as a shield before him, while he killed three others. They wouldn't have got him, I think, but he stepped in a miry place and fell."

"Even then his coolness saved his life, for when they were about to beat his brains out, he calmly took out his pocket compass and held it up before them. They had never seen the like of that before, and they thought he was a much greater man than he really was," laughed Ray.

"But they condemned him to death and he was saved by Pocahontas!" exclaimed Teddy.

"So he was," returned Hadley. "But he came very near never getting to Powhatan to get his death sentence—he would have been killed without it if it hadn't been for that useful compass. Yes, they took him to the great chief, visiting all of the villages from the Chickahominy to the Potomac. For a while he was a prisoner at the home of Opechancanough, where the wise men of the tribe held a three days' council concerning his fate, medicine men performing all sorts of incantations over him, but he was so calm and fearless they didn't hardly dare to put him to death unless the head chief said so. They treated him kindly enough, but gave him no chance to escape."

MEANT TO PUT HIM TO DEATH.

"Yes, he amused them several days after he got to Powhatan's home with that wonderful compass, and taught them many things which they had never known before. After they got tired of this they made a great fire, painted themselves in their gayest colors, all decked out in bright feathers, to put him to death," said Will.

"Well, I want to know first what Powhatan said to him when he got there," demanded Ray.

"Oh, he received him in great state, and the braves set up a shout when they saw him," answered Roy. "A pretty young squaw brought him water to wash in, and another gave him feathers to dry his hands on. Then they brought him the best food that they had, and while he ate it, they began to debate on his fate."

"Did he know that," questioned Will.

"Although he was cool and appeared to take no notice of them he

POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING FOR THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

read his doom from their gestures. As soon as they decided that he was to die a great log was brought in and laid before Powhatan. Smith was seized, dragged to the spot, and his head laid upon the log, while two savages stood by, armed with the terrible war clubs."

"And Pocahontas saved him," interrupted Will.

"Yes," smiled Ernest. "We all know that story, so there is no need of repeating it. The little maid was only ten or twelve years old, and she was the great chief's 'dearly beloved daughter.' The Indians were astonished at such behavior in one of their children, and thought that it must be the will of the Great Spirit to have him live."

"What did they do then?" asked Roy as eagerly as if he had not heard the story a hundred times.

GUEST OF POWHATAN.

"They let him go about the camp as the servant of the little girl who had saved him, and the mighty Powhatan begged him to come and live with them. He even tried to get him to help them attack the colony, but before Smith left he had agreed to be friends with the whites 'for his sake'" answered Teddy.

"Did he stay long with the Indians?" asked Uncle Jack.

"No; they soon allowed him to go, making him promise that he would send Powhatan a grindstone and two cannons," replied Hadley. "But while he was a prisoner he learned their language and customs and taught them many things."

"Did he give them cannon?"

"No, but some Indians went with him to bring them back. When they reached Jamestown he told them to lift one of the largest ones and they could not do it, neither could they lift the grindstone. Then Smith had the cannons fired, and they were so frightened that they declared they wouldn't take them home—which was just what Smith wanted. But he gave them other gifts for Powhatan and sent them back to the tribe," Roy replied.

"Did they keep the promise to be friends, Teddy?"

"Yes, Smith's adventure was a blessing, for if the colonists had been at war through the winter they must have died of starvation, but now Pocahontas came with corn every little while. Smith was able to purchase supplies from the natives and to explore the country in safety."

"What became of Pocahontas, or Matoaka?—that was her real name."

"She saved Smith's life more than once and was a true friend to the colony. As long as Smith was with them the Indians were friendly, but after he left the colony they would no longer furnish food, and became hostile in many ways. Once they planned to attack the town and kill all of the inhabitants, but Pocahontas warned them in the night at the risk of her own life. To repay her for this Captain Argall took her prisoner and demanded a ransom of her father," answered Hadley.

"What happened then?"

MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS.

"Powhatan prepared for war and would not pay a ransom for his child. Three months passed, and in that short time the Indian girl was baptized, joined the church, and was shortly married to John Rolfe, with whom she went to England and was known at Court as the Lady Rebecca. She died, leaving one son, who came to Virginia, settled at Henrico, and was quite influential. He had a daughter who married Colonel Robert Bolling. She had a son, Major John Bolling, who left many children, from whom descended some of the best families in Virginia, proud of their relationship to the Indian girl of history," added Ray.

"That Captain Argall was a wild, daring adventurer, we should call him a pirate now. He would sail along the coast, stopping now and then to attack an Indian village, and seize the women and children to sell as slaves. When he took Pocahontas, Powhatan was furious, although he did not offer to ransom her. There would have been another Indian war in history if she had not married John Rolfe, just as she did," said Will.

"But all is well that ends well—he made peace with the settlers on

account of that marriage, and he tried to keep that peace as long as he lived. But the white men did not know how to use the red men, and Indians surely had no great love for them, so he did not always succeed. Still the

CAPTAIN SMITH'S FIGHT WITH AN INDIAN CHIEF.

colony prospered and little villages sprang up along the James River, extending far into the wilderness," Roy concluded.

"Powhatan had a brother, Opechancanough, who became head chief after his death. He was the one that Smith seized by the scalp-lock and threatened to shoot if any of his men were harmed," laughed Ernest.

"That was one time when Smith discovered a plot to kill the whites, and they were completely surrounded by the Indians," nodded Teddy.

THE PISTOL AND THE CHARCOAL.

"Well, anyway the Indians were scared into peace for a while longer. Smith took many ways to gain power over them, and sometimes accidents helped him queerly," said Hadley. "Let me tell you about the pistol and the charcoal. An Indian stole a pistol and Smith seized his two brothers as pledges ; he sent one of them after the pistol telling him that his brother would be hanged in twelve hours if he didn't fetch it back."

"That was pretty hard lines, I call it," exclaimed Ray. "Did he bring it?"

"Wait and see. They put the Indian prisoner in a dungeon, and Smith pitied him enough to send him something to eat and some charcoal for a fire. The brother returned with the pistol in time, but they found the poor fellow in the dungeon nearly stupefied by the fumes of the coal, besides being badly burned.

"What did Smith do then?" asked Will.

"He very coolly told the brother that, if he would promise never to steal again, he would bring him to life! This was easy enough, and Smith got more credit than he deserved. The news spread like wildfire, and all of the Indians thought that the white chief could bring the dead to life! So they were glad to keep the peace."

"I think that we will have the accounts of the wars with Opechancanough now, although his first massacre was in 1622. It seems to come in connection with what we have been talking about. Smith had returned to England and Powhatan was dead. Opechancanough thought that he had reason to hate the white men, as he did, because they had

taken possession of the best lands that the Indians had, without a thought of their rights. Can you tell me about that time, Roy?"

"The Indians pretended to be friendly and even declared that the sky would fall before they would molest their white neighbors and brothers! They brought the settlers presents of game, and some of the savages were in the homes of those whom they were to kill when the fatal hour arrived."

"Opechancanough thought that something must be done, and so he decided on a war of extermination. He collected about fifteen hundred warriors, and the whites numbered about four thousand. The Indians made up their lack of numbers with deceit, for while making the settlers believe that they were friends, they set a date when all of the settlements were to be attacked at one time," continued Ray.

FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER.

"In an hour's time 347 men, women, and children were slain, the distant plantations being entirely destroyed, and out of eighty little clusters of happy homes only eight remained," said Hadley.

"I can tell you a story about that time!" cried Will. "Some years before that a hungry Indian lad was fed, clothed, and kept in the family of a settler for some time. Their home was burned while the father was away, and the wife and children were taken prisoners. The Indian boy, now a warrior, claimed them for his slaves, treated them kindly, and sent them home as soon as he could safely do so."

"It was a great blow for Virginia," Ernest went on. "What white men there were left began to hunt the Indians like wild beasts, shooting them at sight, whether innocent or guilty, destroying their towns and fields of corn, and their fishing nets as well. At last they hunted them with bloodhounds, which had been trained to tear them in pieces when they caught them. This was a terrible war, and lasted many years, the Indians being as cruel and treacherous as it was possible for savage men to be."

"That wasn't the last of Opechancanough," declared Teddy. "In

INDIANS MAKING A MIDNIGHT ATTACK UPON SETTLERS.

1644 he planned another outbreak, and three hundred more people were killed. He was now an old, old man, who had to be carried upon a litter borne upon the shoulders of his young men. He was taken prisoner and served as a show in Jamestown for a time, before he was assassinated by one of his guards. He said to Governor Berkerley: 'Had it been my fortune to have taken you prisoner, I would not meanly have exposed you as a show to my people.'"

"Poor old Opechancanough! He did not remember that the Indians had grown weaker in twenty years while the English had been growing stronger. He was feared by his enemies and loved by his people to the last," added Hadley.

LONG AND MERCILESS WAR.

"Then, for more than ten years, the warfare continued, for the whites resolved to 'destroy the Indians entirely or drive them into the interior,' and the Indians declined to be destroyed or driven. It was a merciless war on both sides, and the defenceless settlers were the sufferers. Many a family were aroused from peaceful slumber to be hurled into eternity and burned with their blazing homes, and this was the kindest treatment which they could receive at the hands of their relentless enemies," continued Ray.

"Here is a good story of that time, which shows that some Indians were friendly while others were on the warpath," Teddy began. "McDougal was a Scotchman who settled on the frontier. One day, while he was from home, his wife went to look for the cows and was lost in the woods. An Indian hunter found her and knew her. He could not talk English much, so made signs for her to follow him, and she did not dare to refuse. He led her to his wigwam, and his wife divided the wigwam with deer skins and made her a bed to rest on. The next morning the hunter found the cows and led her to the edge of the clearing where her home was."

"That wasn't all of that story," declared Will. "A little while after that he came and tried to get the Scotchman and his wife to follow

him. When he saw that they would not do so he seized their baby and ran into the woods with it. Of course they followed and he led them to the edge of a beautiful valley where he gave them the child and said in broken English: 'You think Indian steal child; no, no, him have child his own. You kind to Indian; give him meat, and drink and clothes. Indian want you come here; no come; Indian sorry; take child, for know then you come quick; here good ground, few trees; make road in half a moon. Indians friends, help you, come here.' McDougal saw that the Indian was right and took his advice gladly. The Indian kept his word to the letter. He brought a party of his comrades, helped to build a new cabin, to move the family to it, and was always friendly with them."

"Oh, there are Indians and Indians, and there are white men and white men—good and bad of both races," observed Teddy, very wisely. "The trouble is to pick them out."

"I see that you like the stories better than the wars, and I think that we will have a story lesson to-morrow night. After that you must take the Indian history by the historical dates and look it up faithfully," smiled Uncle Jack, with a signal of dismissal,

CHAPTER IV.

STORIES OF MEANING.

"You plough the Indian's grave; you till his land—
Is there no blood, white man, upon your hand?"

WARRIOR IN COSTUME OF THE DOG DANCE.

"YOU have already told us how the early discoverers treated the Indians, but you may repeat it, Hadley," Uncle Jack said when they were all ready for the lesson to begin.

"The Spaniards tortured and killed their Indian guides for not leading them to great treasures, for they thought that these surely existed in the land which they had found. They took provisions from them whenever they wanted to, whether they had any left for themselves or not."

"And that wasn't the worst that they did," interrupted Ray. "They cut off their hands, burned them at the stake, and set the bloodhounds after them if they tried to get away. They chained them in pairs and made them carry their baggage."

"Can you tell us why they were so cruel, Will?"

"It was not so much that they delighted in such things, but they were very selfish and regarded the Indians as beasts rather than as human beings, neither did they count on such retaliation as they made."

"But the Indians did not believe all that they told them," Ray declared. "For, when De Soto tried to make the Natchez Indians think that he was a child of the sun, a chief made this answer:—'Dry up the river and we will believe you. If you wish to see me come to the town where I dwell. If you come in peace I will receive you with special good will; if in war I will not shrink one foot back.'"

"De Soto was not the only one who used the Indians badly," Ray protested. "In 1660 Governor Berkerley was making money in the fur trade in Virginia and was afraid to punish some dissatisfied Indians who were causing considerable trouble, because they were bringing so many skins to him. A settler who was fatally wounded said that the Doeg Indians did it. So the other settlers immediately started in pursuit and came to a Doeg wigwam, where they killed eleven persons," Will continued.

"And what do you think?" cried Teddy. "They said:—'It is more than likely that they were the murderers'—they were not sure of it."

OPENED A HOT FIRE.

"Then another party of settlers came to a wigwam and opened fire at once. After they had killed fourteen they found out that the Indians were friendly Susquehannahs instead of hostile Doegs. And, strange to relate, the Susquehannah tribe resented this act and called it a murder by white men!" Ray continued.

"That was very strange! Were they rash enough to do anything about it?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Six chiefs were called to council. A fresh outrage was discovered and five of them were put to death for it, although they were not at the place where it happened! The result was an uprising of many tribes," answered Will.

"And the white men fooled them in every way that they could. You see the Indians believed what they told them at the first," said Ray. "Once a white man sold an Indian a quantity of gunpowder, telling him to plant it like corn, and he would raise plenty without buying. It did

not come up. Then the Indian cunningly contrived to get into debt to the white man, and did not hasten to pay. When the white man asked him for the money he coolly answered—'Me pay you when my powder grows.'"

"In bright contrast to these accounts are the labors of love which were carried on among the Indians, by which many learned the Christian religion. John Eliot was one of the foremost missionaries, and won the name of 'the Apostle Eliot.' He translated the Bible into the Indian language, he taught them to read and write, he taught the women to spin and weave, and the men the art of agriculture. He gave them a code of laws and appointed a justice to administer them."

"I know, and the first justice was named Waban," interrupted Teddy. "He was said to be speedy and impartial, but he gave rather queer summons. His warrants were all verbal and were something like this: 'You big constable, quick you catch um Jeremiah Offscow, strong you hold um, safe you bring um afore me, Waban Justice Peace.'"

REFUSED TO DECLARE WAR.

"It was not in war alone that cruelties were practiced," added Ray. "Squando, chief of the Sokokis tribe, lived near Saco. His wife and child were in a canoe, which the woman was paddling along. Some English sailors saw her, seized the canoe, and told her that they had heard that Indian babies would not sink and wanted to see if it was true. They overturned the canoe and the child sank. The mother rescued it but it died, and it was queer, but the father tried to arouse the Indians to a war of extermination. Still one instance is on record where he rescued a captive white girl and sent her home."

"Just listen to this!" cried Hadley. "A Kennebec Indian, friendly and industrious, lost his child, and a little while afterwards he said to a white neighbor: 'When white man's child die, Indian man he be sorry, he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me—I make his grave alone. I can no live here.' And he took the child up, and carried it with him, over two hundred miles through the woods, to Canada."

JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS. 65

"In the Rockaway conference between the Indian chiefs and the envoys of the colonies, one of the head chiefs arose, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, and said to them: 'When you first came to our shores you were destitute of food. We gave you our beans and corn, we fed you with oysters and fish, now you murder our people;' he laid down one of the sticks and continued: 'The traders whom your first ships left on our shores were cherished by us as the apple of our eye. We gave them our daughters for their wives, and among those whom you have murdered were those of your own blood;' another stick was laid beside the first, and so he continued until all of the sticks had been placed to bear witness to a wrong. But the war went on for two more relentless and bloody years," Ray continued.

KINDNESS RETURNED FOR GOOD WILL.

"You know how Oglethorpe used the Indians of Georgia, and how fully they returned his kindness and trust. Not only the Yamacraws, but the Muskogees, the Creeks, the Cherokees, the Oconees, and the Choctaws 'were well pleased with his frank and kind manner of dealing with them, and trusted implicitly in the promises which he made them.' What was that story about the Yamacraw chief, Ernest?"

"His name was Tomochichi, and he brought Oglethorpe a fine buffalo skin, on the inside of which the feathers and head of an eagle were painted. He gave it to him with these significant words:—'Here is a little present for you. The feathers of the eagle are soft and signify love; the buffalo skin is warm and is the emblem of protection; therefore love and protect our little families.'"

"William Penn purchased his lands of the king and also of the Indians who lived on it, and it is an historical fact that not a drop of Quaker blood was ever knowingly shed by the Indians—in all of the Indian wars! I read how a Quaker family was spared once when all around them were murdered, and when they dared to venture out of doors they found a white feather over their door," added Will.

"That shows what a very little thing will save a body sometimes.

What if the feather had blown away? I found an instance where a prisoner called out in the Quaker dialect and was spared, although the wood was all ready to burn him at the stake. And he wasn't a Quaker either—he fooled them!" cried Ray.

"The Indians could be good to each other as well as to the whites," said Teddy. "Once a Sioux chief found a member of a hostile tribe stealing his traps. The thief expected to be killed at a second's warning, but the Sioux said:—'Be not alarmed, I come to present you with the trap of which I see that you stand in need. You are welcome to it. Take my rifle also, for I see that you are poor and have none of your own. Depart with it to the land of your countrymen, and linger not here, lest some of my young men, who are panting for the blood of their enemies, should discover your footsteps in our hunting grounds and should fall upon you and kill you.' He handed him his rifle and returned to the village, of which he was the chief, alone and unarmed."

CURSES FOR WHITE MAN.

"Did you read about the missionary who met the Indian in the forest?" asked Hadley. "The Indian wanted to know why he was there and he replied confidently: 'I am traveling to the homes of your brothers, to teach them the knowledge of the only true God, and to lead them to happiness and peace.' 'Happiness and peace!' the Indian cried, his eyes flashing fire. 'Behold the blessings which follow in the footsteps of the white man! Wherever he comes the red men of the forest fade away like the mists of the morning! Our people once roamed in freedom through the woods, and hunted the beaver, the elk, and the bear unmolested. From the further side of the Great Water came the white man, armed with thunder and lightning. In war he hunted us like wild beasts; in peace he destroyed us by deadly liquors. Depart, dangerous man, and may the Great Spirit protect you on your journey homeward; but I warn you to depart.'"

"I think that the prophet of the Alleghany knew what he was talking about when he said: 'Hear me, oh my people, for the last time!

What will be the fate of our tribes? In a little while they will go the way that their brethren have gone. They will vanish like a vapor from the face of the earth. Their very history will be lost, and the places which know them now will know them no more forever. We are driven back until we can retreat no further; our hatchets are broken; our bows are snapped; our fires are extinguished. A little longer the white man will cease to prosecute us, for we shall have ceased to exist!'" said Ray.

"Who can read the story of Logan and blame him for fighting the whites?" questioned Will. "Madokowondo was a chief of the Penobscot tribe who was friendly to the whites until they destroyed his corn, and did him other injuries which he went to war to revenge. Magus was a squaw sachem of the Narragansetts, who was captured and put to death by the English during King Philip's war."

MISSIONARY PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

"Step by step the Indian has been driven from the land of his fathers, move by move has he been obliged to make towards the setting sun. In nearly all of the frontier wars the settler has been the one who gave cause for the war by taking the Indian's lands, legally if he could, but any way to get it! They took their lands for just what they chose to give, and the simple red men thought that they were selling the right to use the lands in common with themselves. They had no idea of selling the land outright and debarring themselves from it forever, and they could not understand how it could be so," Ray added quickly.

"Some commissioners once went to treat with a certain tribe con-

cerning another 'removal,' as their lands were wanted in the onward rush of settlement. The chief heard their arguments in silence. Then one of them seated himself upon a log which was already occupied by one of the commissioners. The log was quite a long one, and the farther end overhung a steep rock, with jagged stones at the bottom of the descent. The Indian began to quietly crowd the commissioner along the log, the others looking on in grave silence, with faces that completely concealed their thoughts and purpose. Finally the end of the log was reached and the puzzled commissioner started to get up. The chief laid his hand on his arm and said significantly:—'No, brother. Move on!' 'I cannot, I have arrived at the end,' answered the commissioner, very unwisely. 'That is it,' was the stern reply of the old chief. 'We cannot move further,—we have reached the end!' 'There is a whole lesson in that, isn't there, Uncle Jack?" asked Teddy earnestly.

WHAT A FAMOUS CHIEF SAID.

"Pachgantschilias, a Delaware chief, once said wisely:—'I admit that there are good white men, but they bear no proportion to the bad; the bad must be the strongest, for they rule. * * * They enslave those who are not of their own color * * * they would make slaves of us if they could, but as they cannot do that, they will kill us! There is no faith to be placed in their words. They are not like the Indians, who are enemies only while in war, and are friends in peace. * * * Remember that this day I have warned you to beware of such friends as these. I know the Longknives, they are not to be trusted!' Quite complimentary, wasn't it?" laughed Ray.

"To my mind, Joseph, the Nez Perces chief, was wisest and best of all that I have read about," Ernest declared. He said:—'The Great Spirit Chief who rules above seems to be looking the other way, and does not see what is being done to my people. I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white man as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recog-

nized as men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him with the law; if the white man breaks the law punish him also. We ask that the same law shall be alike to all men.'"

"That was when the white folks were trying to make them 'move on,' and there was some sense in the talk—don't you think so?" asked Will. "Was that all of his speech?"

"Oh no. He continued:—'Let me be a free man, free to think, act

CAMP OF THE NEZ PERCES.

and talk for myself, and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty. When white men treat the Indians as they treat each other, then we shall have no more wars. Then the Great Spirit Chief, who rules above, will smile upon this land, and will send rain to wash from the face of the earth the bloody stains made by brothers' hands. For this the Indian race is waiting and praying.'"

"Still one of the reverend fathers of early times wrote: 'The Lord

God of our fathers hath given to us the land of the heathen people, amongst whom we live, for a rightful inheritance.' I wonder what he would have said if he would have been one of the 'heathen people!' That was one trouble, they called all of their cruel deeds the Lord's will, and tried to see how bad they could be. I wouldn't wonder if the angels wept at what they laid to the Lord sometimes!" protested Teddy.

"Why Teddy Morse!" exclaimed Roy.

"I meant just what I said," he nodded firmly. "I wouldn't wonder if they did."

"We will look over the principal Indian events since 1862 and see where the blame lies. We can easily find out about them. It was in 1862 that the Sioux massacred over six hundred men, women and children, besides killing nearly a hundred soldiers. Why?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Because the money due them was not paid when it was due," answered Ernest promptly.

A FOUL MURDER.

"In 1864, there was the Sand Creek massacre of nearly one hundred and fifty Indians, mostly women and children, and they were, in a way, under the protection of the United States Government at the time they were murdered by men under Colonel Chivington and Major Anthony. Why?"

"That isn't an easy question to answer, as they were at the place where they were told to go as non-combatants. And the United States flag was flying over Black Kettle's tent, with a white flag under it at the time," replied Will.

"Well, perhaps we shall see something more about that. Then there was the Fetterman massacre, when the Sioux got over eighty soldiers in an ambuscade and none escaped, in 1866. In 1868, the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kiowas, Camanches and some Brule and Ogallalla Sioux were on the warpath. In 1873, Colonel Baker's men massacred one hundred and seventy-three Piegans, and fifty-three of

them were women and children. This was followed by the treacherous murder of the Peace Commissioners the same year. And it was in 1876

CHIEF SA-TANT-TA, KIOWA TRIBE.

that General Custer and all of his command were killed at the Big Horn."

"I have always wanted to know how they could tell so much about that fight if every one was killed," observed Roy.

"An old trapper named Ridgely was a prisoner in Sitting Bull's camp at the time that General Custer attacked it. He was probably the only man who witnessed the fight and lived to tell of it," answered Uncle Jack. "In 1874, the Hulapais were sent to a new home which was so unhealthy that they ran away from it to prevent utter extermination, and we all know about the disgraceful 'removal' of the Poncas. What happened in 1877?"

"The Nez Perces war. It was caused by trying to force a portion of that nation, the lower Nez Perces, who had been guilty of no depredations against the whites, to go to the Lapwai reservation instead of letting them return to their own homes which had never been purchased from them," answered Hadley.

CAUSE OF THE INDIAN WARS.

"The wars with the Chiricahua Apaches have been caused by trying to compel them to go to the San Carlos agency, an unhealthy place for these free Indians of the mountains, and already occupied by bands hostile to them. That was also the cause of the wars with the Mimbrenos Apaches. What about the Nothern Cheyennes?"

"They did not want to stay in the Indian Territory, as it was not healthy for them there, and a war was the result. And the White Mountain Coyoteros were always friendly to the whites, but that didn't save them from being removed from their farms to the unhealthy valley of the Gila. In despair they gave up farming and became almost demoralized, where they had been making great progress in their old homes," answered Ray.

"What about the Modoc war and the Sioux war of 1876?"

"The Modoc war was caused by trying to keep them on a reservation with the Klamaths, with whom they could not live peacefully, nor would they be able to raise any food for themselves. The Sioux war was caused by trying to drive them from the Powder River country, which had been guaranteed to them for a hunting ground, and there was but very little game on their regular reservation," Ernest replied.

"These few instances speak the tale of our numerous Indian wars, for they all have much the same cause. We shall hear more about

CHIEF HO-WEAR, COMANCHE TRIBE,

them under their proper date, but nothing different from what I have stated. How many Indians are in the United States?"

"There were about two hundred and seventy thousand in 1886. That was partly by estimation, for some of them do not like to be counted and make a bother about it if they can," responded Teddy.

"Who can tell me how many were here when America was discovered?"

"There are many opinions about that, and I reckon no one knows how to answer that question. Dodge says that there were possibly a million, but probably not half of that number, and I guess he knows as much about it as any one," answered Hadley.

"Did the Pueblos ever rebel, Ray?"

"Yes, when their territory became a part of the United States they committed their one offence against the government, and in that they were led on by the Mexicans. But only the Taosan band was concerned in the uprising."

DISHONEST TREATMENT OF MISSION INDIANS.

"Will, what of the Mission Indians of California?"

"Under the priests they were happy and contented, and were advancing in the ways of civilization, but they have been used badly, and are a miserable people now. They were skilled workmen in almost every branch, and their labor created the buildings and fertile fields of the Missions, which have become government property without recompense to the founders. For some time they were sold with the land they occupied and considered themselves slaves like the negroes in the South.

"I don't know exactly where this story belongs," said Hadley. "But it is a good one and I thought I would tell it to you. The first settler of Whitesborough was one Mr. White, and there were Indians in the vicinity with whom he had smoked the pipe of peace, but who did not exactly trust his professions of friendship. So Shenandoah, one of the tribe, went to the house and said:—'I am come to ask for your little daughter to take home with me to-night.' The mother was frightened and was about to refuse the request, but the father smiled and granted it instantly."

"Why did he do so?" demanded Roy. "Wasn't he afraid to?"

"He was afraid not to. It would not have saved the child to refuse, if the Indians were going to kill them, and he saw that it might do much good to grant the request,—just as it did. The chief took the little girl by the hand, saying:—'To-morrow, when the sun is high in the heaven, I will bring her back.'"

"Did that make them feel any better about it?" asked Ray.

"Not very much. The poor mother did not sleep that night, thinking of the possible fate of her child. And she watched, almost without hope, until the sun reached the noon mark, then she saw them coming from the woods, the little girl all decked out in feathers, beaded moccasins and shells. From that time the Indians were their friends and fully repaid the trust which the father had put in them. Shenandoah lived to be over a hundred years old, and fought with the Americans in the Revolution, when his influence brought many of his tribe with him. He was called 'The White Man's Friend' and saved more than one lonely settlement by timely warnings."

"I shouldn't think you did know where that story belongs!" ejaculated Ray. "It belongs to the Revolution times."

"Well, it is told now, so what difference does it make?" was the laughing retort.

"Another concert to-night?" inquired Uncle Jack, with twinkling eyes.

"Yes, we will finish what we began last night," cried Teddy, with a defiant look at the guide who was talking with the Indian in the moonlight by the river. He arose and came to the camp at these words.

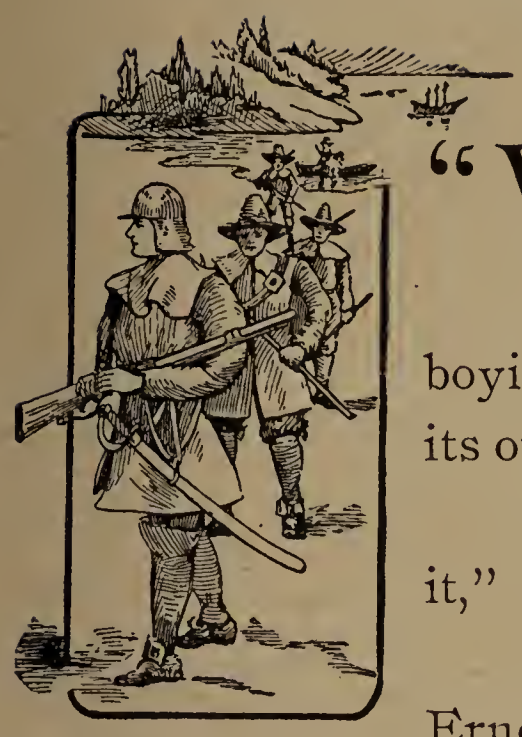
"Hold on there, youngsters, put up your drums and tooters. John is going to give us a war-dance, the real thing as he used to see it when he was a kid, and he don't want any of your music to dance to, either. Take a seat and keep quiet," he said.

And that dance was something which they dreamed of, but they never asked to have it repeated.

CHAPTER V.

FROM 1615 TO 1634.

"Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea."



"WELL, what is the subject of our lesson to-night?" asked Uncle Jack, with an inquiring look around the circle of eager, boyish faces. "I think you begin to like history for its own sake, young men."

"Indeed we do—with you to help us understand it," returned Will gratefully.

"The coming of the Pilgrims is next," cried Ernest. "It was a superstitious fact that the Puritans thought that every victory was a direct blessing from God, and a defeat was a punishment for some sin or omission. At one time, when nine settlers were killed, the Reverend Increase Mather said: 'This Providence is observable that the nine men who were killed at that time belonged to nine different towns. It is as if the Lord saith that He hath a controversy with each plantation, and therefore that all have need to repent and reform their ways.' So I suppose they thought that their wars with the Indians were something which they could not avoid."

"It seems to me that they did not have as many wars with them as some of the other colonies did anyhow," said Teddy thoughtfully. "Perhaps they used them better, more like human beings."

"Hadley, you may begin with the time when the Mayflower lay at anchor in Plymouth harbor, while a party of the Puritans explored the coast for a suitable place to begin their settlement. You can tell us what they found."

"They found a little corn and an Indian graveyard. When they

had followed the shore about a mile they saw several natives watching them curiously, and advanced towards them, but they ran away into the forest as soon as they found that they were discovered. The Puritans followed but could not overtake them, so they went into camp there for the night."

THE "MAYFLOWER" IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR.

"It was this time that Mr. Bradford was caught in a deer trap," laughed Ray.

"I never heard of such a thing," exclaimed Will in surprise. "What was it? Tell us about it if you know."

"Oh, it wasn't a steel one you needn't think. It was made by

bending the top of a sapling to the earth, and fastening it in such a way that it would be released when a person or animal, passing by, stepped into a noose, which was cunningly concealed by dry leaves and rubbish. I knew a man down in Maine that got caught in one once, and would have been hung up all night if some one hadn't happened to come that way and help him out. You see, when the tree was released they found themselves between the earth and sky the first thing they knew, and that's the way that the Indians used to catch large game sometimes."

"Did they stay in that place long?"

"No, they took the corn which they found in a pit, and carried it to the ship to save for seed, but they did not steal it, for afterwards they found out what Indians it belonged to and paid them for it," answered Roy.

MADE A SHALLOP.

"Did they go out again to explore the coast before they landed, and what adventure did they have, Ernest?"

"They made a shallop before they went, then skirted the coast for some distance. They went as far as the bottom of Cape Cod bay and landed there, a part of them going along the shore by land, while the others followed with the boat. They found Indian graves and deserted wigwams, but saw no natives."

"They saw some the next morning though," cried Teddy. "They encamped near Nantasket that night and just as they had finished their prayers in the morning, they were startled by an Indian war-whoop, and the arrows began to fall around them in an uncomfortable way."

"These Indians were under a chief called Aspinet," continued Hadley, "and they ran away as soon as the Puritans fired their muskets. Some of the histories say that Captain Miles Standish shattered the arm of a big warrior, who gave such a yell that they all followed him as he fled, but I don't know how they knew it."

"They found it out after they got acquainted with the Indians—that's easy enough," said Ernest, shrugging his shoulders.

"Can you tell us of any possible reason why the Indians should attack them, Ray?"

"Why, some of their people had been kidnapped a few years before that, and taken away to be sold as slaves, and they thought that the Puritans were after more of them. Was it any wonder that they wanted to drive them away from their land?"

"Yes, they were mad because Weymouth and Hunt had been kidnapping all along that coast," nodded Roy. "It was about 1616 when Captain Hunt took over twenty natives, with their chief, Squanto, to Spain and sold them as slaves."

"Not Squanto, the Indian that aided the Pilgrims?" ejaculated Teddy.

LUCKY FOR THE WHITE MEN.

"Yes, that very one, and all things considered it was a lucky thing for the white men, for he learned to be an interpreter, and he wouldn't have been if he had never been kidnapped," Roy went on. "He was bought by some kind monks who educated him, and he escaped to England, where he learned the English language before returning to his native home."

"Some of the histories say that Tisquantum was Squanto, and that he was carried off by Weymouth in 1605. Perhaps there were two of the same name and one was taken by Hunt," suggested Will.

"What did the Puritans say about this man?" asked Uncle Jack.

"They thought that he 'was a special instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation.' He taught them how to raise corn, putting a fish or two in each hill to fertilize it, and how to hunt and fish. He was their interpreter and always a true friend. Hobbomak was another friend to the white men. He became a servant to Miles Standish, and served him faithfully for over twenty years," answered Roy.

"Wait, you are getting ahead of the times, young men. Did they see any more of the Indians before they landed at Plymouth and built their houses, Ernest?"

"I think not. The next Indian visit that I read of was in March, 1621, when the colony was much surprised and startled to see an Indian walk boldly into the village, but they were more amazed when he greeted them in English, saying: 'Welcome, Englishmen.' He belonged to the Wampanoag tribe, his name was Samoset, and he had learned a few English words of the fishermen at Penobscot."

"Is that all about him, Hadley?"

"Oh no. He told them that some time before that time a pestilence, something like our yellow fever, had swept among the tribes from the Penobscot River to the Narragansett Bay, and that nearly all of the natives had perished of it. That they could possess the land in peace, as the red men who had owned it had gone to the happy hunting ground. He remained that night and went away to his people in the morning, taking the presents which they gave him."

TRADE WITH THE INDIANS.

"What sort of presents were they?" asked Ray curiously.

"Oh, they gave him a ring, a bracelet, and a knife, and he went back to his people, saying that he would soon return and bring others to trade with them. That was the beginning of the barter trade with the Indians in New England," answered Will.

"Was that his last visit, Roy?"

"No indeed. He was afterwards of great service to the Puritans. In a few days he came back with the Indian called Squanto. They told the settlers that the great and powerful chief, Massasoit, with his brother, Quadequina, and sixty warriors of the tribe, were coming to visit them. And, in fact, they were right at their heels."

"Weren't the Puritans afraid then?" asked Ernest.

"No. Captain Standish knew what he was about. He would not let many of the Indians come into the village at one time. but Edward Winslow had to go and stay with the warriors as a hostage while the chief stayed in the settlement," replied Teddy.

"What can you tell us about this tribe of Indians, Hadley?"

"They were not a very numerous tribe, and they had their head-quarters where Bristol, R. I., is now. I guess that they roamed all through Massachusetts and Rhode Island—they did anyway in the time of King Philip's war."

TREATY BETWEEN PLYMOUTH COLONY AND MASSASOIT.

"What sort of a man was this great Indian chief? What was his character, and how did he appear?"

"John S. C. Abbott says of him:—'He was a remarkable man, majestic in statue, in the prime of life, of grave and stately demeanor, reserved in speech, and ever proving faithful to his obligations,'" answered Roy.

"I say, fellows, but that was a pretty good recommend," laughed Ernest. "Any white man might be proud to have John S. C. Abbott say that of him."

"That wasn't all of it," said Teddy. "Mr Abbott goes on to say :—'He wore a chain of white bone beads about his neck, and a little bag of tobacco, from which he smoked and presented to his white friends to smoke with him. His face was painted of a deep red color, and that and

his hair were oiled until they were glossy.' It is supposed that he had a very large family but only two sons, Alexander and Philip, are commonly mentioned in history."

"Did he make any agreement to be friendly with the whites, Ernest?"

"Yes, and he kept that treaty to his death—for almost fifty years. He pledged himself that his people should not harm the settlers. If any of the lawless ones did so they should be given up for punishment, and he would immediately send word to his confederate tribes, advising them to observe the treaty which he had made. He and the governor agreed that stolen property, on either side, should be restored, and that when either party visited the other they should go unharmed."

WATCHED ALL NIGHT.

"Did any more of them visit the settlement at that time, Teddy?"

"After Massasoit went back to his braves, Quadequina made them a call, Winslow was released, and all of the Indians withdrew to the forest, except Samoset and Squanto, who remained in the settlement. Both the red men and the white men watched all through the night, for in spite of the treaty neither party seemed to have much faith in the other. Then Massasoit came and camped close by, and visits between the Indians and the settlers were frequent and pleasant, each party strictly observing the conditions of the treaty and going unharmed."

"Did they have trouble with any other Indians about this time, Hadley?"

"Canonicus, chief of the Narragansetts, was an enemy to Massasoit, and was not disposed to make friends with his friends and allies. These Narragansetts were a warlike and powerful tribe, and so conceited that they thought they could conquer any other people in the world."

"They found that there were others in the world as big as they were," interrupted Teddy.

"What did this great chief do, Ernest?"

"He didn't do so much as he threatened to do. He sent a challenge

of defiance to the Puritans—a bundle of arrows wrapped about with a rattlesnake's skin. Governor Bradford snatched the arrows from the skin and filled it to the jaws with powder and balls, and then sent it back."

"What did the Indians say to that, Roy?"

"They thought that it was a witch charm and wouldn't touch it if they could help it. It was sent from one place to another, none of them daring to keep or to destroy it! Finally it came back to Plymouth as full as when it started out, in answer to the haughty chief."

ALARMED BY GOVERNOR'S ANSWER.

"What effect did the sending of it have, Ray?"

"Canonicus was frightened by the governor's stern answer and by the strange witch charm which he sent to destroy them, and soon wanted to make a treaty of peace also. You may believe that the Puritans were very glad to do it."

"Can you tell us about the colony at Weymouth, and how they nearly made trouble for the Puritans, Will?

"It was a settlement of about sixty men, who led an idle life, ill treating the Indians and stealing their corn instead of planting for themselves. They were not Puritans but they were white men, so Miles Standish went to help them when they got into trouble with their red neighbors. He killed the leader and his men killed two others, before the Indians were scared and ran away. Standish took the head of the dead chief back to Plymouth, where he stuck it on a pole after a fashion of those days."

"This was about the time of the first massacre in Virginia by Opechancanough's tribe; that was why they were so frightened," nodded Roy.

"You haven't told us how they came to know that there was a plan to attack Weymouth, and possibly of exterminating the white men in Massachusetts. Do you know anything about it, Ernest?"

"Massasoit told them of the plot because he was so grateful when Winslow cured him of his sickness."

"That is something else that we have not heard of, I believe," said Uncle Jack quietly.

"Why, didn't I tell you? I meant to," cried Teddy. "Massasoit was taken very ill and Winslow and Hampden, with Hobbomak as guide, went to see him. They found his house filled with medicine men, all holding a regular pow-wow, and making the most hideous noises to drive away the evil spirit of death."

"What did Winslow do then?"

THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND.

"He drove them all out and gave the sick chief relief by giving him some simple medicine and perfect quiet. Soon he was able to sit up and eat, and the Indians were as puzzled and awed as they were pleased at his unlooked-for recovery," said Roy.

"Yes, I read that Winslow even made him a broth of pounded corn strawberry leaves and sassafrass root, well boiled, and that he strained it through his handkerchief! Massasoit's recovery was so remarkable that Indians came a hundred miles to prove the truth of it, and the great

chief said gratefully:—'Now I see that the English are my friends and love me. And while I live I will never forget this kindness which they have shown me,'" said Ray.

"He never did forget it, and this incident had a very great influence as showing the power of the white men, for Winslow got rather more credit than he deserved," laughed Teddy. "It was fortunate that the chief was not dangerously sick! If he had died the story would have had another ending."

PLOT TO MASSACRE THE WHITES.

"Then Massasoit told Winslow that there was a plot to massacre every white man in the country, because those at Weymouth were bad, and they thought that all might be. But Captain Miles Standish soon stopped that," Hadley concluded.

"Well, Massasoit helped the colonists all that he could, even if they did pay him back as much, or more than he gave. One day a boy belonging to the settlement was lost in the woods, and after he wandered about for five long days, he was found by some of the same tribe of Indians that Captain Hunt kidnapped the twenty men from. Massasoit found where he was and he was delivered to those who went for him, safe and unharmed, although considerably frightened," said Ray.

"Then the Puritans did not have any serious trouble with the Indians as long as Massasoit lived, was that so, Teddy?"

"Yes; Captain Miles Standish had a brush or two with them—you have read about it in Longfellow's poems—but while Massasoit lived, they had a peaceful time compared to what followed."

"Say, you know the Puritans gathered an abundant harvest in the fall of 1623; who can tell us about the first Thanksgiving Day in New England?" asked Ernest, breathlessly.

"Pho, I could tell you all about that, but I think that Edward Winslow's letter to a friend in England will describe it better than I can," said Teddy. "He said:—'Our harvest being in, Governor Bradford sent four men out fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice

together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four, in one day, killed as many fowls as, with a little help outside, served the company at least a week. At which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, and among the rest was their greatest king, Massasoit, with ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed four deer, which they brought to the plantation, and bestowed upon our governor, the captain and others.' "

ORIGIN OF OUR THANKSGIVING.

"And that was the beginning of our Thanksgivings," said Will, musingly. "Does it strike any of you as a little significant that the Indians and the white men should celebrate the first American Thanksgiving Day together?"

"Why—I never thought of it, but it surely was a little queer," answered Roy. "And how many times both parties have put an end to the thanksgiving of the other!"

"I want to tell you a story, it will show what some of the men of those days were like," cried Ernest. "One of the Weymouth men stole some corn from an Indian storehouse. The owner followed his trail and demanded satisfaction. The settlers were afraid to try to shield him for fear of what the Indians would do, so the commander of the company called them all together, and they finally decided that they would put the man's clothes upon an old person who was too infirm to work, and hang him in the other's stead."

"There's justice and common sense for you!" exclaimed Teddy, aghast at the thought. "Did they do it?"

"No, they had a long discussion, and as they did not exactly agree, they decided to hang the real thief. Then there was another difficulty, for the man was almost a second Samson, and they were afraid to try to hang him. No one could be found to arrest him and carry out the sentence."

"I saw that, and I will tell you what they did do. They got the man to let them bind him hand and foot in fun—I don't know just how

it was done, and I guess he didn't either—and then they hung him in earnest!" interrupted Will.

"I don't believe that story," said Hadley decidedly. "No man would have been fool enough for that in those times."

"I don't know," said Uncle Jack slowly. "If our histories tell the truth fools were not very scarce then. Now we will go on. It was in

TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.

1626 that Peter Minuits bought the island of Manhattan from the council of Indian chiefs, and won their friendship by purchasing that which others had taken without a question of ownership. He governed New Amsterdam about six years, and managed the Indians with such tact and firmness that they remained friendly, bringing cargoes of furs to trade. Who was the next governor, Ray, and how did he treat the Indians?"

"He was Van Twiller, and he treated them fairly well, but there

were quarrels between the savages and the settlers constantly. Of course there was wrong on both sides. The white men were brutal and overbearing, and the red men were treacherous and suspicious."

"The next governor was William Keift. President Roosevelt calls him the worst of the four Dutch governors, in his 'Historic Towns.' He was mean and cruel and had no faculty of managing men. He should bear the blame of the Dutch wars with the Indians from 1640 to 1645," continued Will.

SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

"And he took good care to keep his own precious self in the fort, and would take advice of no man. If he had been strong and wise the Dutch history of New York would have been far different. He was not much like de Vries, who was always kind but firm with the Indians, and was beloved and respected by them," added Roy.

"What began these Indian troubles, Ernest?"

"The colonists had been forbidden to sell arms to the Indians, but some of the traders disobeyed, for there was great profit in the business when the red men would pay almost any price for a musket, and at least four hundred Mohawk warriors were provided with guns. They felt rather independent, as a matter of course, and when Kieft ordered them to pay tribute they flatly refused. Their liking for the Dutch began to die away then, and they were not slow to take offence whenever offered."

"It was in 1634 that Cecil, Lord Baltimore, purchased lands of the Indians and founded St. Mary, in Maryland, appointing his brother,

Leonard Calvert, Governor of the place. They treated the natives fairly and won their friendship," said Will.

"Yes, the native chiefs visited the colony often. The native women taught their English sisters to make Indian meal and bread, while the hunters taught the men to get game in the forest. They lived in peace for ten years or more, many of the Indians sending their children to be instructed by the priests," continued Roy.

"But with the increase of white population the troubles and misunderstandings with the Indians increased also, and not always in proportion. As late as 1730 it was ordered by the General Assembly that no treaties of peace should be made with the natives, an act which plainly shows the feeling of the times," said Uncle Jack, with a sigh. "Now bring your instruments, we will serenade the owls, and show John what civilized music is. Do your best boys."

CHAPTER VI.

FROM 1634 TO 1674.

"Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hillside beat?
What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood?"

"INDIAN troubles became frequent and serious about 1636. Captain Oldman and his crew were murdered by the Indians while exploring the river, and the Pequods refused to give up the murderers but they offered to ransom them according to Indian custom. This was refused and two of their villages were burned. These Pequods were the most powerful and warlike tribe in New England, with many warriors ready for a fight. But, strong as they were, they hesitated to make war upon the whites alone, and tried to get the Narragansetts to help them. Why didn't that tribe join them?" asked Uncle Jack.

"They would if it hadn't been for Roger Williams, who was a friend of Miantonomoh, their chief," answered Will.

"Who was Roger Williams, Ray?"

"He was a man who came to America in 1631. He was a young minister, one whom the old records describes as 'lovely in his carriage godly and zealous, having precious gifts.'"

"Was he popular, Teddy?"

"He was at first, but when he advanced the opinion that all men should be free to follow the dictates of their own conscience, it did not please the stern old Puritans very well, and the result was that they drove him out of the colony."

"The Puritans treated the Indians fairly, and won their confidence and friendship. Many tribes made alliance with them and the sachem of the Mohegans asked them to establish a colony in Connecticut, in 1632," said Hadley.

"But that has nothing to do with Roger Williams, and we want to learn more about him just now. How did they drive him out of the colony, Ray?"

"The people began to flock to hear him talk and the magistrates were alarmed; so it was decided to send him to England in a ship which was about ready to sail. He was ordered to go to Boston and take passage in that ship, but he would not do it, and a boat's crew was sent to bring him by force, but they did not find him."

"Can you tell where he went, Will?"

"He left Salem, a wanderer for conscience sake, in the bitter cold of a northern winter. The snow was deep upon the ground and the weather was very cold. He says himself, that, for fourteen weeks, he 'was sorely tost in a bitter season, not knowing what bed or bread did mean.'"

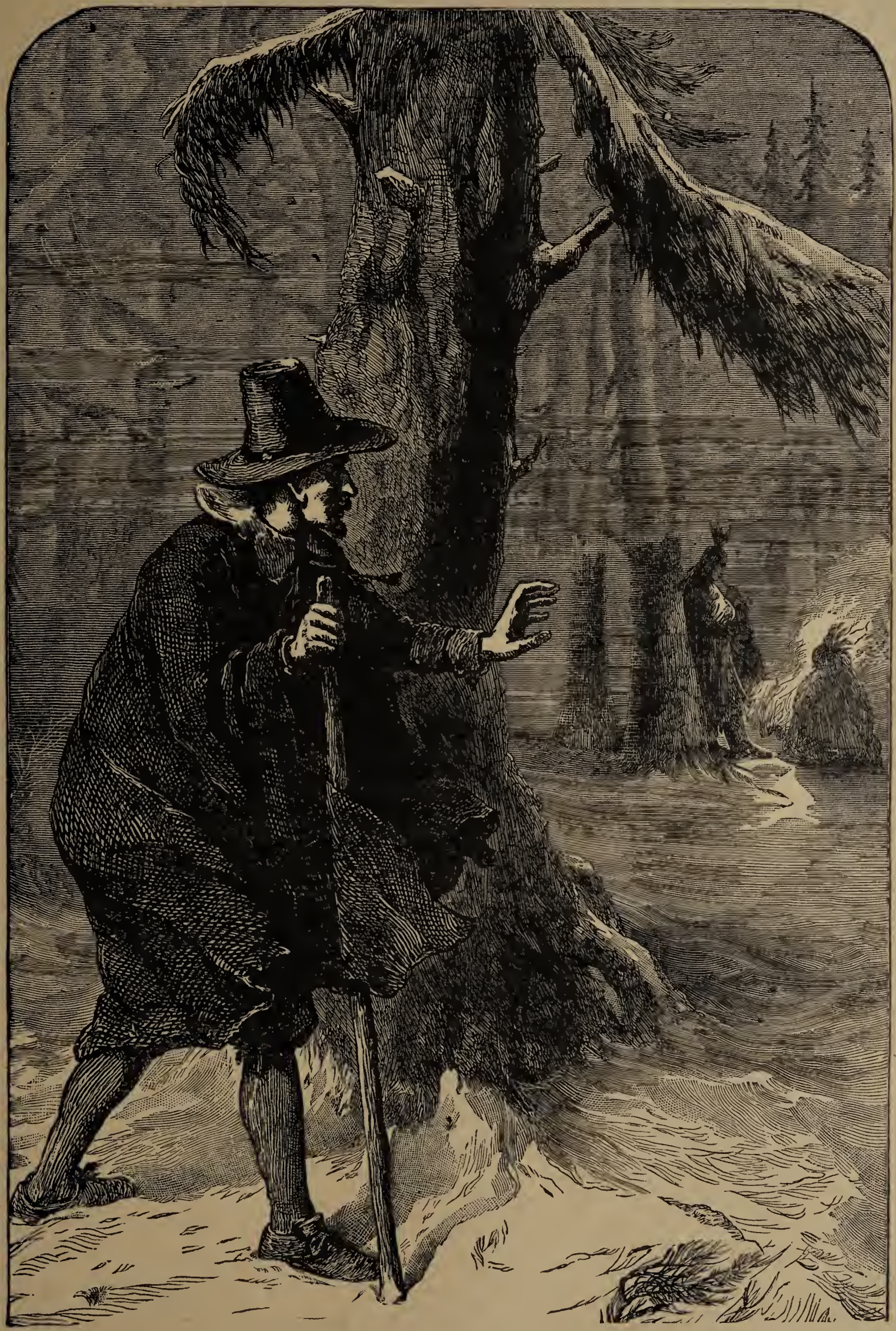
KINDLY WELCOMED BY THE SAVAGES.

"That isn't telling where he went," cried Roy. "When he was banished from the settlements of his own race he sought the country and villages of the Indians, whose friendship he had won during his stay in the colony. He had learned their language while he was at Plymouth, and could speak it almost as well as a native. So he went from lodge to lodge, always kindly welcomed by the savages, sometimes spending the night in a hollow tree, until he reached Mount Hope, where his friend Massasoit lived."

"And he received a warm, true welcome. Was any other great chief his friend, Ernest?"

"Yes, Canonicus, the great chieftain of the Narragansett tribe, loved him so tenderly that his love ceased only with his life. It was in the homes of these friendly Indians that Roger Williams passed that first winter of exile in safety. He never ceased to be grateful for their aid in his distress, and, during his whole life, he was the especial friend and champion of the New England tribes."

"He intended to settle at Seekonk, but when he found that the land there belonged to the Plymouth colony, he went on to Narragansett Bay,



ROGER WILLIAMS SEEKING REFUGE AMONG THE INDIANS. 93

and became the 'Father of Rhode Island.' He did not want to stay under the laws of Plymouth," nodded Teddy.

"Can you blame him for that? What did he name his colony, Hadley, and why?"

"Because it was to be an asylum for all oppressed people, and in gratitude for his deliverance from the many dangers which he had passed through, he called the place Providence. He tried to buy the land for settlement, but Canonicus refused to sell it, and gave it to him as a friend, 'to be his to enjoy forever.' It was not a donation for the site of a settlement, but was to belong to Williams to do as he pleased with."

"Then he was a rich man!" exclaimed Ray joyfully. "How did those old fellows who turned him out feel about it? I'll bet they were more than a little mad. Of course he sold the land to settlers at a good price."

GAVE LAND TO ALL SETTLERS.

"Others probably would have done so, and he might have made money in that way, but he would not do it. He gave a share of the land to all who came there to settle, and the government of the place was administered by all of the people that lived there. All public measures were decided by a majority, but every man was left to answer to God alone in matters of conscience. All forms of religious beliefs were protected, and even infidelity was saved from punishment. Thus did Roger Williams live up to the principles which he advanced," Will explained.

"There was a woman about that time who was just like him, that is, she was too liberal to suit those stern, old Puritans," said Ray. "Her name was Anne Hutchinson, and when she was driven away from Massachusetts she went into the terrtiory of the Dutch, and was finally murdered by the Indians, with her whole family, except a child who was taken away as prisoner. So you see those first settlers were not always good to their own race. There is a queer thing about that. The Puritans came here to get a chance to do as they had a mind to, and they wanted everybody to do just as they told them to and were mad if they didn't!"

"Now we will return to the account of the Pequod war," Uncle Jack reminded them. "Will, you said that the Narragansetts would have joined the tribe if it hadn't been for Roger Williams. How was that?"

"Why—he prevented them from doing it."

"And now fellows, what do you think? The very men who had driven him into exile in the midst of a New England winter, now begged of him to use his influence with the Narragansett chief, so that that tribe would at least remain neutral, if they could not be persuaded to

LANDING OF ROGER WILLIAMS AT PROVIDENCE.

help the whites. They knew the Narragansetts wouldn't do it to please them. Wasn't that cheeky?" demanded Ernest indignantly.

"And did Miantonomoh remain friendly to the whites?"

"Yes, he did; and his tribe with him. Roger Williams stayed right there three days and nights, talking with them, and when he went away they had agreed to help the whites if there was a war, instead of fighting against them. Hurrah for Roger Williams!" shouted Teddy with boyish enthusiasm.

"If he had failed and Miantonomoh had not protected him, he

would have been killed instantly, for the Pequod chiefs were already there, and the Narragansetts had made up their minds to help them," added Hadley.

"Will, did the Pequods make war after all?

"Yes, they decided they had warriors enough to try it alone, and began to kill the settlers along the Connecticut river. Captain John Mason was sent against them with eighty men, and he went to Canonicus to ask him to help him. That chief hardly wanted to give open aid, but more than two hundred of his braves agreed to go, and they were joined by seventy Mohegans under Chief Uncas."

"They attacked the Pequod fort, where the barking of a dog gave an unexpected alarm and the attack was a hurried one. To make a sure thing of it the wigwams, all made of matting, were set on fire, and the Indians tried in vain to put the fire out. The English withdrew to a safe place where they could see and pick off the poor Pequods as they fled from their blazing homes. More than six hundred of them perished, the most of them being burned in the wigwams. The battle lasted only an hour, and only two white men were killed," added Ray.

STORY OF THE PEQUODS.

"The warlike Pequods were not really related to the Indians around them," continued Ernest. "They came from the country of the Mowhaks and had given the colonists considerable trouble before this happened. But perhaps the fault was not all with them."

"The Pequod fort which the English destroyed at that time, was their largest and strongest one, and they did not think that it could be taken by the whites. It was a terrible fight. Whenever a Pequod appeared he was shot down without delay or mercy. What was the result of it, Teddy?"

"As the sun rose, a body of three hundred Pequod warriors were seen coming from a second fort. They expected to find the English all dead, and came to rejoice with victorious comrades. Instead of that they saw a ruined and smoking fort and its dead defenders. They were furi-

COMANCHE CAMP

UTE CHIEF "WASHINGTON."

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HAVASUPAI INDIAN BOY WITH KATHAK

SEVEN LITTLE INDIANS BEFORE ENTERING THE SCHOOL AT HAMPTON, VA.

CHIEF PIAH

UTE TRIBE

CHIEF STANDING BUFFALO

PONCA TRIBE

CHIEF TUSHAQUINOT

UTE TRIBE

THE SCALP DANCE

PHOTO BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, USED BY PERMISSION

BASKET DANCE OF THE HOPI INDIANS AT ORAIBI, ARIZONA

BIG CHIEF

PONCA TRIBE

PHOTO BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, USED BY PERMISSION

INDIAN GIRL BASKET MAKERS OF CALIFORNIA

DEATH OF A SIOUX CHIEF IN AN ATTACK ON
UNITED STATES TROOPS

PHOTO BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, USED BY PERMISSION

SABABA. CALIFORNIA BASKET MAKER

THE BUFFALO DANCE

CHIEF COLOROW

UTE TRIBE

THE BEAR DANCE

ous, screaming, stamping, and tearing their hair in their desperation and despair. Mason held them in check with a few of his men, while the others hastened home to protect the settlement from any possible attack."

"But they had other forts and villages."

"Well, the whole tribe were so bewildered and frightened by this sudden attack that it was an easy thing to finish them up. Their pride was crushed, and they made but a feeble resistance. They fled to the West, closely pursued by the English, who destroyed their cornfields burned their villages, and put their women and children to death without mercy. They made one last, desperate stand, but were defeated with great slaughter, and the Pequod tribe lived only in the history of a growing nation," continued Hadley.

FLED WITH HIS FOLLOWERS.

"Sassacus was their great chief, and his name had been a terror to the tribes all around, as well as to the white men, but his four thousand warriors were scattered or killed, and he fled to the Mohawks with a small remnant of his followers. He hoped to find a safe refuge there," sighed Teddy.

"But it didn't do him any good," added Ray. "He was killed there and his scalp was sent to the English. Some say that the Mohawks killed him, and others that he was slain by his own men, who blamed him for the sudden annihilation of his tribe. There were not more than two hundred left by this time, and they surrendered soon."

"Were they killed also, Ernest?"

"No, they were given a worse fate, so bad that I bet they wished they had been killed. Some were given up to their enemies, the Narragansetts and Mohegans, who probably put them to torture; and the rest were sold as slaves in the West Indies. It was a short war, but it was one without mercy on either side, and the horror of it remained with the Indians for nearly forty years."

"Yes," added Teddy. "The thoroughness of the work struck terror

to all of the surrounding tribes, and made them see the power of the white man as never before. If the powerful Pequods could be thus beaten, what would their fate be if they were rash enough to attempt to drive the English out?"

"And for nearly forty years the horror of this fearful time was fresh in the savage minds, and that was a protection to the young settlements, greater than the most vigilant watchfulness would have been," observed Hadley.

"Yes, for nearly forty years the war cry was not heard in New England, although individuals on both sides committed depredations on each other, and sometimes one was killed. So, if it was a bad thing for the Pequods, it was good for the colonies, for it prevented other uprisings of the red men," nodded Ray.

OLD CHIEF TAKEN PRISONER.

"But, as soon as it was over, the people of Connecticut forgot what they owed to the fidelity of the brave Narragansett chieftain, Miantonomoh, who had befriended them through it all. His people went to war with the Mohegans, and the old chief was taken prisoner. His enemies referred his fate to the same white men whom he had helped, and they deliberately decided to give him up to his bitter enemy, Uncas, knowing full well the terrible death which would be his. And they did more than that. They sent two men to see him executed! There's gratitude for you!" cried Ernest.

"There was too much of such gratitude in those days," said Uncle Jack quietly. "Ray, the Dutch had a war with the Mohawks in 1642, can you tell us the cause of it?"

"Governor Kieft was responsible for it, although there had been an increasing bad feeling between the Indians and the settlers for some time. It really commenced in this way. The Mohawks sent an armed band to collect tribute of the river tribes, who belonged to the Algonquin family. These Indians fled in terror to seek the protection of the Dutch, who professed to give it."

"And were they protected, Will?"

"Well, I don't want any such protection. We ought to go back a little so as to understand this business better, I think. A year or two before the Mohawk war the colonists accused the Raritan tribe of stealing some hogs, which, in truth, were taken by some Dutch traders. Governor Kieft did not bother to investigate the matter any, but sent soldiers to destroy the growing corn of the Raritans as a punishment and some of the Indians were killed. The savages retaliated by attacking the settlement which De Vries—who had always been a true friend to the Indians—had founded on Staten Island. Four men were killed."

"That was another unreasonable circumstance," declared Ray. "President Roosevelt says that De Vries was a handsome, gallant man, of brave and generous nature. 'He was greatly beloved by the Indians, to whom he was always both firm and kind; and the settlers likewise loved and respected him, for he never trespassed on their rights, and was their leader in every work of danger.'"

A BOY WHO HAD HIS REVENGE.

"I can tell you a story of what happened before that!" cried Ernest. "Two Indians were coming to the fort to sell beaver skins one day, and one of them had a little boy, his nephew, with him. Three Dutchmen resolved to rob them, and did do it, taking their furs and killing the uncle of the little boy, who got away, registering a vow of vengeance, after the Indian custom. Fifteen years afterwards, when he had grown to be a bold warrior, he killed Claes Smits, another Dutchman, who likely knew nothing about the affair."

"What was done about it, Teddy?"

"Kieft ordered the Indians to surrender the young man that he might be punished for the crime; but the savages refused to give him up, as by their laws it was only blood for blood, but they offered to ransom him. Kieft refused their proposition, and the matter remained an open source of trouble."

"There was provocation surely, but was it enough to execute the

barbarity and cowardly treachery of Governor Kieft on Shrovetide night. One wrong never makes another one right. Tell us about it, Hadley."

"The garrison of the fort, with some Dutch privateers, attacked the Indians in the night, while they were peacefully sleeping, fully believing in the protection of their murderers. The poor creatures so suddenly awakened, could make but a very little resistance. Some of them escaped

INDIANS ATTACKING THE HOUSE OF A WHITE SETTLER.

to the woods, but were relentlessly pursued, and driven into the icy water of the Hudson, where they soon chilled and perished."

"Were they all killed?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Yes; none were spared—neither men, women, nor children—and their shrieks made the good people of New Amsterdam tremble in their comfortable beds!"

"Was that the only party of Indians who were attacked, Ray?"

"Another company of Indians, trusting to the friendship of the Dutch, had encamped near the fort, and they were all killed. It is but just to say that this was not the work of the colonists, who had to pay for it, for when the Algonquins found out that their comrades had been killed by the Dutch instead of by the Mohawks, there was a general uprising, and Governor Kieft was soon glad to make peace. It was in this war that Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and her family were killed."

"It did not take the Indians long to drive all of the Dutch settlers, who escaped with their lives, to take refuge in the fort. A palisade was erected where Wall street now runs. The Indians tortured their prisoners cruelly, and the Dutch retaliated with the same barbarous deeds. Women and children were spared on neither side. The terrible war lasted five years, and was going on about the time of the second Opechancanough massacre in Virginia," said Will.

REJOICING OVER THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

"Finally, on the thirtieth of August, 1645, the chiefs of the Algonquins and a deputation from their old enemies, the Mohawks, who came as mediators, met the whites on the spot now known as the Battery, and concluded a peace," Roy concluded.

"How did the people feel about it, and what became of Kieft?"

"The close of the war was hailed with rejoicings throughout the colony. Kieft was regarded with universal hatred as the author of the terrible sufferings of the struggle, his barbarous conduct was censured and disavowed by the company, and he was recalled. As he neared the shores of the old world, his ship was wrecked on the coast of Wales, and all on board perished," answered Ernest.

"I don't care, do you?" questioned Teddy. "But the next Governor, Stuyvesant, practiced kindness and justice toward the Indians and soon secured their friendship again."

"And when New Amsterdam was surrendered to the English, the Mohawks, who had been friends to the Dutch, entered into an alliance with them. This proved to be a lucky thing in the French and English

wars, for the Indians hated the French and kept them back," continued Hadley.

"It was in 1642 that a party of Mohawks took two priests, Father Jogues and Father Goupil, while their escort of Huron Indians nearly all escaped. They were led by the great Huron war chief, Ahasistari, who, when he saw that his white friends were prisoners in the hands of his enemies, strode into the circle of astonished Mohawks who surrounded them, and took his place beside Father Jogues, saying: 'My brother, I made oath to thee that I would share thy fortune, whether death or life, and I am here to keep my word,'" added Ray.

"And the Mohawks were only too glad to get him in any way, I can tell you!" cried Teddy. "They took him at his word, and he died at the stake like a hero."

PRIESTS COMPELLED TO RUN THE GAUNTLET.

'Can you tell us what became of the priests, Roy?"

"They were carried to the Mohawk, and in each village which they passed through, they were compelled to run the gauntlet. Still they tried to make converts. Father Jogues found a few drops of dew upon an ear of corn which was thrown him as food, with which he baptized two converts."

"Father Goupil was more unfortunate. An Indian saw him making the sign of a cross over his child, and, thinking he was working a spell, he killed him instantly with his tomahawk. Father Jogues escaped and reached Albany, but he boldly entered the Mohawk land, and was murdered by a warrior," continued Ray. "Other missionaries afterwards suffered death by torture at the hands of these Indians."

"The Mohawk and Huron war was in 1648," asserted Will. "There had been a short peace between them, but the war that came was a fiercer one than ever before. Bands of Mohawk warriors invaded the Huron territory, and both savage and missionary fell before their fury. It was on the morning of July the 4th that the village of St. Joseph was attacked by a Mohawk war party."

THE ATTACK ON THE DOEG WIGWAM. 103

"This was a village which had been founded by the missionaries Brabeuf and Daniel, the latter of which was an old man," added Roy. "He was killed, while his companions, Brabeuf and Lallemand, were taken prisoners and tortured to death. The Hurons were scattered, and their country was added to that of the Five Nations. Many of the conquered Hurons were adopted into the conquering tribes."

"This was the time when the Mokawks learned to hate the French so thoroughly. Champlain took sides with the Hurons and Algonquins, and the Five Nations never forgave them for it. They would never overlook it," Ernest asserted.

PEACE PIPE HUNG AROUND HIS NECK.

"Teddy, can you tell us why Father Marquette was not molested by the Indians when he descended the Mississippi River in 1673?"

"It was because a friendly Indian chief hung a peace pipe around his neck, telling him to hold it out to every savage whom he met, and it would always be a safeguard to him. He did so, and went among all of the tribes unharmed."

"These Indians once kept a letter safely for fourteen years, and then delivered it," exclaimed Hadley. "It was in this way: Tonti addressed it to La Salle, and told the Indians to guard it carefully, and give it to the first Frenchman that came that way. They gave it to D'Ibberville."

"They proved their fidelity by caring for it so long. I think there was a difficulty with the Indians in Virginia, where Berkerly was governor, about 1660. What can you tell us about it, Ray?"

"Berkerly would not do a thing to the Indians when they got to acting out, because he was making money in the fur trade with them, and the settlers decided to take matters into their own hands. They succeeded in making a war just as they always did. It wasn't very long before a friendly Indian was killed, and a settler, who was mortally wounded at the same time, said that it was the work of some Doeg warriors."

"That was enough to send thirty men off in pursuit of the Doegs," interrupted Will. "They came to a Doeg wigwam where they killed eleven Indians. They didn't know sure, but they thought 'more than likely' that they were the right ones to punish! Another party of settlers came to a wigwam and opened fire without waiting to ask any questions. They killed fourteen before they found out that the wigwam belonged to some friendly Susquehannahs, and were not Doegs at all."

"That was a grave mistake, but a common one in the early days. What effect did it have, Roy?"

"Why—what do you think? It aroused the tribe to fury. Colonel John Washington had a finger in that pie. He was the great-grandfather of George Washington, but he didn't have half of his common sense. The chiefs declared that their people had never harmed the whites and the war was stayed for a short time."

"But not for long," Ernest went on. "Later five chiefs came for a conference, and were treacherously put to death. Major Truman was tried for their murder, but history does not tell what was done with him—more than likely he was just sent back to the old world. That didn't help matters a bit, and the Indians went on the warpath at once, assailing the settlers along the Rappahannock, James and York rivers."

"And it was Becon who finally made peace with them," Teddy asserted in triumph.

"That is all for to-night. We will not begin with King Philip's war until our next lesson," said Uncle Jack.

"I say, fellows, I can't keep it any longer, and there is no need to!" cried Ernest excitedly. "You know how they spear salmon by torchlight, don't you? Well, Jim told me this morning that he and John were going to take us out to-night spearing them, and they must be ready now. Jim said not to tell you until our lesson was over, or you'd forget all that you knew."

"Yum—yum—yum!" flashed Teddy. "I suppose he thought that it made no difference if you did forget what little you knew! Was that it?"

CHAPTER VII.

FROM 1674 TO 1676.

"He saw the cloud ordained to grow
And burst upon his hills in woe,
He saw his people withering lie
Beneath the invader's evil eye.
Strange feet were trampling on his father's bones;
At midnight hour he woke to gaze
Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans.
He saw; and, maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
To tiger rage his soul was driven,
Mercy was not, nor sought nor given;
The pale-face from his lands must fly;
He would be free, or he would die!"

"NOW you may begin the account of King Philip's war. What have you to tell us about it, Ernest?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Massasoit died about 1661. He left two sons, Wamsutta or Alexander, and Pometacom or Philip. These sons married sisters, daughters of the sachem of Pocasset. Alexander's wife was named Wetamoo, we shall find more about her. Philip's wife was named Wootonekanuske."

"Wait a minute, Uncle Jack, I read that a full-blooded Niantic Indian woman, now living in Wisconsin, claims to be a descendant of the famous King Philip!" cried Teddy.

"How can that be when the histories say that King Philip's son was sold as a slave?" inquired Roy.

"But history does not tell us whether he had a daughter or not,

nodded Teddy. "The article that I saw said that he did, and she married Ninegret, chief of the Niantic Indians, and this Mrs. Stanwood 'is certainly what she claims, a descendant of the great Indian sachem, and a genealogy of her family from the time of Ninegret proves it beyond a doubt.'"

"Well, the Wampanoags are not extinct," declared Hadley. "Two sisters named Mitchel are living in Lakeville, Massachusetts, who are direct descendants of King Philip's sister Amy. She married Tuspaquin, the Black Sachem, chief of the Assawamsets. Tradition says that their mother was a descendant of the Pequod chief Sassacus. They are living on land which has been in the family for generations. The youngest sister is named Wootonekanuske, for the unfortunate wife of King Philip; the other sister's name is Teweelema, and they were educated in the public schools of the town."

CHIEF ALEXANDER.

"Do you think it is so, Uncle Jack?" asked Teddy.

"Whether these accounts are authentic or not is a personal affair, rather than a matter of history. It has nothing to do with the terrible New England war of 1675. Ray, you may tell us what you can about Alexander, who became chief of the tribe when his father, Massasoit, died."

"It has been said that Uncas, chief of the Mohegans, set the English against him in the first place. At any rate many lawless men had come to join the colonies, who did not treat the Indians as the first settlers had treated Massasoit and his followers. The Indians had also grown to disregard the treaty of their old chief, and there was increasing distrust on both sides. Uncas told the English that Alexander was preparing for war, so they had him arrested and taken to Plymouth at once."

"That was a bitter blow for the proud old chief," continued Ernest. "A horse was offered for him to ride, but he refused indignantly, saying that he would rather walk with his friends than to ride with his enemies. History says that he was taken with a fever, brought on by

his rage and shame at the indignity put upon him; the Indians thought that he had been poisoned by the English, and his wife, who was with him, lived for revenge after that. He died before he reached his home."

"I don't wonder that the superstitious Indians thought that the white men poisoned him," cried Ray. "He was well and in the prime of life when they arrested him, and his people could not understand his sudden death in any other way."

"Uncas was an enemy to him anyway," declared Will.

"But Uncas and his Mohegans were friends to the English, and he sent his three sons and sixty warriors to help them," added Roy.

"We haven't come to the war yet, what more about Alexander?"

TREATMENT OF KING PHILIP.

"I found one account which said that Philip killed his brother so that he could be the chief, but I do not believe it. Philip saw how fast the whites were increasing, and he was a patriot and a statesman, skilled in the diplomacy of his nation. Secretly he sought a union of all of the New England tribes," answered Ray.

"And succeeded pretty well, too," nodded Will. "He kept his own counsel so well that the white men could only suspect what he was about, but they treated him very harshly and compelled him to give up his arms. That didn't help matters much."

"Did the Indians attack Plymouth?"

"No, a friendly Indian warned the town, but the act cost him his life. He was condemned as a traitor, and disposed of in a way to make it appear that he had committed suicide. His people did not dare to execute him openly. His body was found, three of the tribe were suspected, arrested, tried, found guilty, and put to death. Then the young warriors of the tribe shouted for revenge," answered Ray.

"In spite of the order not to sell the Indians any arms many of the colonists had done so, because of the high prices which the natives were willing and eager to pay. They wanted muskets at any price, and so

the Englishmen thoughtlessly furnished the weapons for their own execution, in their selfishness and greed," Ernest added.

"What two female sachems fought with Philip, Roy?"

"One was Anashonks, who pretended to be very friendly with the whites, promised to put herself under English protection and allow her braves to fight on that side, then combined her force with Philip's."

"The other was Wetamoo, the enraged wife of Alexander, who firmly believed that he had been treacherously poisoned, and was very active in revenge," continued Will. "When the war was ended and all hope was gone, she sprang into the stream to escape capture or to go to her people on the other shore, but she was drowned and her body was washed on shore. It will never be known whether she committed suicide in her despair, or whether her death was an accident."

"What was done with her body, Ernest?"

DID GHASTLY THINGS.

"I don't know, but the white men cut off her head and stuck it upon a pole in Taunton, where it remained for some time. They had a fashion of doing such ghastly things in those days, thinking to frighten the rest of their enemies, I suppose. Her people saw it there and recognized it with a howl of utter despair."

"Was anything unusal noticed before this war began, Ray?"

"Yes, superstitious people said that they saw an Indian bow clearly defined in the sky, drawn ready for use; others saw the picture of an Indian scalp on the bright surface of the moon; Northern lights of unusual brilliancy glowed in the skies; troops of phantom horsemen were heard dashing through the air; the sighing of the night winds sounded like the whistling of bullets; and, to others, the persistent howling of the wolves foretold dire disaster, and many of them found their worst fears realized before long."

"Philip was now king. He saw that the English were becoming very powerful, and he became convinced that the red man would finally become exterminated unless the white men were driven out of the land.

Little by little the Indians secretly stored up munitions of war. The colonists regarded the Indian children as young serpents, who would surely bite when they were older, and the red mothers should also die that they might bear no more children, so women and children were killed at sight in this relentless war of extermination," said Ernest.

"This King Philip was one of the ablest Indians of the New World. He entered upon the war as a necessity, believing that his brother had been poisoned by the white man, fully realizing the ruin which overshadowed his race. He was a terrible foe, with secret and awful modes of warfare, but there is no evidence that he ever ordered the torture of a captive, and there is plenty of such evidence that the English sometimes gave deserters up to the torture. Deeds were laid to him which he never did, and he was absent from many places when they were attacked," added Teddy.

KING PHILIP.

"The conflict once begun it was a war to the death with King Philip. From all accounts I think that he began the war against his better judgment and at the demands of his warriors. He was a true hero when he resolved to do his best and share the common fate of his nation. A reward was offered for him, forty coats to any one who would bring him in alive, or twenty for his head! And ten coats were offered for any one of his braves that was taken as a prisoner," said Uncle Jack. "What place was first attacked?"

"In the war which then began without hope and waged without mercy, the Indians knew every nook of the leafy forest, and could make a desperate resistance. June 24, 1675, was the day appointed by the

governor as a day of fasting and prayer in anticipation of the coming war. That was the day when the first town was attacked," answered Ray.

"I read that Philip burst into tears when the news of that attack was told him," said Will incredulously. "It was warriors of his own tribe that did it, but they acted without his direct orders, and committed the act which opened the conflict. Swanzey was quite near Mount Hope, you know, and that was the town."

"The assault was made when the people were returning from church, and only eight or nine people were killed, but the alarm was now given and spread rapidly," added Ray.

"There were some strange escapes from death," laughed Ernest. "One Mr. Gill buttoned a lot of thick brown paper under his coat, and this strange armor saved his life."

CHASED TO A SWAMP.

"Captain Church was one of the great English officers of that war and he had a body-guard of Indians who loved him so well that they would not leave him. But they were traitors to their people just the same," cried Teddy scornfully.

"It isn't for us to condemn them," said Hadley chidingly. "Without them the story of King Philip's war would have ha a different ending."

"What happened then?"

"Philip and his warriors took refuge in a swamp, and the English surrounded the place and intended to starve them out, but they escaped and fled to the Nipmucks, a small tribe near Worcester, Massachusetts. The colonists made the Narragansetts give up all of the Indians who had fled to them for safety, and promise to remain neutral," Ray replied.

"Didn't Philip induce the Nipmucks to join him, Will?"

"Yes, and no one will ever know how many other tribes were secretly engaged in it. People declared that the colonists were to be severely punished for their sins, among which were mentioned the wearing of gay clothes by the women; the wearing of long hair by the men; the

licensing of ale-houses, and swearing. Some even asserted that it was a judgment for not exterminating the Quakers. It was lucky for the poor Quakers that there was an Indian war to take their attention!"

"Was that so?" ejaculated Ray.

"Yes it was; I can read you what Northrop says about it. The superstitious ones believed all of these signs, and made their meaning to suit themselves."

"Joined by the Nipmucks, Philip entered Connecticut and attacked the settlements from Springfield to Northfield. Captain Hutchinson, with only twenty men, was sent to treat with them. Did they succeed, Ernest?

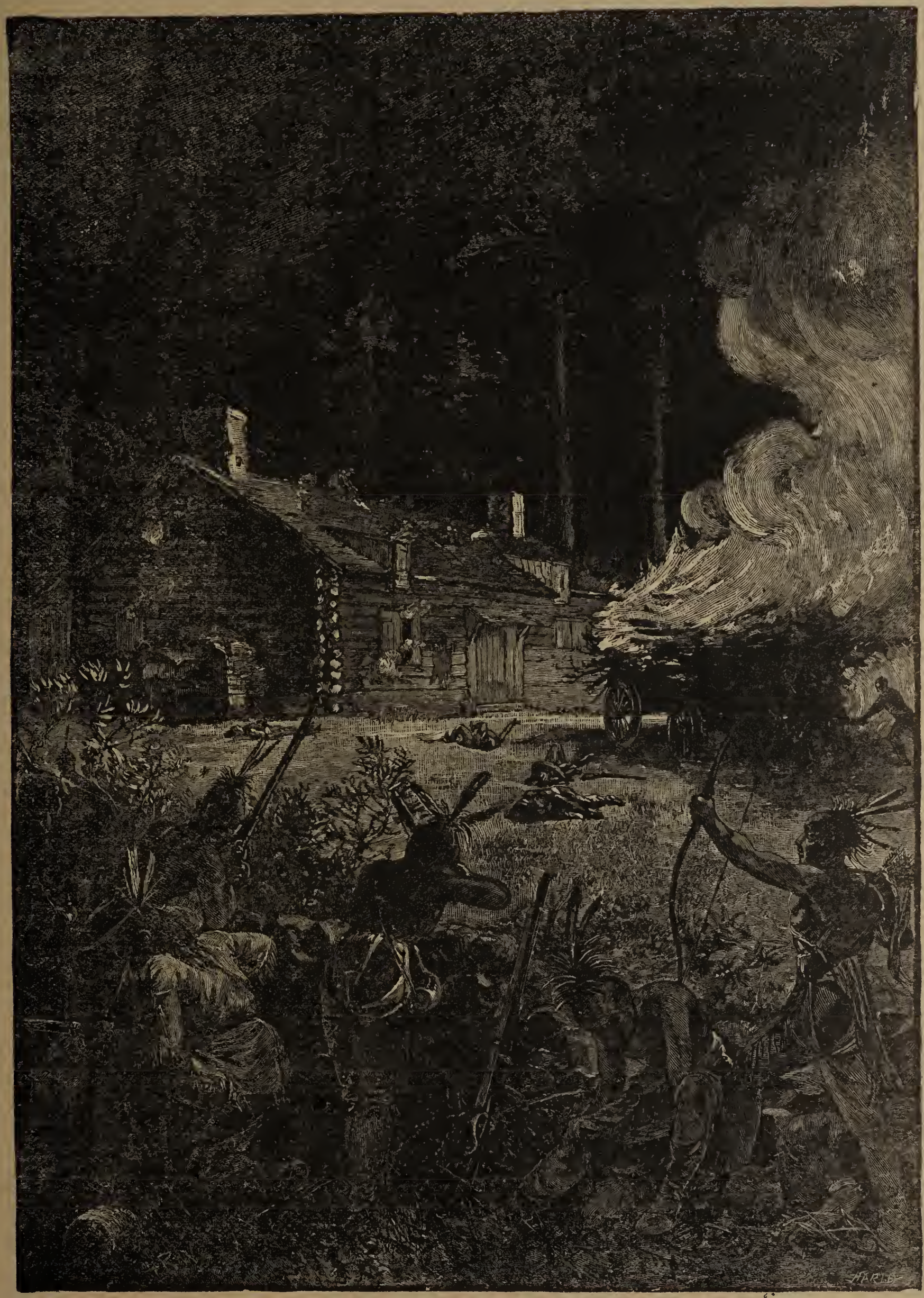
SAVED BY A RAIN-STORM.

"Hardly. They were ambushed and killed near Brookfield, and the Indians attacked that settlement. They burned all but one house, the strongest one in the village, to which the people had all fled. For two days they tried in vain to set the house on fire or force an entrance."

"One man escaped to the woods, and the Indians did not happen to see him. He went for help but the rest could hardly hope that he would bring them aid in time to save them. At last the savages took a wagon, piled it high with flax, hemp, hay and dry wood, set it on fire and pushed it against the house, themselves concealed behind it, so that the settlers could not shoot them," continued Ray.

"They thought that they were gone sure—those settlers did!" exclaimed Teddy. "They could not put that fire out and the smoke choked them. But, just as the house caught, and the smoke was very nearly stifling them, the most thundering kind of a storm came up, the rain fell in sheets, and not only put the fire out but fixed everything so that the Indians could not light another. The redskins stayed around until sunset, when help arrived, and they hastily retreated."

"All of the Indians were not without mercy and gratitude, even in this relentless war," Will declared. "A prisoner who was to be tortured the next morning was visited by an Indian in the night. He told him to get up and follow him. The white man obeyed, although he did not



ATTACK OF THE INDIANS ON BROOKFIELD.

know but what he was to be killed. The Indian gave him a gun and some provisions when they were at a safe distance from the encampment. Then he led him through the woods, almost to his ruined home, when he left him, saying ;—'Many months ago you gave bed and supper to tired Indian ; he pay you now. Go and be happy.'"

"What was the next place which the Indians attacked, Ernest ?"

"It was Deerfield, and it was burned. But, before that, Captain Lathrop had been sent out, with a small force to carry provisions from that place to Hadley, where they inteuded to establish a garrison. Almost all of them were killed at a place which is called Bloody Brook to this day."

ATTACK ON HADLEY.

"While Deerfield was still burning the Indians attacked Hadley. The people were at church at the time," continued Teddy.

"What queer thing happened then, Ray ?"

"A tall, old man, in a strange dress, appeared suddenly. Sword in hand, he gave quick, sharp orders, and rallied and led them to victory, for the Indians were beaten back, and forced to retreat."

"Can you tell us who this strange man was, Will ?"

"Folks have always thought that it was Goffe, the regicide, who risked his life and liberty to save the settlers then. He had been concealed in the town, and returned to his refuge when the fight was over. But his sudden appearance and disappearance was considered very strange at that time, and gave superstitious people something to talk about. The Indians regarded him with awe, and thought that the Great Spirit helped the white men at Hadley. Wasn't it lucky that they did have such fancies ?"

"I want to tell you what the white men paid for the town of Hadley —here is the bill," cried Ray :

"2 coats, shag and wampum, ... £5, 7s.
Red shag, cotton, knife, ... 7s.
Wampum and two coats, ... £5, 10s.
A kettle, ... £1, 5s.
For your being drunk, ... 10s.

What do you think of that price for a whole town?"

"What happened next, Ernest?"

"Philip visited his home at Mount Hope, found it in ruins, and went to the Narragansetts for shelter. They would not give him up to the white men as they had the other Indians, and so the colonists determined to make war on them before they were pursuaded to join Philip. They forgot that they were friends, I guess."

"Anyway, they attacked the principal fort of the Narragansett tribe. This village was where South Kingston is now. It was attacked, the houses set on fire, all of their winter supplies burned, and old men, women, and children burned in the blazing huts. Another large body of natives was surprised just above Turner Falls," added Teddy.

"The fort at Kingston was a palisaded one," Hadley continued. "It was nearly twenty miles from the next village, and it was a bitterly cold night in winter. Captain Church tried to get them not to set fire to the wigwams, but it was done."

YOUNG NARRAGANSETT CAPTIVE.

"I'll tell you what a writer of that time said," exclaimed Ray. "He said: 'The Indians were about preparing their dinner when our sudden and unexpected assault put them beside that work, making their cooking room too hot for them at that time, when they and their mitche fried together.' Probably some of them ate their supper in a colder place that night. Most of their provisions, as well as their huts, being then consumed by fire, those who were left alive were forced to hide themselves in a cedar swamp, where they had nothing to defend them from the cold but boughs of spruce and pine trees."

"The English, to their eternal disgrace, permitted a young Narragansett captive to be tortured to death by their Indian allies, 'partly that they might not displease these confederates, and also that they might have ocular demonstration of savage cruelty.' The victim had killed and scalped many Englishmen, as he acknowledged, and they thought fit to let him suffer, although the sight brought tears to their

eyes! Oh, the Indians were the only ones who did such things, you know; but wasn't the permitting just as bad as the doing? Answer me that!" demanded Teddy.

"In the fight at Kingston the white men lost two hundred and fifty men, killed and wounded, including six captains. But as many as a thousand of the Indians were slain, and quite a number made prisoners," added Will.

"Their defeat was complete, and Canonchet, their chief, was among the prisoners. He was offered his life and liberty if he would get his tribe to make peace, but he refused to do so. When sentenced to death he said scornfully: 'I like it well! I shall die before I say anything unworthy of me,'" continued Ray.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

"No quarter was asked in this fight and no mercy was shown. The wigwams were set on fire and all who could not escape were burned with them. The Narragansetts were nearly exterminated. Philip and many of his followers escaped and joined the Nipmucks. The next spring Lancaster was burned, Springfield being saved for the time by the warning of a friendly Indian," said Roy.

"Poor Canonchet! He said: 'We will fight to the last man rather than become servants to the English,' and he certainly kept his word," said Teddy musingly.

"What became of those who escaped, Hadley?"

"They fled to the swamp where they burrowed in the ground, and covered themselves with boughs, living on acorns and nuts, which they sometimes had to dig out of the snow. Many of them found a lingering death instead of a speedy one."

"Reverend Mr. Ruggles commented on the scene of one of these burned villages as follows: 'The burning of the wigwams, the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yells of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers. They were in much doubt and even seriously

MRS. ROWLANDSON CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS. 117

inquired whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity and the principles of the gospel!" exclaimed Ernest.

"Did this put an end to the war, Ray?"

"No indeed! Philip then tried to get the Mohawks into the fight and the remnant of the Narragansetts, with his own men, kept up the warfare as furiously as they could. It was in June, 1676, before Philip's cause began to appear hopeless to him, and the savages began to quarrel among themselves."

"Lancaster, Medford, Weymouth, Groton, Springfield, Sudbury and Marlborough in Massachusetts, and Providence, and Warwick in Rhode Island were destroyed, either wholly or in part, and numerous other settlements were attacked and made to suffer more or less severely. What can you tell us about the attack on Lancaster, Will?"

DEFENDED BY MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN.

"The house of the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson was valliantly defended, but Mrs. Rowlandson and three children, with others, were taken captive. The Indians burned the town and, that night, they had a barbecue of oxen, sheep, swine and fowls, which they had taken from the settlers, cattle being roasted whole. The long march was no better than the night of revelry, yet the savages were not unkind to the prisoners, and even gave Mrs. Rowlandson a horse to ride. The child which she carried died of its wounds, and the other two were claimed by different masters."

"What! Were they made slaves?" demanded Teddy.

"It was slavery on both sides, the English sending the conquered Indians to the West Indies, and the Indians keeping their captives in almost hopeless bondage, when every day might be their last on earth. Mrs. Rowlandson's captor sold her to Quinnapin, who had married Alexander's widow, Weetamo, whose especial slave she became. Of this mistress she said: 'A severe and proud dame she was, powdering her hair and painting her face, going with her necklaces and jewels in her ears. When she had dressed herself her work was to make wampum

and beadwork.' The story of this woman's captivity was dreadful although the Indians were not especially unkind to her, and at last she and her children were ransomed," answered Hadley.

"While these horrors were raging Roger Williams stayed at his post, and even reproached the savages sometimes. Nauntenoo, chief of the Narragansetts, answered him proudly: 'Mr. Williams, you shall never be injured, for you are a good man and have been kind and just to us,'" added Will.

"Because a family named Leonard had been kind to King Philip and his band, the town of Taunton was spared for their sakes, although the work of murder went on all around them," said Ray.

"I read in the paper that Mendon was going to erect a memorial tablet to the memory of those killed there. Tradition says that only one house was spared in the place—that of a Quaker!" said Ernest.

SCARED BY THE CAPTAIN'S WIG.

"One Captain Mosley pulled off his wig and put it in his pocket before going into the battle in full sight of the Indians. The act was better than a regiment of artillery. The Indians fled from such a mighty magician with a howl and yell of terror. They could not stand before one who could take one head off and put it in his pocket and still have one left to face them with," laughed Teddy.

"How was Philip succeeding during all this time, Hadley?"

"Not very well. He appealed to the Mohawks to take up the hatchet, but seeing that his case was a hopeless one, they refused to join him. So, in proud despair, he went back to Mount Hope to die. When one of his men urged him to make peace with the whites he struck him dead. It was about this time that his wife and son were taken prisoners."

"That conquered him," declared Ernest. "He had borne all the rest with the determination of a hero. Now he cried despairingly, 'My heart breaks, I am ready to die.'"

"What happened to Philip at last, Roy?"

"His warriors grew tired of such unequal warfare and began to leave him. He was hunted from one place to another, and finally shot by the brother of the man whom he had killed for advising him to surrender. After his death his followers united with the Niantics under Ninegret, the one who once said, 'It would be better to preach among the English until they become good.'"

"Philip's little son was sold as a slave in the Bermudas, and the grandson of the great and good Massasoit, who had welcomed and befriended the English, was condemned to pass his days in servitude in a foreign land," said Will indignantly.

HEAD SENT TO PLYMOUTH.

"Captain Church would not allow the body of the forest king to be buried. The head was sent to Plymouth, where it was exposed for twenty years. The body was quartered and hung on four trees, after a dreadful custom that they had in those good old days. He had one hand which had been scarred by the bursting of a pistol, and this was given to Alderman, the Indian who shot him, who preserved it in spirits and 'got many pennies' by using it as a show," said Ray.

"Did the death of King Philip close the war, Will?"

"It was soon followed by peace, for the spirit of the Indians was broken. Hardly a hundred men were left alive in the Narragansetts, and the other tribes had suffered severely. The Mohegans had remained faithful to the English, so Connecticut had not suffered as much as the other colonies."

"What can you tell us of the losses, Ray?"

"Twelve or thirteen towns were totally destroyed, and many others in part. Six hundred houses were burned, and the money loss was half a million of dollars, which was a great sum for those days. Over six hundred young men fell in the war, and there was hardly a family which did not mourn some loved one who had given his life for his country."

"Did this war affect other Indians?"

"It was attended by an uprising of the Maine Indians, which was

begun by an English sailor upsetting a canoe to see if an Indian baby would swim naturally. The child went to the bottom at once and although the mother got it out quickly, it died, and the father aroused his people to war on the whites. Can you blame him for that?" demanded Hadley.

"This was a border warfare," continued Ernest, "rather than a regular one, and the French supplied the Indians with needful arms, being very pleased to do so. The women were as brave as the men were. One girl held a door until all her family escaped, and was left for dead when the savages did break in. She recovered, and lived to tell the story for many years."

"Annawon, King Philip's most trusted brave, gave Captain Church Philip's belt and some other things, saying: 'Great captain, you have killed Philip and conquered this country, for I believe that I and my company are the last that war against you,'" said Teddy.

INDIANS TREATED INHUMANLY.

"Captain Church was the cause of taking both Tuspaquin and Annawon, both great chiefs, promising them their lives and that he would employ them as soldiers. But when he was absent they were tried, condemned as murderers, and executed," continued Roy indignantly.

"Part of the captives lived to be ransomed," asserted Will. "I read where Benjamin White, who went to secure the release of some of these prisoners, wrote urgently to his friends: 'I pray you hasten the matter of ransom, for it requireth great haste, stay not for the Sabbath nor for shoeing of horses.'"

"I can tell you a story of this war. I know it is true for I have seen the descendants of the people, and heard the story told," declared Ernest. "Thomas Eames, of Framingham, was in Boston, when his house was attacked by eleven Indians, and so he escaped. They burned the barn, house and cattle; killed the mother and five children and carried off six or seven children and all the plunder that they could."

"Tell it all!" exclaimed Teddy. "I know that story, too. Mrs. Eames had said that she would never be taken alive. She was making soft soap at the time, and she defended her home as long as the boiling soap lasted. Three of the children escaped and returned home in a short time. Another boy escaped soon after, and two girls and perhaps a boy were carried to Canada. The youngest girl was found and redeemed by government agents, but the others were never heard from."

"I read this verse about King Philip, which I think is good to close our lesson about him with," said Ray, softly repeating:

"'Even that he lived is for his conquerer's tongue,
By foes alone his death-song must be sung.
No chronicles but theirs shall tell
His mournful doom to future times.
May these upon his virtues dwell,
And in his fate forget his crimes.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM 1676 TO 1697.

"Through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,
Dark forms in the moonshine showed,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle dress."

THE next day Teddy could hardly wait until the guide and his Indian companion were out of sight and hearing before he exclaimed eagerly:

"I don't suppose that you fellows know that they have gone to bring in the bear which John shot in the swamp this morning, do you? I was there just after he killed him Had and I, I mean—and what do you think he did the first thing? You can never guess, so I will tell you. He begged that bear's pardon for killing him!"

"That is an old, old custom, but I didn't think that any of the Indians did it now," said Uncle Jack slowly. "In the old days, as soon as the Indian hunters were quite sure that a bear was dead, they begged its pardon. When they carried it into the village, all of the inhabitants clustered around it, stroking and kissing its head, and begging its pardon for causing its death."

"Was that all, and what was the good of it?" demanded Ernest.

"Then they would call it their relation—their dear grandmother or grandfather, and would tell it that the English shot it, not they, who loved it so. After it was cut up, the head was placed upon a scaffold, which was adorned with all the ornaments that could be found in the village, and a quantity of tobacco was placed under its nose, while eatables were set around it."

"That was so that the bear could have the best that they had to give, I suppose," Hadley remarked sarcastically.

"Just that, my boy. The next day a feast was made to its spirit, something like that made to the dead of their own race. All of the men

smoked hurriedly, and blew the smoke into the nostrils of the bear. After begging its pardon again and again, they all ate heartily of its body, which had been prepared while they were seeking its forgiveness! Probably that custom was common when John was a boy, and he has never forgotten it."

"But all of these old superstitions are passing away with the belief in witchcraft. We white folks can't say much," said Ray quietly.

"Not if all of our notions are looked up," answered Roysignificantly "Once I knew a boy who wouldn't get into his berth until he had pulled the blanket away and looked under the Deacon's Seat."

"Shut up, can't you?" whispered Ray, with a nudge. "Folks that know the most don't tell of it."

"You may go on, Ernest," said Uncle Jack as soon as the laugh at Ray's expense had subsided.

TWO BITTER ENEMIES.

"It was the aim of the white men, English as well as French, to make one tribe of Indians fight another, when they did not turn them against their own enemies, so that they would not have to fight either. Miantonomo was an able chieftain of the Narragansetts, and Uncas belonged to the Mohegans. These two were bitter enemies, and at last Miantonomo was taken prisoner."

"I remember that, we have had it in our lessons," interrupted Teddy. "You remember how the case was referred to the English, who saw no reason why mercy should be granted to him! Even 'five of the most judicious elders of the church' thought that he should be put to death! He was executed in Norwich, Connecticut, at a place which is still called 'Sachem's Plain,' and a monument is erected there, which bears the simple words 'MIANTONOMO, 1643.'"

"You are forgetful, we've had that," laughed Hadley. "We want to tell what we know about William Penn now, and how he treated the Indians. Isn't that so, Uncle Jack?"

"Yes, but you are all excusable for forgetting, when you tell us

something which we have overlooked, or add to what has already been said on a subject," smiled Uncle Jack. "William Penn was the 'Father of Pennsylvania,' and as such holds a prominent place in the history of our country as well as in that of the Indians. We will find who he was before we go on with the Indian story."

WILLIAM PENN, THE FATHER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"Why-e-e, he was William Penn!" cried Roy in astonishment.

"We know that, but what about him before he was our William Penn? Ernest, can you tell us?"

"He was the son and heir of Admiral Sir William Penn, an English

naval commander. His father had very high hopes and desires for him, but he became a Quaker when only a boy."

"What did his father say to that?" questioned Teddy.

"Oh, at first he didn't say very much for he thought that it was a boyish fancy which he would outgrow. So, when he left Oxford University, he sent him to travel to improve his mind and to cure him of his Quakerism."

"Well, it didn't cure him, did it? To the end of his life his interests were with those of the Quakers. He gave them his money, his time, and even his liberty, and was always ready to help one of them who was in distress. When they were persecuted he was always their fearless champion," cried Hadley.

TURNED HIM OUT OF DOORS.

"His father even turned him out of doors, but his mother's entreaties soon made him reconsider that harsh measure," continued Ray. "Then he sent him to France and Italy, where he acquired an elegant polish of manner that delighted him, but he remained a Quaker just the same."

"What did his father do then, Will?"

"He sent him to Ireland, to the splendid court of the Earl of Ormond, one of his friends, but the next thing that he knew young William was in prison with the Quakers! His father got him out, and tried to move him by entreaties, even tears, but the best promise which he could get from him was that he would not wear his hat in the presence of the King, the Duke of York, and himself!"

"He was in prison more than once after that," added Roy. "At one time the jury could not, or would not agree, and they were kept for two days without 'meat, drink, fire or tobacco.' Even then they would not convict him, and were imprisoned themselves until they could pay a fine."

"His friends made fun of him, and it was a common saying that 'William Penn was a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing.'" laughed Ernest."

"He was offered high rank in the navy, the favor of his king; and many other desirable things, but he refused them all. When his father was dying his love for his son returned and he sent for him. It was then that he said to him: 'Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching and living, you will surely make an end of the priests,'" nodded Teddy.

"How old was Penn at that time, Hadley?"

TREE UNDER WHICH PENN SIGNED HIS TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

"He was twenty-six years old, and his father left him much property which he spent for his Quaker scheme. He married a woman whose character was as beautiful as her person, and who was a fitting companion for him in his noble work."

"It was about this time that he became interested in the new land of America and the possibility of making a Quaker settlement there," Ray continued. "King Charles II. owed his father a large sum of

money, as much as £16,000, and, as the king never seemed to have any money to spare, it was a pretty poor debt."

"You mean every one but William Penn himself thought that it was," interrupted Will. "He quietly offered to take land in the New World in payment, and the careless, jolly king was only too glad to give him what he really didn't own to pay the troublesome account, so he gave him Pennsylvania."

"It wasn't Pennsylvania then, though," declared Roy. "It was in the year 1681 that Penn bought the land of the king, and the monarch gave it the name of Pennsylvania, or Penn's woods. Then as soon as he could get any title from the Crown, Penn invited all peoples to help him settle the land. And he bought the land again from the Indians."

A FAST WALKER.

"He played them quite a trick about it though," laughed Ray. "They agreed for a certain sum to give him as much land as a young man could walk around in a day, but the man walked so fast and so far that they were astonished, and not a little provoked, for they thought that he must have run. But Penn gave them more presents until they said that they were satisfied."

"Why didn't he come over with the first colony, Teddy?"

"He did come in 1682, and made a treaty of peace with all of the Indians around. They called him 'Father Penn,' and always brought him presents."

"They called him the Quaker king, too," asserted Ernest.

"In memory of the meetings which they had with him the Indians used to meet at the assembly place for a long time. There they would repeat what he had said to their ancestors, and this practice continued until 1780," said Will.

"What can you tell us about one of these meetings at Shakamaxon, the assembly place, Teddy?"

"Penn set a day for the Indians to meet him there. When the day arrived, and the old chiefs and the young warriors came, they found

Penn already there; standing under the branches of a great elm tree, waiting for them."

"What did he say to them, Hadley?"

"He asked them to be the friends of his people, said that he did not come to America to rob or kill them, but to live beside them as brothers should."

"What about this tribe of Indians that he was talking to, Ray?"

"The Delawares and the Lenni Lenapes were just the same, and the western Indians called them the Wapenachki. Their lands were from the Hudson to the Potomac. They were a noble, gentle people, and the warlike Iroquois called them women because of this disposition. They were the devoted friends of William Penn, and his people, and always called him Mignon, or Elder Brother."

What can you tell us of the treaty which he made with the Indians, Will?"

THE PLEDGE OF LOVE.

"After Penn told them that he and his friends desired to live in peace with them forever, the chiefs pledged themselves to 'live in love with William Penn, as long as the sun and moon endure.' Representatives of the principal tibes, the Lenni Lenapes, the Mingoes and the Shawnees, were there."

"Can you repeat the treaty, or any part of it, Ernest?"

"I can read it to you, Uncle Jack, for I have it right here," was the quick reply, for while the others had been talking he had been looking it up. "It is 'that all of William Penn's people, or Christians, and all of the Indians, should be brethren, as the children of one father joined together as with one heart, one body and one hand. That all paths should be open and free to both Indians and Christians. That the doors of the Christians' houses should be open to the Indians, and the houses of the Indians open to the Christians, and that they should make each other welcome as their friends. That the Christians should not believe any false reports or rumors of the Indians, nor the Indians

believe any such reports of the Christians, but should first come as brethren, to inquire of each other.'"

"It would have been a good thing if more treaties like that had been made," observed Teddy, and Ernest went on.

"'And that both Christians and Indians, when they hear any false reports of their brethren, should bury them as in a bottomless pit. That if the Christians had any ill news that might be to the hurt of the Indians, or the Indians heard any such ill news that might be to the injury of the Christians, they should acquaint each other with it speedily, as with friends and brethren. That the Indians should do no manner of harm to the Christians, or their creatures, nor the Christians do any harm to the Indians, but treat each other as their brethren.'"

"That was a pretty strong contract, wasn't it?" asked Roy. "Was that all of it? What was to be done if they didn't mind it?"

ALLIANCE FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE.

"It went on to say, 'But, as there are wicked people of all nations, if either Indians or Christians should do any harm to each other, complaint should be made of it by the people suffering that right may be done; and when satisfaction is made, the injury or wrong shall be forgotten and buried as in a bottomless pit. That the Indians should in all things assist the Christians, and the Christians assist the Indians against all wicked people that would disturb them.'"

"Oh, you must be getting tired—I will tell the rest," interrupted Teddy. "'And lastly, that both Christians and Indians should acquaint their children with this league and firm chain of friendship made between them; and that it should always be made stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clean, without rust or spot, between our children and our children's children, while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon and stars endure.'"

"Penn was always a frequent visitor to the Indians, and was gladly welcomed by them. He was also just to his colony. Long before any streets were laid out in Philadelphia, when only a few rude huts had

been built, and some of the settlers slept in holes in the ground and in hollow trees——"

"Oh, Uncle Jack! Now I know that you are fooling us. There never was such a time as that!" exclaimed Ernest.

"There certainly was, and then Penn called the people together to make the laws which were to govern them. What happened in Europe when it became known that in the little Quaker settlement in far-off America, all men were considered free and equal, Hadley?"

"Large numbers of people wanted to leave the old country and have a home in Penn's City of Brotherly Love, and Philadelphia soon grew into a large town, with a school and printing press. When Penn died almost his last words were 'Mind our poor friends in America!'"

A REMARKABLE CHIEF.

"These Delaware Indians had a famous chief who was so much beloved by the whites as well as by his own race that, after he died, he was called a saint, and his name was placed in the calendars. Can you tell us what his name was, Ray?"

"It was spelled in more than one way in the old books, like Tamany, Temeny and Tamanend, but he was called St. Tammany. May first, every year, his day was celebrated with great respect by the Revolutionary soldiers and until Jefferson was president."

"What was this celebration like, Will?"

"Oh, the folks formed a procession and marched to a certain place which they called the Wigwam. There Indian speeches were made, the peace pipe was smoked, and the day was passed in festal enjoyments. After the noon feast they had Indian dances, then smoked the calumet again before the company separated."

"Did the Tammany societies, the Tammany halls and such things come from that festival and chief?" asked Roy.

"I guess they did," smiled Uncle Jack.

"Then I think that the grand, old chief would be a little restless if he knew what his name is attached to nowadays," Teddy said dryly.

"What war was begun in 1689, Hadley?"

"There were wars right along from that time for seventy years, but the one that you mean was called King William's war. The frontier towns had to bear the blunt of the warfare. The French and English got into rows over the other side of the water and their colonies had to pick it up whether they wanted to or not."

"But they hated each other, and were jealous, and so they were always ready, I guess," said Teddy.

"The Algonquin Indians were the allies of the French, and the Iroquois were true to the English," Hadley went on. "The French were as savage as their allies, killing men, women and children, and making no effort to prevent torture. Of course, some of the commanders were exceptions to this accusation. It is not just to lay all of the cruelty of those sad times to the Indian, when some of it, especially the killing of the women and children, was done by command of the French, who had determined on a war of extermination."

REWARDS FOR SCALPS.

"But both the French and English stooped to get the Indians as allies, and sometimes they were afraid to try to check their cruel practices, for fear of displeasing and losing them. Both nations gave rewards for the scalps brought in by the Indians," said Teddy truthfully.

"Yes, great cruelties were the results of the wars between the French and English in America, the commanders on both sides were knowing to them, and their nations should blush at their records. In 1689 fifteen hundred Mohawks took Montreal, killing two hundred of the inhabitants with awful cruelty, and taking as many more prisoners. Dover, N. H., was the next to suffer, the Indians being incited by Count Frontenac, Governor of Canada. The commander at Dover was Waldron," Will continued.

"What about the Five Nations, Roy?"

"These Indians were the Iroquois. They were friendly to the English, but hostile to the French, and their territory was between the

ARRIVAL OF INDIAN ALLIES AT THE FRENCH CAMP. 133

colonies of the two nations. When the war began the French retaliated for Montreal by attacking Dover."

"Which was commanded by Major Richard Waldron, as Will said. He was the man who seized two hundred Indians who came to him to treat for peace and sent them to Boston. There eight or nine of them were put to death and the rest were sold as slaves. The Indians never forgave him for that, and were always plotting how they could get even with him," Teddy added.

"They came pretty near doing it, I should say. Will, you may tell us how it happened that the surprise was so complete."

STORY OF TWO INDIAN WOMEN.

"It was one June evening in 1689 when two Indian women came to Major Waldron's house and asked to stay all night. They were given a place to sleep, and when the family were all slumbering, these women softly opened the door and admitted the fierce warriors who had been waiting outside. Waldron sprang up, and began a brave fight, but it was of no use. He was seized, placed in a chair, and tortured until he fainted, when the tormentors killed him."

"Were the Indians satisfied with his death, Ernest?"

"No; they burned the settlement, killed nearly half of the inhabitants, and took the rest off in a captivity worse than death," remarked Teddy.

"All of the frontier towns from Maine to New York, suffered severely, and in February, 1690, the French and Indians surprised and burned Schenectady, killed the most of the inhabitants, and carried many women and children into captivity. The French were more fierce in waging this war of extermination than the Indians were, and did some of the things which were laid to their savage allies. I have read that the savages were incited to do terrible deeds by the Jesuit priests and, after peace was declared, two of these men, in priestly dress, openly acknowledged that they led them," said Teddy.

"I guess that they did forget their peaceful calling a little, but

women and children were relentlessly killed by the French and English, as well as by their savage allies," declared Hadley.

"The French not only wanted to exterminate the English, but they were perfectly willing that the Indian should follow them into the history of the past, as soon as he ceased to be useful to them! They offered a bounty for Indian scalps, giving as high as fifty dollars for a single one," cried Ray.

"Massachusetts and New Hampshire offered twenty pounds for each Indian captive, and forty pounds for every scalp. You see they thought that dead Indians were safer than live ones," Teddy asserted. "This business of getting Indian scalps was a profitable one, and many unscrupulous men engaged in it, not caring whether the scalps came from the heads of friendly Indians or hostile ones. At last the bounty ran up to one hundred pounds."

ATTACK AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

"The people of Schenectady were asleep when the place was attacked," Ernest told them. "It was a cold winter night in February. At midnight the people were awakened by the awful war-cry and the smashing of doors. The terrible story is soon told. Only a few of the inhabitants escaped, and, in their night clothes, they ran through the snow and cold to Albany. Sixty people were killed and many taken to Canada as prisoners."

"Can you tell us of any other towns which were destroyed, Teddy?"

"More than I wish I could; and the story of one seems to be the story of all. Another party of French and Indians attacked Salmon Falls, in New Hampshire, where they killed the men, burned the houses, and carried away the women and children. A third party did the same thing for the little town of Casco, in Maine, and Pemaquid, in the same State, was destroyed a short time after Dover was."

"Can you not tell us of other towns, Hadley?"

"I think that all of the frontier towns suffered severely, but I guess you mean Deerfield and Haverhill in Massachusetts."

"I found a story about this time," said Ernest. "A man named Dustin lived near Haverhill. He was at work in his field when the Indians attacked his house. He sprang upon his horse and started to the rescue of his family, but met the most of his children coming to find him. He saved them, but his wife and baby were taken away, together with the nurse and a boy from Worcester. The little one was soon killed, for it was only an incumbrance, and the others were taken to an Indian village, just above Concord."

THE ESCAPE OF THE DUSTIN FAMILY.

"Every day the Indians described their modes of torture and told them to prepare for it, but they couldn't frighten Hannah Dustin!" cried Teddy. "And Sam Leonardson, the boy, was a brave one. He appeared to be contented, and worked for those Indians like a beaver, so they grew to like him. Then he asked his master to show him how to kill a man with the hatchet one day. That pleased the Indian, who immediately made up his mind that his adopted son would be a great warrior. He did not know that he would be the first one for Sam to practice on."

"Hannah Dustin was a resolute woman, even for those times. She had no idea of remaining a prisoner if she could escape, and planned with her fellow captives to make the attempt. There were ten Indians, a squaw, and a child in the party at the time. The captives managed to get the tomahawks, killed the men, wounded the squaw because they couldn't help it, and spared the child," Hadley continued.

"And Hannah Dustin was so mad because of the killing of her poor little baby that she actually scalped every one of those Indians. She took the gun and tomahawk belonging to the murderer of her child and the dreadful bag of scalps. Sam had a canoe all ready, and they paddled down the river to Haverhill, where they were welcomed as people arisen from the dead," added Ray.

"That is such an old, old story I didn't think it worth while to repeat it. It is in every Indian book and history, and has been ever since I can remember," exclaimed Roy scornfully.

WOMEN AS BRAVE AS MEN.

"But it shows that the women of these times were as brave as the men were. It teaches us that we owe this broad, beautiful land of America to just such resolute men and women!" cried Ernest warmly.

"Can you tell us what Indian chief led the attack on Haverhill, Hadley?"

"It was Assacambuilt, and his war-club had ninety-eight notches on it at the time, the number of English whom he had slain! In 1706, when on a visit to France, he was knighted by Louis XIV, and always wore his 'badge of honor,' which told his rank."

"If every man in the colonies had been as brave and energetic as that woman and boy the French would have found Canada too warm to stay in," declared Ray.

"We mustn't forget that Lafayette was a Frenchman," said Will reproachfully.

"Of course he was, and he was a good one, too!" admitted Ray warmly. "But I want you to understand that, while the French in

France were kind and humane, the French in Canada were so jealous of the English, and hated them so much, that they were much more savage than their savage allies."

"The first Jesuit missionaries were noble men, who honestly tried to convert the Indians and teach them better things. But their successors knew no higher duty than to exterminate the English colonies, the hated English heretics! These priests confessed and absolved the Indians, then sent them out to murder, promising them the reward of everlasting bliss in heaven," said Ernest decidedly.

"Two of them, Thury and Bigot, even tried to make the Eastern Indians break the treaty of peace and renew the war. They did much to make the name Jesuit a term of horror and reproach among English speaking people," Teddy added, quickly.

"Captain Church served in this war, and once he put a number of his prisoners to death, some of them women and children, because the French and Indians were so cruel," said Hadley. "It seems as if 'an eye for an eye' was the chief practice in those times, when no party could make claim to generosity and common humanity."

"King William's war came to a close in 1697. It lasted over seven years, and caused great suffering. The Five Nations, the brave allies of the English, suffered most, for their country was repeatedly invaded by the French, and by their hereditary enemies of their own race," continued Ray.

"The 'Flower of Essex' was ambushed by Indians, and seventy killed in the contest known as 'The Bars Fight.' A monument has been erected on the spot, the gift of James W. Barnard, of Boston, whose ancestor, Joseph Barnard, was among the slain on that day. It was in August, 1695," added Roy.

"It was only five years until Queen Anne's war began, and they were not years of undisturbed peace," said Uncle Jack. "Our next lesson will begin with that struggle."

CHAPTER IX.

FROM 1697 TO 1729.

"I am fresh from the conflict—I'm drunk with the blood
Of the white men, who chased me o'er prarie and flood,
Till I trapped them at last, and exultantly swore
That my fearless red warriors should revel in gore!
I have well kept my oath, O Manitou, the Just!
Three hundred white hirelings are low in the dust."

"ROY, what have you to tell us about Queen Anne's war?" Uncle Jack began.

"England went to war with France and Spain, and, of course, the colonies of those countries in America had to take the quarrel up. James Moore was then the governor of Carolina, and he was engaged in the Indian slave trade."

"What had he to do with the war?" demanded Ernest.

"He had a great deal to do with it, I can tell you. He attacked St. Augustine with his force of white soldiers and Indians, but Spanish ships arrived in time to prevent his success."

"What was his next move, Teddy?"

"He attacked the Appalachee tribe, saying that he wanted to subdue them before they had time to take up arms on the side of Spain, but his real object was slaves and plunder. The savages had done nothing but accept the Catholic religion—that was enough to make the English go to war in those days though. Many of the tribe were killed, many more taken as prisoners, their churches were destroyed, and the lands of the Appalachees were given to the Seminoles, who helped in their downfall."

"The English had a selfish motive in doing that," declared Ernest. "When the Seminoles settled on that land they became a barrier between the English and Spanish colonies, and that was a good thing."

"What was happening in the northern part of the United States while these things were going on in the south, Hadley?"

"Great numbers of women and children had been taken to Canada and sold by the French as slaves, during King William's war. When peace was declared in 1697 it was hoped that better things would be seen, but the treaty was broken again in 1702, when Queen Anne's war began, and the terrible scenes were repeated with horrible variations. Deerfield was again burned, a French commander winning unenviable fame by his relentless killing of women and children. At last even the Indians were disgusted with their more savage leaders and refused to kill any more, but the French gave them additional presents—and promises—and they kept at it."

MASSACRE AT DEERFIELD.

"What about the attack on Deerfield, Ray?"

"The town had been warned by a friendly Mohawk, and the inhabitants had kept a close watch through the winter without seeing anything to alarm them, so they relaxed their vigilance. The first of March, when the snow was very deep and covered by a crust nearly as hard as ice, about two hundred French, with one hundred and forty Indians, all under the command of Rouville, attacked the place about daybreak."

"Where were the sentinels?" asked Teddy.

"They had left their posts, thinking that there was no danger of any attack, for they had seen no signs of the enemy through the night," answered Ernest. "The attacking party had a good chance to creep up the drifts of icy snow to the top of the palisades, and then it was an easy thing to leap inside of the enclosure, the Indians sounding the terrible war cry. Forty were killed and one hundred and twelve taken to Canada."

"I will be first with a story of this massacre," cried Teddy. "A minister by the name of Williams, his wife Eunice, and five children were among the prisoners. The baby was soon thrown out into the snow to die because it cried with the cold. The mother went on until she grew so faint and tired that she could not travel, and then she was killed with her captor's tomahawk."

"Can you tell what became of the rest of them, Ernest?"

"They were taken to Canada and were afterwards ransomed, with the exception of the youngest girl, who had been adopted by some converted Indians near Montreal, and they would not give her up. She continued to live with them and finally married a Mohawk chief. Once she came to Deerfield, in her Indian dress, to see her relatives. They could not persuade her to stay with them, however, and she went back to her children and her adopted people."

RETURN OF THE DAUGHTER OF EUNICE WILLIAMS.

"As late as 1837 some of the Williams Indians, of whom there are several families, visited Deerfield. The chief took the girl's name when he married her, I've heard. Among these visitors was an old woman of eighty, who said that Eunice was her grandmother. These Williams Indians still live on the St. Lawrence river," added Will, continuing the history.

"It was on this time that Mr. Williams wrote: 'Not long before the break of day the enemy came in like a flood upon us, our watch being unfaithful—they came to my house in the beginning of the onset, and by their violent endeavors to break open doors and windows, awakened me out of sleep—about sun an hour high we were taken out for the march. I saw my neighbors' houses in flames—we were taken about a mile, where we found a great number of our neighbors, nine-

teen of which were afterwards killed by the way, and two more starved to death. The prisoners were generally treated well, for they were worth a ransom."

"Did none of these poor people ever return to their homes, Ernest?"

"Yes, many did. In 1706 fifty-seven of them were sent to Boston in a flagship, but there were many more of them who never left Canada. Some died, and some married with their captors."

"This war, or this branch of it, was conducted with the most brutal ferocity by the French. Hertel de Rouville gained everlasting infamy by killing helpless women and children, and his motto was 'no quarter.' Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, urged his forces to terrible deeds and, when even the savages became weary of the work, he induced some of them to continue. In 1708 Haverhill was surprised by the French and Indians under Rouville, and its inhabitants suffered fiendish tortures. None of them escaped death or captivity, and death was the most merciful," continued Teddy.

ATTACK ON HAVERHILL.

"What can you tell us about this attack on Haverhill, Hadley?"

"The village consisted of about thirty houses then. It was attacked about daybreak by a party of the French and Indians. That was August, 29, 1708. There was some queer escapes as usual, and this is one. A Mr. Rolfe, his wife, and youngest child were killed in the beginning. They had a slave named Hagar, who took two more of the children, one six and the other eight years old, and hurried them to the cellar, where she covered them with tubs, and hid herself behind a barrel. They escaped, although the Indians were in the cellar many times for the milk which was set upon the shelves. They even took meat from the barrel!"

"Another girl, named Anna Whittaker, hid in an apple-chest under a stairway, and was not discovered. There were three soldiers in Mr. Rolfe's house at the time, but they were too frightened to do anything at all. They threw down their arms and begged the Indians for the worthless lives which were not spared. An Indian hates a coward, and

they ought to have known that they would kill them," continued Ray contemptuously.

"I will tell you another story!" cried Will. "In the family of Thomas Hartshorne the father and three sons were killed and the mother left alone with her younger children. She felt that she could not save them all, so she left the baby on a bed in the chamber, fearing

INDIANS ATTACKING HAVERHILL.

that its cries would reveal their hiding place, and hid with the others in the cellar, where they were not found."

"Did the Indians find the baby?" demanded Ray breathlessly.

"Yes, they plundered the house and threw the baby out of the chamber window when they discovered it. After they went away the mother searched for it and found it on a pile of boards, stunned but alive, and that child grew to be such a large strong man that he was often joked about being stunted by the Indians! Why, he was much larger

than common men,—perhaps that usage made him grow," laughed Teddy.

"There are a great many other stories which might be told—there always is in these Indian wars, you know!" exclaimed Roy. "One poor woman saved her child by falling so that she shielded it when she was fatally wounded; another saved her family by spearing an Indian with an iron spit, when he was forcing an entrance, and that when her husband had given up and said that 'it would be better to let them come in; and finally a man named Davis began to strike on the church with a great club, and to yell 'Come on, we'll have 'em!' The Indians thought that the soldiers were coming, and skedaddled in a hurry."

TOOK SOME OF THEM PRISONERS.

"So far in our history there has been no war with the Indians in North Carolina, although the Tuscaroras began to be suspicious and distrustful of the increasing settlements of the whites. What happened about 1711, Hadley?"

"Tracts of their lands were given to a company of Germans from the region of the Rhine. The Indians rebelled and took some of them prisoners, with the surveyor named Lawson. They thought that he was to blame for the loss of their land because he surveyed it, and put him to a cruel death."

"What was their next move, Ray?"

"Then they got the Creeks to join them, and attacked the settlements on the Roanoke and Pamlico sound. Many innocent settlers paid the penalty of war before the matter was settled up."

"That was always the way—the innocent had to suffer for what the guilty did. But in the end the Tuscaroras were expelled from the State," Will concluded.

"What did this trouble lead to, Ray?"

"It led to the war with the Yammassees in 1715, when these Indians, without any warning and by the most cunning planning, attacked the frontier settlements. They had helped the English in the war against

the Tuscaroras, but when they were no longer needed the English treated them so badly that they not only turned against them, but they pursuaded the friendly Catabaws, Creeks, and Cherokees to go on the warpath too. It was a long, desperate struggle, but the Indians were driven 'farther west,' as usual."

"The Yammassees went to Florida, but the other tribes fled to the West," Ernest said in correction. "And the power of all of them was broken—for a time."

"To show you how the boys behaved in those times I will tell you a little story which I read," said Will. "Several of the men had been killed in the fight, and after it was all over, a little boy came to the doctor and asked him to take a bullet out of his head. To his surprise the doctor found that a spent ball had actually passed under the skin on the little fellow's forehead."

A LITTLE HERO.

"That wasn't all the story—I saw it myself," declared Ray. "'And that isn't all, Mr. Doctor,' the child said with a tremulous smile, as he pointed to his arm, which was broken at the elbow. Why didn't you say something about it before?' asked his mother. 'Because,' answered the little hero coolly, 'the captain told us to keep still during the battle, and I thought you would be frightened and make a noise if I told you.'"

"I will tell you another about Bobasheela," added Roy. "An Englishman once spent some time among the Indians and was given that name. At one time, when he was floating down the river astride of two logs, he was taken by four Indians armed with war clubs, and in full war dress. Of course he thought he was a goner that time."

"Why did they take him? Was there trouble between the red men and the whites at that time?"

"No, two Indians had been executed some time before that, their friends thought unjustly, and these braves had sworn vengeance on the commander of the post, although he was a new officer, and not there at the time of the execution. The Indian leader asked Bobasheela if he

knew this commander, telling him they were on their way to kill him and burn the settlement. The man answered warmly that he knew him well, knew that he was not in command when the two warriors were executed, and that he would be at the wedding party, which he himself had started to attend that night."

"What did the Indians do then?" asked Teddy breathlessly. "Don't tell us that they killed Bobasheela."

"No, for they didn't. After a moment's pause the chief said: 'My friend, you have said enough. If you tell me that your friend, or the friend or enemy of any man, takes the hand of a fair daughter on that ground to-night, we will not offend the Great Spirit by raising the war cry there. This is the command of the Great Spirit, and a true warrior will not break it."

SAVED BY A WEDDING.

"Then the wedding saved their lives!" ejaculated Ernest.

"So it seems, for the Indians considered it wrong to kill at such a time, and never did if they knew it. The chief went on to say: 'My friend, these warriors you see around me, with myself, had sworn to kill the first human being that we met on our warpath. We shall not harm you, so you see I give you your life. You will, therefore, keep your lips shut, and we will return in peace to our village. My face is now blackened, and the night is dark, therefore you cannot know me. But this arrow you will keep, it matches with the others in my quiver, and by it you may always know me. But the meeting of this night is not to be known.'"

"Did he take the arrow," asked Hadley.

"Yes, and he afterwards met the same Indian in the office of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, and was recognized by him. Then they often met, even hunted together, and at last the chief gave him the name of Bobasheela, by which the Indians knew him ever after."

"I'll tell you the ending of that story," cried Teddy. "I've found it —here it is. Several years after this man returned to England he

attended an exhibition of Indians, and this same chief happened to be one of them. The Indian electrified the whole audience by stopping suddenly in the midst of the wild dance, and uttering a war-whoop, with his eye fixed, and his finger pointing to a man well back in the hall. The act was not on the programme and the manager was puzzled as well as the audience."

"Well, don't stop right there. What was the matter with him?" asked Ray impatiently.

"He looked at the man steadily for a minute or two, then he said softly, in an inquiring tone, 'Bobasheela? Bobasheela?' He had recog nized his friend of the wild woods of far away America. Bobasheela came forward, and the Indian leaped from the stage to embrace him."

"They never forget a friend—nor an enemy," said Uncle Jack significantly.

TROUBLE WITH THE RED MEN.

"There seems to have been trouble everywhere with the Indians about 1700, or a little after," said Ray. "There was a small Indian village at Norridgewock, in Maine, where a Jesuit priest, named Sebastian Rasles, lived."

"He was one of the good Jesuits, who gave up everything in this world to try and teach the Indians the truths of pure Christianity," continued Will. "He lived as the Indians themselves did, not only that he might be able to teach them better if he was one with them, but that he might learn their habits, manners, and language, and thus become a good Indian scholar."

"Well, what happened to that little Indian village, Roy?"

"The people of Massachusetts hated the Jesuits bitterly, as perhaps they had reason to, only they didn't try very hard to tell the guilty from the innocent, and there was jealousy enough between the whites and the red men. These Massachusetts people determined to capture the good priest. They failed twice, but the third time that they attacked the village there were only a few warriors in it. Father Rasles was

killed. He did not try to escape, but stood between the enemies of his own race and his red friends, to gain time for the Indians to get away."

"That's another black mark against the English," nodded Teddy.

"Can you tell us the story of Paugus and Chamberlain, Ernest?"

"It was in May, 1725, that there was a battle between the colonists under Captain Lovewell and a tribe of Indians in New Hempshire, called the Pequakets."

"'Anon, there eighty Indians rose,
Who'd hid themselves in ambush dread;
Their knives they shook, their guns they aimed,
The famous Paugus at the head.

John Lovewell, captain of the band,
His sword he waved, that glittered bright;
For the last time he cheered his men,
And led them onward to the fight!'"

Ray quoted, and then the history was continued.

AN OBJECT OF TERROR.

"Among Lovewell's men was one John Chamberlain. He was as tall and sinewy as the tallest Indian, two of them were hardly a match for him, and he could outrun a moose," Will continued. "The red men shunned and feared him, passing his lonely dwelling cautiously and in wise silence, letting him pass their ambush unmolested, even when they numbered a score or more. They knew well that if they fired at him, and missed their mark, his vengeance would be swift and terrible."

"Go on, Ernest."

"The Pequakets lived on the shore of Lake Winnepisiogee, and the mighty Paugus was their chief, strong and tall, swift and cunning, cruel and revengeful—the terror of the frontier. The settlers had often tried in vain to kill or take him prisoner, and once, when they set his wigwam on fire, he was hidden so near that he felt the heat of the flames, and the smoke nearly made him cough—if he had done that they would have got him sure."

"The fight was a long and desperate one, but the Indians were

finally defeated," interrupted Teddy, eager to tell the finish. "When it was about over Chamberlain went to a lake, now called Lovewell's Pond, to wash his gun and quench his thirst. Paugus went to the pond at the same time on the same errand, and each foeman recognized the other and fully realized what must come."

"But they coolly made a truce to wash their guns out, and put them in order," Hadley exclaimed incredulously. "Then they took their places on the beach, facing each other. 'Now, Paugus, I'll have you,' said Chamberlain. 'Na, na, me have you,' was the defiant reply, and soon two echoes broke the forest stillness. Paugus was killed while Chamberlain lost a lock of hair!"

"What was the result of this strange duel, Ray?"

"The Indians fled as soon as they knew that their chief was dead but only fourteen of the settlers lived to return to their friends. The battle was a blow to the Indians, although it could hardly be called a victory for the white men."

STORY OF THE NATCHEZ TRIBE.

"What can you tell us of the Natchez tribe, Hadley?"

"It was in 1729 that Bienville exterminated them. This tribe was not very numerous, but they were more intelligent and civilized than the other tribes. They worshiped the sun and their head chief claimed to be a descendant of that fiery body. He stood at the door of his cabin every morning and waited patiently until the sun appeared above the eastern hills, then he bowed before it three times and prostrated himself upon the ground. Then he arose, took a pipe which he never used at any other time, and from it puffed smoke towards the east, the west, the north, and the south. He ate his morning meal before the others could and, when he had finished, one of his officers would announce the fact to the people with these words:—'The Grand Sun has eaten, and the rest of the world may now eat.'"

"Do you know what led to the war with them, Will?"

"The Grand Sun was a brother to Stung Serpent, and both of them

were very friendly to the white men until the commander of the post at Natchez wanted the Grand Sun's home to build a village on. This residence was a beautiful Indian village near Natchez, called White Apple. The chief did not want to give it up because it had been in his family for generations before the white man saw the shores of America."

"Why didn't the commander take another place?" demanded Teddy impatiently. "America was large enough for every one here at that time, I'm sure."

"Oh, he was noted for injustice towards the Indians—his name was M. de Chopart. No place but White Apple would do for him to build his handsome village on, and he very coolly ordered the chief to give it up," said Hadley.

THE CHIEF'S ANSWER.

"What did the chief reply to this selfish demand, Ray?"

"He gently reminded him that his ancestors had lived there as many years as there were hairs in his head, and said decidedly that it was right for their descendants to stay there always. Then he called a council, and tried to make peace with Chopart at first, but he would not listen to anything that he didn't want to hear."

"What was the next move, Will?"

"The Indians began to prepare for a massacre of the whites. They worked secretly, sending bundles of sticks to other bands of the tribe, telling them to break a stick every morning, and rally to the fight upon the day that the last stick was broken. An Indian woman told the commander of the plot, but he would not believe her, and made no preparation for defence."

"This led to the war which resulted in the extermination of the tribe," continued Roy. "Fort Rosalie was attacked, and of the seven hundred there, not one escaped. The commander who was the cause of all the trouble, was one of the first to fall. The Indians hated him so much that no warrior was allowed to touch him. He was killed with a wooden tomahawk by one of the meanest men of the whole tribe."

"When this news reached New Orleans, Bienville resolved to avenge it. The Choctaws, hereditary enemies of the Natchez tribe, furnished him with sixteen hundred of their best warriors, and the result was as he expected and determined that it should be," said Ernest.

"What was that, Teddy?"

"The Natchez tribe were utterly defeated, and the remnant were forced to surrender. The Grand Sun, as well as those of his followers who had been spared, all were sold as slaves, and the Natchez tribe passed from the living to the dead history of the new nation."

"That wasn't all of the story. Bienville got their hereditary enemies, the Choctaws, to help him do the job. And, after they had conquered the Natchez Indians, they tried the same thing on the Chickasaws. Bienville pretended that he thought they had been helping the Natchez. But the commander of the first expedition that was sent against them was taken and burned at the stake, and the next attempt was not more successful, so they decided that they would let them alone for awhile," said Roy.

"But, after a treaty of peace was concluded by the whites, the trouble with the Indians continued. So colonization progressed amid the horrors of both red and white wars almost up to the time of the Revolution. Next, we will have the accounts of the French and Indian war, the most important, perhaps, of them all," said Uncle Jack, and the books were replaced on the shelf, while the boys went for an evening row on the river.

"Play and study spice each other out here in the woods," cried Teddy, as they pushed out from the shore.

CHAPTER X.

FROM 1729 TO 1756.

"A yell the dead might wake to hear,
Swelled on the night air, far and clear——
Then smote the Indian tomahawk,
On crashing door and shattering lock."

"NEXT we shall learn about General James Edward Oglethorpe and his treatment of the Indians. You have already heard the story of the significant present which Tomochichi gave him. Ernest, can you tell us what kind of a man he was?"

"History calls him a 'brave and humane gentleman.' He was a bold soldier of his time; after he left the army he used to visit the prisons, trying to better the condition of the unfortunate inmates. It was then the custom in England to shut men up when they could not pay their debts, and he did not think it was the right way to do."

"What has all that to do with James Oglethorpe in America, I want to know?" asked Teddy impatiently.

"A great deal, as you will soon see. The man who would labor for the poor of his own race was not very likely to oppress the poor of another land. Oglethorpe found a number of rich men, as generous as himself, to join him in making a refuge for these debtors. King George II. gave them a tract of land in the New World, which he named Georgia, after himself," answered Ernest.

"It was in 1733 that Oglethorpe landed on a bluff on the Savannah river, called Yamacraw, and bought it of the Indians for the site of his town. He had about one hundred and twenty poor Englishmen with him. How did the Indians receive him, Hadley?"

"The Muscogees, the Creeks, the Cherokees, and the Oconees sent chiefs to him at once, to make an alliance, and all of them 'trusted implicitly in the promises which he made them.' Even the distant Choctaws sent messengers to make treaties with him, and a profitable

trade was established with tribes as far west as the Mississippi River."

"Oglethorpe founded Savannah; did he found any other towns on the Savannah River, Ray?"

"Yes, Frederica and Darien, and some other places which are still flourishing towns."

"What lands did he buy of the Indians, Will?"

"All of that lying between the Savannah and the Altamaka, and all of the islands on that coast except St. Catharine's, which the Indians reserved for hunting and bathing purposes."

GENERAL OGLETHORPE.

"Can you tell me where the Creek Indians got that name, Roy?"

"Drake says that it was because of the large number of creeks on the land which they occupied. It don't take much to name a people or a tribe, you know."

"In 1734, when Oglethorpe went to England, he took Tomochichi and his queen with him, and they were well pleased with their visit. The Indians all loved him so well that they gave him a name which meant in their language the same that 'The Beloved' would in ours," cried Ernest. "And so his colonies increased and prospered."

"Can you tell us anything about John Wesley, the missionary, Hadley?"

"He and his brother Charles came to Georgia in 1736, and he immediately became a missionary to the Indians, but he did not stay in

America very long, not more than two or three years, at that time, anyway. He was the founder of the religious sect called the Methodists, and was followed by the preacher Whitfield, who founded the Orphan House near Savannah. All of these men were true teachers of the Indians while they stayed in America, and helped to make the history of Georgia."

"What can you tell us of the year 1739, Ray?"

"The war between England and Spain began, and Oglethorpe was ordered to invade Florida. He was willing to undertake it, for he was a brave soldier and had no great love for his Spanish neighbors. The Indians who liked him so well were his allies, and those in Florida sided with the Spanish. But he failed to capture St. Augustine, and returned home. Then the Spanish general thought it was his turn, and followed him up with a great fleet, boasting that he would not leave an Englishman south of the Potomac."

A SHREWD TRICK.

"And did he, Will?"

"I should say that he did, but Oglethorpe's promptness and wit made him do so. One of his men deserted and went over to the Spaniards, and the English soldiers were afraid that he would tell how small their force really was. So Oglethorpe wrote a letter to the deserter, telling him to be sure and make the Spaniards think that they did not have many men, in fact telling him to tell just what they did not want the enemy to know."

"What was that for?" cried Teddy.

"Why, don't you see? He knew that they wouldn't believe it; that they would think that he was trying to deceive them. He knew that they would take the deserter for a spy, and would not believe a thing that he told them. It was rather hard on the deserter, but then—"

"How did he send the letter, Roy?"

"He gave a Spanish prisoner his liberty, and sent him with it,

knowing very well that he would give it right to the Spanish general, as he did. Then Oglethorpe posted his soldiers and Indians, and waited for the attack which never came, for the Spaniards left as soon as they could."

"And so Georgia was saved to the English; it would not have been done without Oglethorpe's Indians. What happened in 1744, Ernest?"

"France joined with Spain against England. Between the possessions of France and England lay the fertile Ohio valley, and they both claimed the region, although it was occupied by neither of them."

"The Indians didn't want either of them there!" cried Teddy. "They were willing to trade with the ones who gave them the most for their furs, but they did not want them to settle on their lands. They asked and with reason, 'If the French take possession of the north side of the Ohio, and the English of the south, where is the Indian's land?'"

WASHINGTON'S INDIAN GUARD.

"What was the first move, Hadley."

"George Washington, then a young man, was sent to the French to find out what they intended to do. Half-King, a Delaware chief furnished him with a guard, telling him naively that, as the French were the first to come there, and his tribes did not want either of them to take their lands, he would help the English drive them out. I suppose he hoped to make friends with the English in that way, and pursuade them to stay away, too."

"The Iroquois kept the French from getting control of the Hudson river. These Indian wars prevented the English from scattering over the country, and made them stand by each other, thus training them for 'union and strength,'" nodded Teddy.

"That was the beginning of the French and Indian war, the most important of all the colonial wars, which lasted nine years and gave all territory east of the Mississippi to England, with the exception of two

islands near Newfoundland and New Orleans, which were retained by France," added Ray.

"In the 'grand talk,' which the Indian chiefs had with Washington they promised that he should have a guard to the nearest French post. There the French tried hard to get Half-King to break the promise, but they did not succeed. What was the first battle fought in this war, Will?"

"It was called the battle of Great Meadows, where the English were

DISASTROUS DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK.

assisted by Half-King and his warriors, and the French were defeated. It took just ten minutes to beat the French there, kill their commander, and take many prisoners."

"But Washington had to give up Fort Necessity, which he built there, to the French and Indians!" cried Hadley. "He knew that they would soon be back, and sent for re-inforcements, which, by the way, he did not get. They fought desperately for nine hours, and were allowed to march out with all the honors of war."

"I don't wonder that he had to leave, there were six hundred of the French and over a hundred Indians," added Ray.

"Then General Braddock was sent over here by the King of England, and he was quite sure of a speedy victory. He had rather a mean idea of both the American colonists and the American Indians; can you tell us what he said to Franklin about the Indians, Will?"

"Franklin was telling him of the Indian modes of warfare, and advising him to look out for them, while he listened incredulously and answered with a scornful laugh: 'These savages may be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible that they should make an impression.'"

BRADDOCK'S CURIOUS TACTICS.

"Well, they did make an impression on them at the time of Braddock's defeat!" cried Roy. "I suppose he meant well, but he didn't know much about the Indians. When Washington asked him to let his men fight from behind trees, he declared that only cowards would do that. And the result was complete victory for the French and Indians."

"It was there that Washington was shot at so many times by the Indians," Ray declared. "About fifteen years after the fight an old chief told General Washington that he was there that day, and not only fired at him himself, but ordered all of his warriors to do so. When he was unharmed they thought that it was the will of the Great Spirit for him to live, and that the bullets were mysteriously turned aside so that they could not hit him—and I guess they were about right—Washington hadn't then done his work for America."

"One Indian threw his gun down upon the ground, declaring that the Great Spirit was protecting the English warrior, whom he was trying to kill, and it was Washington!" cried Ernest.

"Braddock was badly wounded, and did not speak a word for a day after the battle, then he turned to one of his officers with the words:

'Who would have thought it?' He learned something about Indian fighting, but he died to learn it," observed Teddy.

"A doctor had a very narrow escape in 1755. With eight others he was attacked by the Indians and, being the last man in the line, he turned and fled back to the fort from which they had just marched. Two Indians pursued him. He shot one and tried to distance the other. At the foot of a hill a dead pine tree had fallen directly across the trail, and

A PIONEER HERO'S FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS.

sharp, broken branches were sticking up all over it, like a porcupine's quills. There was no time to stop or turn aside when he saw the tree, so that the doctor made the spring in his desperation, and managed to clear the sharp prongs. The Indian was not so lucky, but was impaled on one of the sharp sticks. The doctor reached the fort in safety. That is the first story of this war, and it shows what a little thing will sometimes decide between success and failure," laughed Will.

"Here is another story—it happened the next year!" Roy cried

eagerly. "It is the account of how one James Smith was adopted by a tribe of Indians, to whom the French had given him as a prisoner. Smith was confined in an old hut while the Indians had a feast, thinking every moment that he would soon be taken out and tortured. He was led out in the morning, his hair was all pulled out by the roots except a topknot, which was tied so as to make it stand up straight, and then ornamented with a silver brooch. His nose and ears were bored and ornamented with rings. He was then stripped and painted in various colors, after which a belt of wampum was fastened about his neck, and silver bands were placed upon his arms."

"Why did they do that?" demanded Ernest.

DELIVERED UP TO THREE GIRLS.

"Listen and you will find out. He felt sure that he was about to be tortured when an old chief took him by the arm, led him into the clear space in front of the village, gave three shrill whoops, and they were immediately surrounded by the whole tribe. The old chief made a long speech which Smith could not understand, and then delivered him up to three girls."

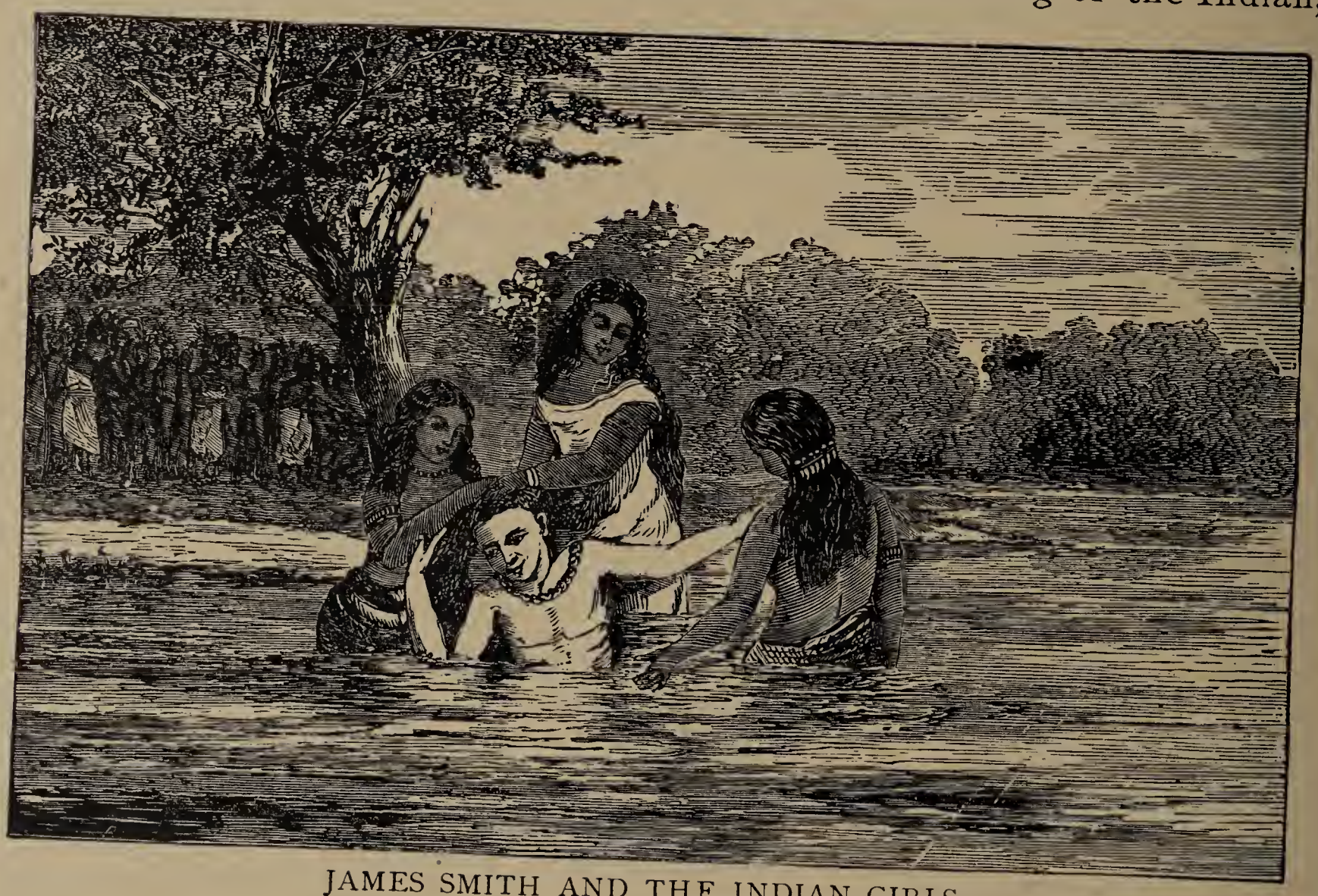
"To kill?" breathed Teddy, with a shudder.

"They led him into the river and tried to push him under the water but, although he expected to die, he had no notion of being drowned by girls. He fought with desperation while the tribe, watching every move, laughed uproariously. Finally some of the Indians called out 'No hurt, no hurt you,' and he stopped resisting. As soon as the girls had dipped him well they scrubbed all of the paint off, and led him back to the chief. Then the Indians dressed him in a richly ornamented shirt, leggings, and moccasins, gave him a buffalo robe to sit on, a pipe, a tomahawk, a pouch, some tobacco, and flint, and steel."

"Quite a change in the treatment? What came next?" asked Will.

"The chiefs seated themselves around him and smoked for some time in silence, then the old chief said, 'My son, you are now one of us,

and will be treated like our own people. By an ancient custom, the ceremony which you have just gone through with has placed you on an equality with ourselves, every drop of white blood having been washed away! We are now your brothers and are bound by our laws to treat you as such, to love you, to fight for you, and to avenge your injuries as much as though you had been born with us.' He was then introduced to the members of the family which had adopted him, and received with a great show of affection. He was educated in all the cunning of the Indian,



JAMES SMITH AND THE INDIAN GIRLS.

and remained with the tribe more than four years, when he managed to make his escape."

"I can tell you a story of something which happened about that time—I cannot tell you the exact year," said Ernest eagerly. "There is a little stream which empties into the Hudson River, which bears the name of Murderer's Creek—I will tell you why it is called so. About 1754 a small tribe of Indians, now scattered or extinct, lived there. A family named Stacey lived in a small log cabin near the mouth of the

stream, and an old Indian named Naoman often visited them and became very fond of the little boy and girl, aged five and three years."

"He didn't kill them?" exclaimed Teddy.

"No, but one day he entered the house, lighted his pipe, and smoked for some time in gloomy silence. When asked if he was sick he shook his head, arose, and went away. This happened three or four times, but at last when Mrs. Stacey asked his trouble, he said, 'I am a red man, the pale-faces are my enemies, why should I speak?' She reminded him that they had always been his friends. 'It would cost me my life, you white-faced women cannot keep a secret,' he next said. 'Try me and you will find that I can,' she said persuasively. 'Swear by the Great Spirit that you will tell no one but your husband, not if my tribe kill you for not telling,' he commanded. 'I swear it,' she answered firmly."

SEEN AND CAPTURED.

"And he told her that the tribe was going to kill them?" questioned Hadley.

"Yes, and they were going to begin the massacre that night. 'Be quick, but cause no suspicion,' Naoman said, as he went away. They tried to do this, but were seen, captured and taken to the Indian village, where Naoman sat with warriors in council."

"The chief declared that some one had been guilty of treason, and ordered Stacey to tell who it was. Stacey would not name the traitor, and his wife said that she had been warned in a dream, 'The Great Spirit does not talk to the pale-face in dreams!' said one of the old warriors sternly."

"Did she tell?" breathed Ray.

"Another of the Indians seized her little son and daughter and held the dreadful tomahawk over their heads, saying: 'Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces. Speak the truth or the children shall die. Name the red man who betrayed his tribe. I will ask you three times only.' The poor mother was silent, even when her children cried to her for help. Suddenly Naoman strode forward with the command 'Stop!

White woman, you have kept your word with me. Chiefs, I am the traitor. I have eaten the bread, warmed myself at the fire, and shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I who told them of their danger. I am a leafless, withered trunk; cut me down if you will; I am ready to fall.'"

"They didn't kill him!" cried Will earnestly.

"What else could they do?—he was a traitor to his people. The doom of a traitor in civilized nations is death. His white friends were killed also, and his sacrifice was made in vain. And that is why that place is called Murderer's Creek."

"What happened in September, 1756, Ernest?"

"There was an Indian village on the Alleghany River, called Kittanning. It was the home of the noted chief, Captain Jacobs. Colonel Armstrong determined to destroy it, because the Indians who lived there were French allies, and also rather troublesome neighbors. So the village was set on fire and the great chief, with nearly all of his followers, killed."

BLOODY MASSACRE AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

"The war now began in earnest, and soon came the terrible massacre at Fort William Henry. Events followed each other rapidly, and each battle was a repetition of the one before it, with another side victorious, perhaps. Teddy, what about the Cherokees?"

"They were the true friends of the true man, Oglethorpe of Georgia. England would have lost her colony there many times had it not been for them—they would come hundreds of miles and fight like tigers for Oglethorpe. After he left them they learned that all white men were not the same. They fought with the British during the Revolution, an English agent living in the nation as one with them, and swaying them to his will in all things."

"And it is asserted in history that never was such torture known as was inflicted on their helpless prisoners, with him in their midst! These British officers tortured Georgia women with thumb screws to make them

reveal the hiding places of their husbands and sons. Truly the Indian was not the only savage in America!" exclaimed Ernest.

"Who were the worst?" asked Hadley. "The Indians who burned and tortured English prisoners, or the French commanders who were within sight and hearing? Yet this was done repeatedly by French sanction, and later the English did the same thing when the Indians, as their allies, were fighting the Americans."

"An Iroquois captive, taken by the French, had his feet broiled, his hands burned with red hot irons, his joints broken, the sinews of his arms and legs pulled out, and was then scalped and red-hot sand turned upon his head," added Ray.

ONE CHEROKEE WAR.

"I think that we are off the track!" cried Roy. "Uncle Jack asked us about the Cherokee war, which began in 1759, when the Governor of South Carolina sent a party of men into their country against the wishes of the people and of the legislature of his State. These men did such damage that the Cherokees resolved on a war of extermination. They had always been very friendly with the English, and had received no pay for their services. When they started to go home they were obliged to take food from the settlers as they went along, as they had been given neither food nor money to buy it with."

"They had a queer way of raising money for their poor. They would hold a war-dance, and each chief who danced and bragged of his exploits had to throw a present upon a bear skin. He could brag as much as he liked, but a present must be given for each incident. In this way quite a sum was sometimes received, when there were a lot of braves present, and after paying the musicians the rest was always given to the poor," laughed Will.

"I found something which I think will interest all of you!" exclaimed Ray. "We have been talking of treaties, and one of the first treaties ever made with the Indians contained this clause: '*If any citizen of the United States, or any person not being an Indian, shall*

attempt to settle on any of the lands southward or westward of such boundaries which are hereby allotted to the Indians for their hunting grounds, or having already settled and will not remove from said land within six months after the ratification of this treaty, such person shall forfeit the protection of the United States, and the Indians may punish him or not as they please.' "

"What do you think of that? If all of the Indian treaties were so the Indians had a right to 'punish' the white men who tried to take their lands!" ejaculated Teddy.

RAPIDLY CIVILIZED.

"I think we are off the track again," declared Will. "In all history there never was a race civilized in so short a time as the Cherokees were, yet they were also told to 'move on,' and even had to be helped to do so by military force, so great was their love for their homes. They did in a century what it took the Britons five hundred years to do. They are temperate, industrious and intelligent, living by the honest fruits of their labor, and as ambitious to advance as any whites."

"In 1878, these people had a brick council house which cost $22,000, and they lived in log, frame or brick houses, as their means allowed. And it was not an uncommon sight to find a sewing machine or a piano in their homes," said Roy.

"That was not all," cried Ernest quickly. "They had seventy-five day schools, two seminaries, a manual labor school, an orphan asylum, twenty-four stores, twenty-two mills, several blacksmithshops, and all of the work was done by their own people."

"And they have not gone back on their records since," said Uncle Jack. "At least that is what the reports say. We will begin our next lesson with the attack on Fort Edward, where we will make the acquaintance of more than one hero who fought in the Revolution. Our own wars are so mixed up with the history of the Indian it is impossible to tell one without closely following the other. The Indians were allies on both sides in the early days of our nation, you must remember."

CHAPTER XI.

FROM 1756 TO 1774.

"I shall wash from my face every cloud-colored stain,
Red—red shall alone on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet and bend my oak bow;
By night and by day I will follow the foe."

"I FIND that we did not finish our lesson last night," Uncle Jack said chidingly. "What sort of people were these Cherokees, Ray?"

"They had villages, cultivated the land, and were fast becoming civilized; but their homes were destroyed and they were driven to the mountains, where they carried on a border warfare for years."

"They are the Indians who had a written language of their very own, and a newspaper printed in it, which has been established since 1830," cried Ernest. "Sequoyah, a full blood Cherokee, invented their alphabet. It has eighty-six sounds; each character standing for a syllable. He taught his own band to read and write by its use, then went to teach other bands, and so the Cherokee dialect became a written language, thanks to an uneducated Indian."

"When Canada was surrendered to the English, the Indians there were not very well satisfied. Can you explain why that was so, Teddy?"

"Why, they liked the French the best, I suppose. And another thing—it don't speak very well for our folks—the French would not allow rum to be sold to the Indians, but the English soon found that there was money to be made in that way, and used liquors freely in their trade, to the rapid demoralization of the red man. Some of the tribes saw this, and had sense enough to hate the English for it."

"It was in 1761 that a Mr. Davis and his wife, of the James river settlement, were taken as prisoners. Mr. Davis was killed, but his wife was taken to the Indian village, where she was obliged to dress like the Indian women. She was a wise woman, and began at once to doctor her

red captors, making such marvelous cures, in their eyes, that she was regarded as a messenger from the Great Spirit, treated as sacred, and allowed all the privileges of the tribe, as a wonderful 'medicine woman.' For some time she wandered about the woods in search of roots and herbs, always coming back to the camp in due season. She made these stays longer and longer, until at last she ventured to strike for freedom," said Hadley.

"That was in 1763, and she had been a prisoner about two years," continued Ray. "When she did not return at night, the Indians suspected that they had lost their 'medicine woman,' and they set out to find her. She crossed the river three times to conceal her footsteps, but in doing this again she was discovered, and, to evade her pursuers, she crept into a hollow sycamore log."

CONCEALED IN A HOLLOW LOG.

"And got away?" demanded Hadley.

"Yes. As she lay in the hollow log the Indians passed and re-passed the spot, even sitting down on the log. They camped near by, but went on in the morning, and she started off in the opposite direction from that taken by them. When she reached the river she crossed it on a drift log and, traveling by night, she soon came to a place, quite near a settlement if she had known it, where she laid down to die in utter despair, but was discovered by some of the settlers."

"What did she live on all that time?" inquired Ray.

"Oh, on river shell-fish, wild fruits and roots," answered Will carelessly. "That would be easy enough."

"If you think so you had better try it and see how easy it is!" retorted Ray.

"And just think of it! That woman actually traveled three hundred miles through forests and swamps, and over rivers and mountains, before she got to the Green Brier settlement," added Ray in genuine surprise.

"Here is a true story which I meant to have told you before,"

exclaimed Ernest. "Letitia Crane was the great-great grandmother of the one who told it to my mother, and she told it to me, so you see it isn't a book story at all. It was when the Indians attacked Kittery. They came to her house, killed her mother and a brother, and took her prisoner. Her father was away from home at the time. They took her to Canada where she was adopted by an old chief who had lost his daughter."

"And she lived with the Indians always, I suppose," cried Teddy.

"I didn't say so. She lived there until she was fourteen years old, and when the prisoners were exchanged her father went to Canada to get her. She clung to the chief and wanted to stay with him, but he persuaded her to go, saying that he should not live many moons and then she would be alone. But she was never contented, although she married and had a white family of her own. Every full moon in the beautiful summer time she would go off in the woods alone for two or three hours. She never seemed happy, never forgot her Indian ways, and did not seem to like her former white life. She always told how kindly the Indians treated her."

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

"Now, if your stories are told for the present, we will continue with the history of the French and Indian war. I am not finding fault, for I think that stories will teach you the manners and characteristics of the times as nothing else will," said Uncle Jack smilingly. "I believe we were to begin with the proposed attack on Fort Edward; what can you say about it, Teddy?"

"The governor of Canada sent a party to attack the fort; he had two hundred French regulars and twelve hundred Indians, but when the Indians found that it was defended by artillery, they would not do a thing, they were afraid of the cannon. So the commander concluded to attack Johnson's camp instead. Meanwhile Johnson sent one thousand soldiers and two hundred Mohawks to the aid of the fort, and they marched directly into an ambuscade laid by the French."

"The Mohawks were led by their famous chief, Hendricks, who fell

at the first fire, and they all retreated to the camp as fast as ever they could," Hadley added.

"The French followed closely, and were greatly surprised and confused when they were met by a volley from cannon, for they thought there were none in the camp. The French were defeated, and Dieskau, their brave commander, was deserted by his men and allies, and taken prisoner," Ray concluded.

"When General Abercrombie planned the attack on the great French fort at Ticonderoga, Isreal Putnam, bold Captain Stark, and Bradstreet were with him," said Will. "The fort was too strong for them to take, and they retreated. The French sent the Indians out to pick up the stragglers, and among those whom they took as prisoners were Israel Putnam and a dozen comrades."

PUTNAM ESCAPES DEATH.

"All but Putnam escaped at once," interrupted Ray. "He was seized, doomed to torture, and bound to a tree. Dry wood and leaves were heaped around him, and the Indians had begun the death dance, when a French officer happened along. It was lucky for Putnam that he wasn't like some of the other French officers, for he got the Indians to spare his life instead of letting the torture go on."

"It was General Amherst who moved against Ticonderoga in 1759, and the French abandoned it when they saw him coming. He then took Crown Point in the same way," said Ernest.

"The Indians, most of them, deserted Montcalm when Wolfe went to take Quebec. A few of them were true to him, but the majority remained neutral, for they had decided that his cause was rather a doubtful one," nodded Teddy.

"What was the last trouble of the French and Indian war called, Roy?"

"It was a war with the Ottawas, and was called Pontiac's Conspiracy, and it was in 1762 or 1763. Pontiac was a Catawba by birth, but was taken prisoner and adopted by the Ottawas. He became chief by his

VISIT OF PONTIAC AND THE INDIANS TO MAJOR GLADWIN. 169

bravery and skill, and his adopted people loved him well. He made a secret conspiracy with the Delawares, the Shawnees, the Senecas, the Miamis and many smaller tribes. They intended to take Detroit, and cut the barrels of their guns so that they could carry them under their blankets. Pontiac sent Major Gladwin, the commander, word that he was coming to talk with him at a certain time. He intended to get within the fort in that way, and then massacre the garrison. The plot was revealed by an Indian girl, and did not succeed, but Gladwin let them go."

PONTIAC.

"Pontiac thought that the whites were getting too numerous. He disputed the right of way when Major Rogers went to place an English garrison in Detroit, and sent the war belt of wampum and the reddened tomahawk to the other tribes, to call them to war," Ernest added.

"He asked Major Rogers: 'How dare you come into my country without my leave?' and then he made plans to keep them out," said Hadley, "and the trouble began."

"What did he do, Ray?"

"He then gave the signal for the war and, in less than three weeks, they had captured all the forts west of Niagara, with the exception of Detroit and Pittsburg. The garrisons were most of them killed, more than a hundred traders were murdered and scalped, and over five hundred families driven from their homes."

"The destruction by the Indians extended over the territory between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and all of the settlements there were abandoned for a time. It was Bouquet, with his Highlanders, who

finally beat the Indians, using their own wily tactics. The conquered savages fled to the West, and the Ohio valley has been free from them ever since," nodded Will.

"At one time two hundred Indians were besieging a block-house," said Roy. "It was near Detroit and it was surrounded by two hundred Indians. The garrison determined to fight as long as hope remained, and it didn't seem that that would be long. The Indians fired blazing arrows, which caught on the roof repeatedly, and the flames broke out again and again. The water supply grew short, but the soldiers dug a well inside the works, but they were obliged to surrender at last."

REMARKABLE LEADERSHIP.

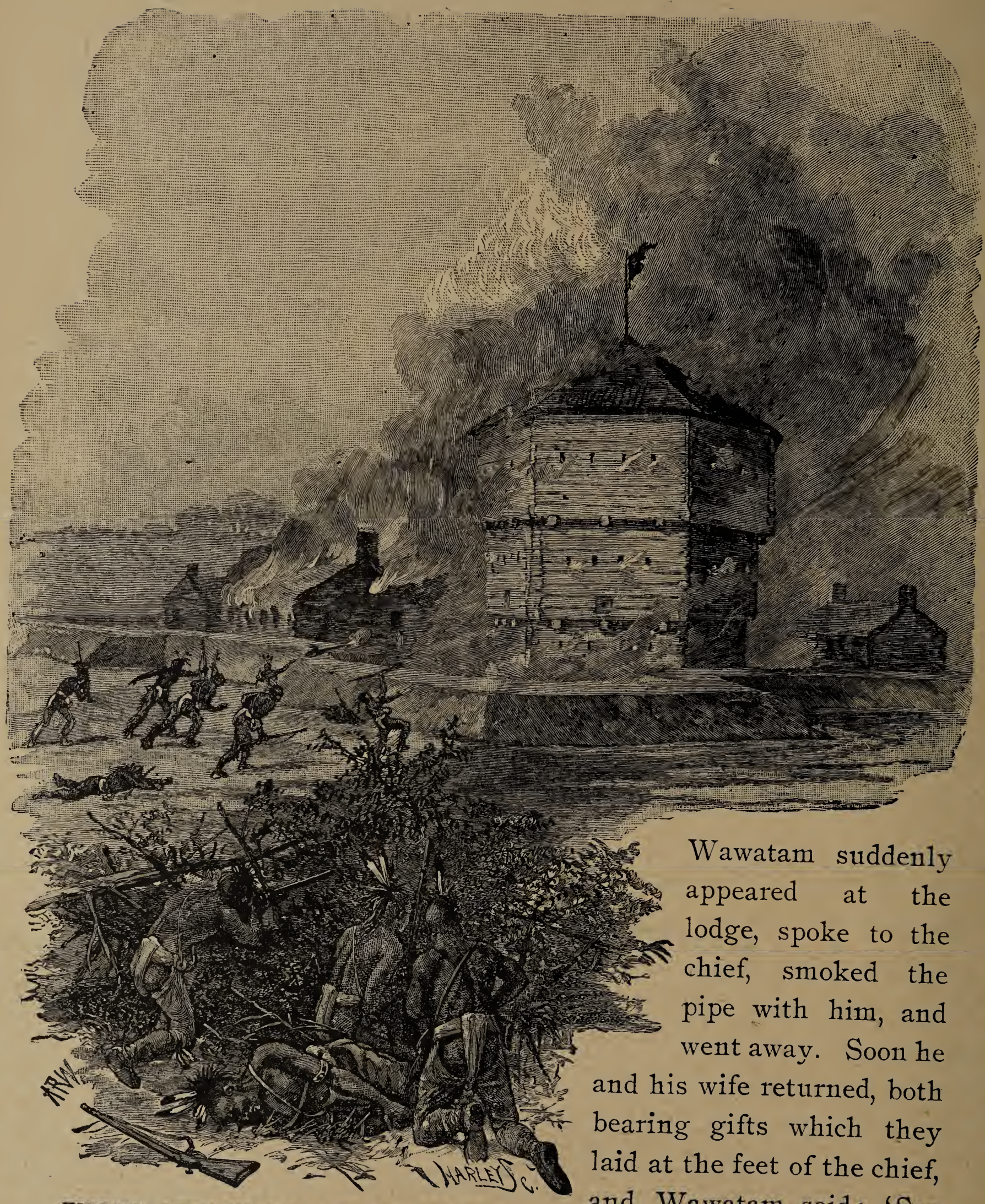
"Northrop says that the plan of operations which Pontiac adopted was the most remarkable exhibition of genuine leadership ever given by an Indian. Did he meet with any lasting success, Hadley?"

"No, he was finally deserted by his followers, even by his own people, but still would not submit. He left his home and set out for the western tribes, thinking to incite them to war upon the hated English. Lord Amherst offered a reward for his head, and he fell by an assassin's hand."

"I read that his assassin, an Illinois Indian, was hired to do the deed by an English trader, who gave him a keg of whiskey! His death resulted in a war between the Indians, and the Illinois tribe was nearly exterminated," Ray added.

"Alexander Henry, an Indian trader, won the friendship of a Chippewa chief named Wawatam, who told him that, while enduring a long fast, he had dreamed that he must adopt a white man as a brother. He had waited long for the right man to come but he was the one. Henry made no objection, and the chief went away, happy in his new relationship," said Will.

"It was a good 'adopt' for Henry," laughed Roy. "When Pontiac went on the war-path his Indian brother came again, to warn him, but his warning was not heeded, and soon Henry was taken prisoner. One day



FIERCE ATTACK ON A BLOCK HOUSE.

among the slaves! You know what I feel. Wawatam suddenly appeared at the lodge, spoke to the chief, smoked the pipe with him, and went away. Soon he and his wife returned, both bearing gifts which they laid at the feet of the chief, and Wawatam said: 'See there my friend and brother On the day when this war

began you were afraid for this very reason, that I would betray your secret. I crossed the lake because you promised to protect my friend. I now come offering you goods for his ransom.'"

"Did they let him go?" demanded Teddy.

"Yes, the ransom was accepted, and Henry was free to go home with his red brother, where he adopted the Indian dress as a safeguard against the other Indians. He was conducted to his own home as soon as it was safe for him to go there. How is that for a story of the Pontiac war?" asked Will.

WAR ENDED AT LAST.

"But the long, cruel war was over at last, and the prisoners began to be exchanged, and gladly returned to their homes again. One woman got her captive daughter back by singing songs which she had sung to her long before she was taken by the Indians. She went from place to place, looking at the returned prisoners, and singing the songs over and over. The girl recognized them, although she had forgotten to speak her own language. What about that story of gold in California, Roy?"

"Captain Isaac Stewart probably saw the rich gold mines of that State long before the gold discovery of 1849. He was taken prisoner about fifty miles west of Fort Pitt, about 1764, and was carried to the Wabash. There were more prisoners, but they were doomed to suffer torture. A squaw took a fancy to him and offered a horse for his ransom, but he was still a prisoner. In about two years a Spanish explorer redeemed him, also a Welshman, and took them away with him."

"Go on, what are you stopping for? We want to know about the gold," Ernest protested.

"They went up the Red river several hundred miles, and there they saw a tribe of Indians who were white, with reddish hair. They spoke a different language from all other Indians—the Welshman said that it was much like his own—and he decided to stay with them as he could understand them."

"White Indians! How came they there?" breathed Teddy.

"They said that their ancestors came from a far-off country, and landed far east of the Mississippi river, but when the Spaniards came they fled before them towards the west. Does that mean that America was discovered before the Spaniards came here?" asked Roy.

"Well, what about the gold?" questioned Will impatiently.

"The Spaniard and Stewart went across the mountains, to where all of the streams ran toward the west and were filled with particles of yellow sand. The Spaniard said that he had found what he was looking or and they need go no farther, so they went back to a post on the Missouri river and Stewart went home. And that is all there is to that story," Ernest concluded.

"Drake does not think that that story is well sustained. He does not believe in that tribe of white Indians," Hadley declared.

THE INDIAN'S STORY.

"And what good did his discovery of gold do Stewart, if he didn't get any of it?" asked Teddy scornfully.

"I haven't a real historical story to tell you, but it is a pretty good one," said Will, looking up from an old book which he had been searching eagerly. "An Indian once went to a tavern and asked for something to eat, but the landlady would not give him anything without money, and was rather cross until a man in the room offered to pay for his dinner."

"I know that," cried Ernest. "After the Indian had eaten he told the man that he should always remember his kindness, and added: 'As for the woman, I will tell her a little story. The Bible says God made the world, and took him, and looked on him and said "it is very good"; then He made light and took him and looked on him and said "it is very good;" then He made the land, the water, the sun and moon, and stars and grass and trees, and took him and looked on him all and said "it is very good"; then He made beasts and birds and fishes, and took him and looked on him and said "it is very good;" then He made man and took him, looked on him and said "it is very good;" and last of

all He made woman, and took him and looked on him—"and He no dare say any such word!'" Then the Indian left very suddenly."

"That isn't all of that story, I will finish it for you," cried Ray. "Some years after that the man was taken prisoner and carried to Canada by the Indians. He would have been put to the torture, but an old woman took a fancy to him and adopted him in the place of a son who had been killed in battle. The next year an unknown Indian came to him as he was cutting trees, and told him to meet him at a certain place that night."

"I wouldn't have gone. How did he know but what he would be killed," ejaculated Teddy.

LED HIM THROUGH THE FOREST MANY DAYS.

"He did go, and found the Indian waiting with arms and provisions. He led him safely through the forest for many days. When he finally stopped on the edge of a clearing, he said: 'Do you remember the poor Indian at the tavern? You feed him, you kind to him. I am that poor Indian; now, go home.' Then he turned and strode into the forest without another word, and the man decided that paying for that Indian's supper was a good investment."

"Let me tell you one more story!" cried Will. "In the early times there was a class of bold, fearless men, who were often more than a match for the Indians, both in strength and stratagem. Among them were two brothers, named Poe, Adam and Andrew."

"I'll help you with that story," laughed Roy. "Once, with six other men, they started out after some Indians who had been robbing the settlers. Fearing a trap, Poe quietly left his comrades, and went along the trail to reconnoitre. He soon saw two Indians, a big one and a small one, who were cunningly watching for the white men to come. His gun missed fire, and the click of the lock betrayed him to the foe."

"What did the Indians do then, Ernest?"

"Poe didn't wait for them to do, he darted forward and seized one of them in each hand, trying to choke the smaller one, while he tumbled

them both to the ground. The smallest one sprang up with an unwise whoop, and raised his tomahawk, but dropped it again when he received a well-directed kick in the stomach from Poe's moccasined foot."

"Go on, Teddy."

"Why, there isn't much more to tell about that fight. Poe shot the little Indian, and his comrades came up and wounded the other badly.

ANDREW POE'S FAMOUS COMBAT WITH BIG FOOT.

The Indian deliberately tumbled into the river to escape them, floundered out into deep water, and drowned. He saved his scalp!"

"I am rather late, perhaps; but I want to tell you a story about the French and Indian war," cried Hadley. "It was when the American army was encamped on the plains of Chippewa. There was a lonely out-post, quite near the forest, and every night for nearly a week the sentinel there was shot with an arrow. The commander would not order another soldier to stand there, so no sentry was placed for a few nights."

"But at last a Virginia soldier volunteered to take the place—you

know those Virginia Rangers were never behind when there was danger ahead," continued Ray. "He firmly bade the sentry-guard 'Good-night' and took his post. It was a dark, cloudy night, with hardly a star to be seen. The sentinel heard and saw nothing for some time, then he heard a slight rustling in the bushes at the edge of the forest, and a bear shambled by him to the thicket on the other side."

"I'll tell you about that," shouted Will excitedly. "That bear was a redskin with a bear's hide on! Just as he was going into the bushes again the moon happened to shine out brightly for a second, but that time was long enough for the light to reveal Indian moccasins under the claws of the bear!"

"What did the sentinel do then?" demanded Roy.

ENCOUNTER WITH TWELVE INDIANS.

"Well, he didn't know what to do for a minute, but he did know that there might be plenty of just such bears in the neighborhood. So he quietly took off his hat and coat, and put them under the branch of a fallen tree, so that they looked as if a man was sitting there. Then he crept into the thicket, grasped his rifle tightly, and waited. Soon an arrow whizzed by his head, and the hat on the stick nearly fell to the ground."

"Didn't he take his turn then?" questioned Teddy.

"Not just then. He waited and soon counted twelve Indians in a little cleared spot. They had been hidden on the ground, lying at full length among the leaves, you know. He was near enough to hear what they said when they planned to kill the sentinel the next evening, and then massacre the others. After this discussion they arose and marched off in single file."

"And the sentinel let them go!" said Roy in a disgusted tone.

"For that time he did," returned Will. "What could he do with a dozen Indians? When he took his hat he found that the arrow had passed through it. He went to the commander immediately and received a lieutenant's commission, as a reward for the information which he gave."

"Didn't they get that bear?" asked Ray.

"Oh, yes. I forgot to finish my story. The next evening they fixed the hat and coat without any man in them, and a party of soldiers hid in the thicket. They waited about an hour before they saw any sign of the enemy. Then they saw the bear shamble out, retire, and then rise suddenly upon his hind legs and fire an arrow at the mock sentinel, that knocked the hat to the ground. Then the war-hoop sounded. The Lieutenant gave a command and the Virginians charged. Over half of the Indians were killed before they knew what hit them, and the rest ran off, leaving ten chiefs dead on the field. That lieutenant is better known in history as the brave and able General Morgan."

"What next?" asked Will.

"Why, we have come to the time of the Revolution, didn't you know?" laughed Roy.

"And to-morrow John and I are going to cut a bee-tree—you can go along if you will behave yourselves," said the guide quietly. "We shall go in the evening, so you will not miss a lesson—and so the bees will not be so lively."

But the boys did not hear the last words!

CHAPTER XII.

FROM 1774 TO 1779.

"On that day when our heroes lay low, lay low,
On that day when our heroes lay low;
I fought by their side, and thought, ere I died,
Just vengeance to take on the foe, the foe,
Just vengeance to take on the foe."

—CHIPPEWA WAR-SONG.

"NO bee-tree to-night," said Teddy dolefully, when they awoke in the morning and found that it was raining.

"What does it want to rain for while we are out here in the woods? Isn't it bad enough when we are at home among folks?" asked Ray, and it would need several interrogation points to express his tone of dismay.

"I think it is very nice," said Uncle Jack brightly. "Listen to the patter of the rain-drops upon the glistening green leaves, and the splash of the larger drops on the camp roof. See the bubbles on the river, and there—a trout leaps to meet the drops."

"Just the day for good fishing, youngsters," added Jim briskly. "Get out your rubber coats and boots, slouch your hats, and you'll see such sport as you don't see every day. Breakfast is ready."

When the meal was over, the boys got out their books and were ready for their daily lesson.

"Because the sun may shine this afternoon—if it don't, we can go fishing," said Will hopefully.

"I think that Roy wants to tell us about the first 'removal' of friendly Indians," suggested Uncle Jack.

"It was in 1763 that a party of Conestoga Indians were killed by white men when there was no war between them at all, simply because they were Indians, then scalped and their dwellings set on fire. The remainder of the tribe were confined in jail to protect them, but within

two weeks the jail was broken open, and they shared the fate of the others. Kneeling, they declared their friendship for the white man, but it made no difference—men, women and children were killed. The Governor of Pennsylvania offered six hundred dollars for the apprehension of any three of the murderers, but they defied him, and boasted that they set out to kill every Indian that they could find! This massacre was followed by the first 'removal'."

MANDAN INDIAN CHIEF.

"Teddy, did the English employ Indian allies in the war of the Revolution?"

"I should say that they did; and they told them to do more things than they would have thought of themselves," was the indignant reply. "Burgoyne met and feasted the tribes, and appealed to their 'wild honor' to take up arms for Great Britain. Edmund Burke declared that they were no fit allies for a nation at war with people of their own blood, and Fox opposed it in the House of Commons. It is true that Burgoyne told the chiefs that there must be no slaughter of old men, women and children; no taking of scalps from the dying, but the savages brought in scalps as well as prisoners every day, and were allowed to do so, while no troublesome questions were asked."

"The Indians were quite as ready to war upon the colonists during the Revolution as they had been to fight the French at the bidding of the English. William Pitt and others made an indignant protest against employing them, but it did no good. Congress tried to get the tribes to

remain neutral, but only succeeded in making friends with the Oneidas, the Tuscaroras and the Mohegans," added Hadley.

"Fort Niagara was the place where the war parties were organized and equipped; where supplies were kept for them; where the unfortunate prisoners were sometimes made to run the gauntlet, and where the bounty for scalps was paid," Ray concluded.

SPEECH OF CAPTAIN WHITE EYES.

"Some of the Delawares were on the side of the Colonists, I know," declared Ray. "One Captain White-Eyes made this speech to some of his men who were going to aid the British: 'If you will go out on this war, you shall not go without me. I have taken peace measures, it is true, with the view of saving my tribe from destruction, but if you think me in the wrong, if you give more credit to runaway vagabonds than to your own friends—to a man, to a warrior, to a Delaware—if you insist on fighting the Americans, go! I will go with you. And I will not go like a bear hunter, who sets dogs on the animal to be beaten about by his paws while he keeps himself at a safe distance. No, I will lead you on; I will place myself in the front; I will fall with the first of you. You can do as you choose, but as for me I will not survive my nation. I will not live to bewail the miserable destruction of a brave people, who deserve, as you do, a better fate," Will repeated.

"You see that Indian appreciated the longing for liberty which the American people felt at that time, don't you?" asked Hadley significantly.

"Was there ever an Indian chief named Logan, and what can you tell us about him, Ernest?"

"I was hoping that you would ask me about him. He was a Mingo or Cayuga chief, and his Indian name was Tah-gah-ju-ta. He was named for John Logan, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Colony. He was generous, manly and brave, and always a firm friend to the whites, until his brother and his family were killed without provocation. This was done by some lawless white men who had lost some horses, and meanly took revenge on innocent persons. Logan began the war which followed,

and was as fierce as an enemy as he had been faithful as a friend. Like all his race he made war on the innocent as well as the guilty."

"When he had killed thirteen whites, the number of the Indian victims, he said: 'Now I am satisfied for the loss of my relatives and will stop,'" Teddy added.

"This is a side of his character which I do not like, although we can hardly blame him for being angry. I would rather tell this of him,'

GENERAL BURGOYNE ADDRESSING THE INDIANS.

said Hadley. "Once he wanted to give the little daughter of a settler a present, and asked the mother to let her go home with him. He brought her back in safety, with a pair of beautifully beaded moccasins on her feet—his own work."

"Can you repeat what he said to the American council, Ray?"

"He would not go to meet the council, and did not deliver that famous speech in person, but remained in his own cabin, saying to the messengers, with tears in his eyes, 'I appeal to any white to say if he ever

entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the last long, bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed by and said, "Logan is a friend of the white man." I have even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, and in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called to me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He would not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.'"

MURDERED NEAR DETROIT.

"What became of him at last, Will?"

"He wandered from tribe to tribe, lonely and solitary, and took to drink to drown his sorrows, just as some of his white brothers do to this day. He was murdered near Detroit by an Indian who got mad at him."

"Ernest, can you tell us exactly how the massacre of Logan's family occurred?"

"I can tell you what Northrop says about it. 'In the spring of 1774 some Englishmen were exploring lands about Wheeling, Ohio, for the purpose of settling there. The Indians were said, or thought, to have robbed them; the land jobbers, learning that there were two savages on the river above, sent against them Captain Michael Cresap, who succeeded in killing them, and directly afterwards several more, among whom were members of Logan's family."

"In a short time there was another brutal murder, in which Logan lost a brother and a sister, and the next they heard of Logan, he with eight braves suddenly attacked some men in a field, killed one and took two for torture," continued Teddy.

"I can tell you a story about that," cried Hadley. "These two men had to run the guantlet, of course, and Logan told one of them, whose name was Robinson, just how to do it in the easiest way. After that, when he was tied to a stake to be burned, Logan cut him loose and got him adopted into the tribe."

BALD HEAD, THE DELAWARE CHIEF.

"Did many other Indians join Logan in this war, Ray?"

"Yes, Cornstalk joined him with his Shawnee braves —I'll tell you more about him by and by. Then the whites killed an old Delaware chief, named Bald Eagle, in a cruel way. The old chief wasn't quite right in his mind, I guess, but he was harmless and went wherever he wanted to, often visiting the houses of the white settlers."

"Well, what did they do with him?" asked Teddy.

"You know it was retaliation without common sense in those days, and a man who had suffered considerably from some of the Indians, found the poor old chief alone one day, and killed him. Then he sat him up in his canoe and set him afloat on the current of the river. It was some time before the Indians found out that he was not alive, but when they did, they vented their rage upon the first white men that they could catch."

"Troops were hurried to the place at once, and the next thing was

the battle at Point Pleasant, where the Indians were said to 'cover four acres of ground as closely as they could stand side by side.' I don't believe that, though. They were led by Logan, Cornstalk, Elinipsico, Red Eagle and other great chiefs of the Shawnee, Delaware, Mingo, Wyandot and Cayuga tribes. Will, can you tell us how the battle was finally decided?"

"Three companies of the English soldiers managed to get in the rear of the Indians, and they thought sure that re-inforcements had come, so they ran. Here is another trick which the white men practiced. A sharpshooter would hold up a hat on a stick for the Indians to fire at. When the hat fell the Indian would rush out to scalp his supposed victim, and get shot himself. That wasn't exactly fair, was it?"

THRILLING STORY OF JANE MACCREA.

"Do you know the story of Jane MacCrea, Roy?"

"She was betrothed to a soldier in the British army, who sent an escort to take her to the British camp. When within a short distance of the fort, the Indians began to quarrel about the reward, and one of them killed the girl with his tomahawk. Burgoyne pardoned him, rather than lose Indian allies by bringing him to merited justice, and the lover threw up his commission rather than fight under him."

"Her lover was a captain in Burgoyne's army, and his name was Jones," said Will. "He sent a party of Indians after her, promising them a liberal reward when they brought her to him in safety. They were so long about it, he became impatient and sent another party, with the same promise. When these two parties met, the last one demanded the girl. The first party refused to give her up, thinking they would lose the reward. Before they had done quarreling, the girl was dead."

"That was the story that I saw," nodded Ray.

"What have you to say about the Wyoming massacre, Ray? Or, you may first tell us about the Indian chief, Joseph Brandt, who led the Indians at that place."

"He was with the English against the colonists, and he was the

same one who declared so proudly: 'The Six Nations have no dictator among the nations of this earth. We are not the wards of England. We are a Commonwealth.' "

"Sir William Johnson was a young Irishman who had great influence with the Indians, learned their language, was adopted and made a chief by the Mohawks. The sister of Brandt was his Indian wife, and when he sent some Indian boys to school at Lebanon, Brandt was one of them. Brandt married the daughter of an Oneida chief, and had a good house on the Mohawk river, which was well furnished for those times," said Ernest.

"Johnson is one of those who 'dreamed' with the Mohawk chief, Hendrick. I will tell you the story," laughed Teddy. "Hendrick came to him and said, 'I dream.' Johnson suspected what was coming, and asked impatiently, 'Well, what?' 'I dream you give me one suit of clothes,' was the cool reply. 'Then I suppose you will have to have it,' said Johnson handing it over."

A STRONG CHARACTER.

"But he got even with him," interrupted Ernest. "The next time that Johnson met him he said, 'I dreamed last night.' 'What you dream?' asked the chief curiously. 'I dreamed that you gave me that tract of land,' replied Johnson, naming a lot about twelve miles square. 'I suppose you must have it, but you must not dream any more,' sighed the chief, who did not like to give up the land."

"Well, what more about Brandt? Can you tell, Hadley?"

"His Indian name was Thayendanegea, but he was known to the whites as Brandt. He was thirteen years old at the time of the French and Indian war, and with two older brothers, was with the party which attacked Crown Point. He was also at the battle of Niagara, where it is said of the Indians that they 'behaved very well.'"

"What can you say of his character, Roy?"

"He was humane and brave, daring, wily and sagacious. When he was a warrior women turned pale and children hid at the mention of his

name, but he always denied the awful deeds laid to him in the frontier histories. He saw the danger of extermination which threatened his race, and killed as many whites as he could, but he never tortured them, and instances are given where he saved persons from being tortured. He sent two of his youngest sons to Dartmouth College."

"He died in 1807, and his last words were, 'Have mercy on the poor Indians.' His youngest son became a chief and distinguished himself in the war of 1812. He lived in civilized style, with carpeted floors, pier glasses, mahogany tables, musical instruments, and books in his house," added Will.

"Now what about the Wyoming massacre, Ray?"

"Not much to be told but an awful deed was done. The Tories and their Indian allies under Brandt entered the beautiful valley, murdered or captured the inhabitants, and left a desolate waste when they retreated."

INHABITANTS PUT TO THE SWORD.

"Nearly all of the able-bodied settlers were absent in the army, and there was but a small force under Colonel Zebulon Butler there to check the eleven hundred Tories and Indians under Colonel John Butler, cousin to the American leader," Roy added.

"It did not take them long to defeat this small force, and then the work of murdering the inhabitants and burning their homes began. It is a well-known fact that the Tories, or at least some of them, dressed as Indians in this battle, and were more fiendish than the wild savages," said Teddy.

"I will tell you the story of the 'Lost Sister of Wyoming,'" cried Ernest eagerly.

"Who was she?" asked Ray.

"Her name was Frances Slocum, and she was taken by Delaware Indians when she was only a child, and was lost to the white man's world for nearly sixty years. She was seventy-six years old when she died, in 1849. She was then unable to speak her own language, and distrusted her own race."

"Was that all of the story?" demanded Roy.

"Oh, no. An United States agent happened to see her in the tribe and published an account of his visit. Frances Slocum's brother saw it and, with a sister, immediately set out for the Indian village. Before she was taken by the Indians, Frances had had her finger accidentally pounded, so that the nail came off and never grew again, they thought they could recognize her by that, and they did. They found the 'Indian woman' that the agent had written about, and listened to the story of her capture, then they asked her about the missing finger nail. 'My brother pounded it off in the blacksmith's shop when I was a little girl,' was the quick reply, and they knew their sister was found. When they tearfully claimed her she was motionless and speechless, true to her Indian education, she betrayed no emotion whatever,"

LIVED WITH THE INDIANS.

"Did she go home with them?" questioned Ray.

"No; she told them that she had always lived with the Indians, that they were very kind to her, and that she had promised her dying husband never to leave them. She was married twice, and had two daughters, both of whom grew up and married Indians."

"I can tell you another little story about Wyoming," exclaimed Will. "A Count Zinzendorf visited America in 1742, and had a narrow escape from death at the hands of the Wyoming Indians. They did not believe that he was a missionary and were going to kill him. When they came to his tent they saw a large rattlesnake lying on the ground near him. He had not seen it, but the Indians, who thought that this snake was some kind of a manitou, immediately concluded that he was more than human and quietly left him. He became the founder of the Moravian sect."

"What happened about a month later than the Wyoming massacre?"

"The same scenes were repeated in Cherry Valley, in New York, perhaps by the same men," answered Ray. "Then the whole region of

the upper Susquehanna and Delaware, and the Mohawk Valley, were at the mercy of England's Indian allies."

"It was in November, 1778," continued Will. "The seven hundred Tories and Indians were led by Brandt and Butler as they were at Wyoming. A Colonel Alden commanded the fort in Cherry Valley, and when the inhabitants were warned of their danger and fled to the shelter of the fort he would not let them stay there. He laughed and told them that there was no danger. The Indians got to the fort before they were seen, and Colonel Alden paid the price of his carelessness, for he was killed. Nearly the whole settlement was burned, and it was soon abandoned."

LITTLE RED JACKET.

"Another chief of that time was Red Jacket. He was small in stature, but he was large in self-conceit, for when he was an old man a vessel was named for him, which he christened with these words: 'You have a very great name given to you, strive to deserve it. Go boldly into the great lakes, and fear neither the swift wind, nor the stormy waves. Let my example inspire you to courage and lead you to glory!' Did you ever hear the beat of that?" ejaculated Ernest.

"Here is another story of him," cried Teddy. "Once he visited a court room where, perhaps, things were conducted as they sometimes are nowadays. As he left, in company with a lawyer, he paused and pointing to the arms of the state, where Justice and Liberty were represented, he demanded what one of the figures signified. 'Liberty,' answered the lawyer. 'Ugh; and him?' pointing to the other figure. 'Justice,' answered the lawyer again. The chief was thoughtful and silent for a moment, then he inquired with flashing eyes, 'Where him live now?'"

"And here is another," said Hadley. "He once said to a preacher who was telling him that Christ was put to death for the sins of men, 'Brother, if you white men murdered the Son of the Great Spirit, we Indians had nothing to do with it, and it is none of our affairs. You must make amends for that crime yourselves.'"

"He was much attached to a commander who was ordered to go to another post, and he bade him good-bye thus, 'Brother, I hear that you are going away. I hope you will be governor. I understand that white people think children a blessing, and I hope that you may have a thousand,'" added Ray.

"He made a pretty good answer when a woman of the tribe was executed as a witch and some Americans ridiculed the belief. He said indignantly, 'Why do you denounce us as fools and bigots because we continue to believe in that which you yourselves inculcated? Your divines have thundered this doctrine from the pulpit; your judges have pronounced it from the bench; go to Salem! Look at the records of your government, and you will find hundreds executed for this very crime,'" said Will.

HOW HIS PICTURE WAS OBTAINED.

"He would never sit for his picture until he was told that the Great Father at Washington wanted it to hang beside those of the great men of the nation," continued Ray.

"Did he commit suicide? I heard so," questioned Roy.

"I don't know. At last he called a council, advised his people to live in peace, told them that he was about to leave them, and was immediately taken 'mortally sick' and died, holding a bottle of some liquid which would 'give him a happy passage to the other world.' You can judge for yourself—perhaps he committed suicide," answered Ernest.

"He was a great orator and very intelligent," Teddy continued. "An officer gave him a very richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he liked so well that he always managed to get one like it to wear, and that gave him his name. The surest way to gain his favor was to give him one of these jackets."

"He was the opposite of Brandt, yet both were great among their people and loyal to their cause. Washington presented him with a medal in 1792, in token of peace. He was once tried as a witch by his own people, on Cornplanter's accusation, and barely escaped the fate of a

witch. He fought for the United States in the war of 1812 for a time, then counseled all of the Indians to be neutral," declared Ernest.

"Some one told Red Jacket that:

'In Adam's fall
We sinned all,'

and he very coolly answered that the Indians were not known about when that saying was made!" ejaculated Hadley.

"Where did he live?" asked Roy.

"For many years before his death he lived in a log house on the Seneca reservation, about four miles from Buffalo," answered Ray.

"I can tell you another pretty story of him," cried Will. "He was once called to the witness stand in court, and before administering the usual oath to him, they asked him if he believed in future reward and punishment, and in the existence of a God. Red Jacket looked straight at his questioner for a few seconds, then he answered: 'Yes, much more than the white men do, if we are to judge by their actions.'"

"Lesson time is up, and the boat is all ready for the fishing trip," said Uncle Jack, smilingly. "The Indians had several great chiefs about that time, you may look them up, and we will begin our next lesson with biographies of some of them."

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM 1779 TO 1790.

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair!
I will paint me with black and will sever my hair!
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger or lingering decay,
The steel of the white man hath swept them away."

"YOU will all want to answer quickly to-night," cried Ernest impatiently. "Of course we like history, but we like honey better, just now, and Jim and John have been getting things ready for that bee reception all this afternoon."

"And it will be bright moonlight, too," added Teddy triumphantly.

"The more's the pity," muttered Jim, but the boys didn't hear.

"Well, if you are in a hurry, young men, you may begin your lesson as soon as you please," Uncle Jack remarked quietly. "What have you to tell us about the Indian chiefs of 1779, Ernest?"

"One famous Seneca chief was Farmer's Brother. He was generally for peace, but he led the terrible massacre of the English teamsters at 'Devil's Hole,' near Niagara Falls. Only two of the unlucky teamsters escaped; one on a fleet horse, and the other by catching a root when he was thrown over a precipice."

"I can tell you a story about that chief," cried Teddy. "Once he discovered a Mohawk spy in his camp. Instead of giving the alarm, and having him captured for torture, he said to him very quietly: 'I know you. You are a Mohawk, and a spy. Here are my rifle, my tomahawk and my scalping knife. Say which I shall use, for I am in haste?'"

"And did he shoot him?" asked Hadley.

"What do you suppose? What is a spy's fate among civilized nations to-day? The young Mohawk brave saw that it was all up with

in this, but he witnessed the scene in silence, then he made such an eloquent speech against the practice that the Indians with him vowed never to torture another prisoner. He was about twenty years old when his brother was killed, and he took command of his people."

"Once he sent a letter to General Harrison, which ran thus: 'General Harrison: I have with me eight hundred braves, you have an

BATTLE OF THE THAMES—DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

equal number in your hiding place. Come out with them and give me battle. You talked like a brave man when we met last, and I respected you, now you hide behind logs and in the earth like a ground hog. Give me answer,'" laughed Teddy.

"I guess he got his answer at the battle of Tippecanoe!" exclaimed Ray.

"And the last postscript at the battle of the Thames," added Teddy.

"Tecumseh was all right," Hadley declared emphatically. "He was the great man of his people, as Washington and Lincoln and others

were of ours. At one place General Proctor, the British commander, was making no effort whatever to prevent the torture of the American prisoners, which had been taken in the battle. All at once Tecumseh came dashing up, his horse on the keen run; he leaped from the horse's back, sprang before the trembling prisoners, drew his glittering tomahawk, and defied anyone to touch another of them. The Indians were astonished, but they obeyed the command."

"What did the British commander think of that?" asked Teddy.

"He didn't have much time to think it over. Tecumseh turned to him and demanded indignantly why he had permitted such things to be done. When the weak answer was that he could not control the Indians, the disgusted chief thundered: 'Begone! You are not fit to command. Go home and put on petticoats.'"

PREDICTED HE WOULD DIE IN BATTLE.

"When he was about to go into the battle of the Thames he took off his sword and handed it to a chief to keep for his son, saying that he should not come out of the fight alive,—and he didn't. I could not find anything more about the son, not even his name," Will added.

"His last conference with General Harrison was held at Vincennes, Indiana, and when the chief had finished his speech he found that no chair had been provided for him to sit in. General Harrison at once directed a seat to be brought and the interpreter said to Tecumseh: 'Your father requests you to take a chair.' Quick as thought the proud chief made this answer:—'My father! The Sun is my father, and the Earth is my mother, I will repose upon her bosom.' And he seated himself upon the ground in the usual Indian manner," said Roy.

"I saw in one place that Tecumseh was one of a set of triplets; the Prophet was the second; and the last one was another brother, named Kumshaka," observed Ernest questioningly.

"And I found an account which said that he was neither twin nor triplet, but just himself," nodded Teddy decidedly. "I would like to know what's the use of studying history when books do not agree."

"We must try to sift out the facts—that is, the more important ones. His birth really makes no difference with the history of our country."

"I should say it did, "cried Roy. "If he hadn't been born the history of America would have been some different!"

"Can you tell us how this famous chief dressed, Ernest?"

GENERAL HARRISON AND TECUMSEH.

"He did not care for the gaudy trinkets which most red men like to wear, but he wore a simple coat and pants of dressed deer skin, and no ornaments except his medals."

"I never saw one of his pictures," said Teddy musingly.

"Good reason why!" answered Hadley. "The history says that he never had one taken, but you may find plenty with his name under them."

"What can you say of his brother, the Prophet, Ray?"

"He was a better speaker than Tecumseh, with a more graceful manner, but he did not possess Tecumseh's noble qualities. In some way he knew of the great eclipse of the sun in 1806, and used the knowledge cunningly for his own advancement. He told his people of the darkness which he would cause to come, and enjoyed his triumph when the black circle slowly crept over the bright face of the great Father of Light. He had but one eye, and his name was Elskwatawa, or the Loud Voice."

"That was the same trick that Columbus tried on the Indians! It is queer that they didn't get used to it," cried Teddy.

FRIGHTENED OUT OF DRUNKENNESS.

"He did some good when he declared that he had been up in the clouds; that the first place that he reached was the home of the devil; and that all drunkards had to go there and endure everlasting thirst, with flames always coming from their mouths! Many of his people believed him, were frightened, and would drink no more 'fire-water'" laughed Ernest.

"He was the one who made this speech: 'Red men of the woods! Hear what the Great Spirit says to His children who have forsaken Him. There was a time when our fathers owned this land. Their lands extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit made it for their use; He made the buffalo and the deer for their food; the beaver and the bear, too, He made, and their skins served us for clothing. He sent rain upon the earth and it produced corn. All this He did for His red children, because He loved them. But an evil day came upon us. . . The white man crossed the Great Water; their numbers were small; they found friends, not enemies. . . We took pity on them, and they sat down amongst us. Their numbers increased; they wanted more land; they wanted our country!' And the worst of that speech was that it was truth!" cried Teddy.

"He didn't like it because the Indian graveyards had been molested so, for he said, 'Red men of the woods! Have ye not heard at evening,

and in the silent night, those mournful sounds that steal through the deep valleys and along the mountain sides? These are the wailings of

BLACK HAWK—CHIEF OF THE SAC NATION.

those spirits whose bones have been turned up by the plough of the white man, and left to the mercy of the wind and rain. They call upon you to avenge them!' " Will added.

"When Red Jacket took sides with a missionary against the Prophet at one time there was a conference among the Indians for nearly two hours. When it ended the oldest man there arose, and said gravely, 'For the future we will worship the God of the Christians!' Then the Prophet was so angry that 'he started from the ground, seized his tomahawk and, denouncing the vengeance of the Great Spirit upon the whole assembly, he darted out and disappeared in the deep forest,'" continued Ernest.

"Can you name any of the chiefs who were with Tecumseh, Teddy?"

"Black Hawk, who afterwards led in the Black Hawk war; and Blue Jacket, who was leader of a large band of the fiercest warriors. At one time he laid a plan to assassinate General Harrison, but Beaver, a Delaware to whom Harrison had been like a father ever since his own father was killed in battle, put Blue Jacket out of the way before the scheme could be carried out."

GENERAL HARRISON.

"What can you tell us of the campaign conducted by General William H. Harrison, the man who was sent against Tecumseh, Hadley?"

"He took with him a body of Kentucky and Indiana militia, and one regiment of regular troops. On the sixth of November he reached the junction of the Wabash and Tippecanoe rivers, near the town of the Prophet. The wily Prophet sent several of the principal chiefs to meet him, with humble offers of submission, but Harrison was up to his tricks, and knew that he was only trying to gain a little time, as indeed he was! So the general had his men bivouac on their arms that night, and sure enough, the Indians did attack him, about four o'clock in the morning. They were surprised at the reception which they received, and retreated after a sharp fight.

"Was Tecumseh there, Ray?"

"No, he wasn't there. General Harrison followed up his victory by destroying the Prophet's town and building some forts in the vicinity

for the protection of the country. Then the battle of Tippecanoe insured quiet for a little while."

"In the war of 1812 the Indians fought with the English, and by the surrender of Detroit the whole northwestern frontier was exposed to the British and their Indian allies. Great Britain, unmindful of the shame she had incurred by the employment of savages during the Revolution, did not hesitate to do the same thing again," Will added.

"The battle of Tippecanoe did not put much of a stop to the warfare," said Uncle Jack positively. "Tecumseh had visited the Creeks and had incited them to war also. The Lower Creeks took up arms against their brethren, and the Choctaws and Cherokees joined the Americans, too. These Creeks have never been equalled in bravery and valor; in all the battles of that nation not one has ever begged for quarter. General Sam Houston repeatedly declared that the difficulties with the Indians were due to the government alone, and that the Indian had never been the aggressor but always the party injured. Now tell us what you know about the Creek war, Will."

INDIANS BADLY DEFEATED.

"In August, 1813, the Creeks attacked Fort Mimms, killing the three or four hundred settlers who had taken refuge there. The Indians were defeated at the battles of Tallasehatche and Talladega, then one of their towns was attacked November 29, and over two hundred of their warriors were killed, but still their spirit was not broken."

"There are different accounts of how many escaped from Fort Mimms, but this is one story. A boy sixteen years old was the only one who got away. He jumped from the top of the fortification and got quite a ways before he was discovered. Two Indians started to catch him but he outwitted them, and crawled into a hollow log where he remained until it was safe for him to venture out," said Roy.

"What ended the war, Ray?"

"General Jackson attacked their entrenched camp at Horseshoe Bend, in March, 1814, killing six hundred warriors and taking two

hundred and fifty women and children. This blow caused them to be very willing to make peace, but they had to give up more than two-thirds of their hunting grounds to 'pay expenses!'"

"What can you tell us of William Weatherford, Ernest?"

"Weatherford and Red Eagle were one and the same man, and General Jackson once said of him: 'He is fit to command armies.' Although a half-breed, he was brought up as a real Indian, and was a hereditary chief of the highest rank."

"How was that?"

"The Creek traditions tell that the Muscogees fought with the Aztecs against Cortez, and came north when Mexico was conquered. The Creek nation is a confederacy of several tribes, and the Muscogees were the first. They had their own laws and were semi-civilized when the white men came. Some families ranked higher than others, and Red Eagle's mother was a princess of the ruling family, that of the Wind, the very highest in the confederation. Red Eagle could speak English, French and Spanish, as well as his own language, although he could neither read nor write."

SURRENDERED TO SAVE HIS PEOPLE.

"How did he happen to become General Jackson's prisoner, Hadley?"

"At the end of the war, when the Indians concentrated, their warriors were surrounded and beaten so badly, they did not ask quarter, but fled and hid—those who could get away. Jackson sent word to them that Weatherford must be given up, unconditionally, before he would make any terms with them. The people would not do this if they died with him, but the chief immediately mounted his horse, the same one with which he had made the desperate, daring leap at Holy Ground, and rode straight into Jackson's camp."

"And that's how he became a prisoner," cried Teddy. "He was not taken, he surrendered to save the remnant of his people!"

"What about the leap at Holy Ground, Ray?"

"Red Eagle was upon a bluff, eleven feet or more above the river, and surrounded by his enemies. There was but one chance of escape, and that was a desperate one. But he was used to taking such chances, so he spurred his horse over the bluff into the river. Some writers say

ANDREW JACKSON—"OLD HICKORY."

that the leap was fully fifty feet, but I guess they don't know. Red Eagle himself is said to have set it at ten or fifteen feet. Both horse and rider disappeared under the water. When they came to the surface the chief slid from the saddle, clutching the horse's mane in one hand

and holding his rifle in the other, while the gallant animal swam to the shore."

"I guess General Jackson was surprised to see him when he rode into camp so coolly," laughed Roy. "The daring chief's salutation was: 'General Jackson, I am not afraid of you. You can kill me if you desire. I come to beg of you to send for the women and children who are now starving. Send for them, they never did you any harm; but kill me if the white people want it done.'"

"Did they kill him?"

"No," answered Will. "The soldiers shouted for his death, but General Jackson said anyone who would kill so brave a man as that, would rob the dead! Then he told the chief that if he wished to continue the war, he should go away unharmed; but if he wanted peace, he should be protected."

AFTERWARD BECAME A PLANTER.

"Where did he go then, Ernest?"

"When the treaty of peace was made he went with Jackson to his home in Tennessee, where he remained a year; then he returned to Alabama and became a planter. He owned a fine farm there. His influence was very great, and always given on the side of right and order. When he died he left a large family, all of whom intermarried with the whites until hardly a trace of their Indian blood remained."

"Story!" shouted Hadley. "When Weatherford stormed Fort Mimms, the strongest fort in the southwest, he sent terror to the ones which were smaller and weaker. At one of these the men, women and children were outside of the fort when the attack was made. In the panic the men rushed into the fort to save it from falling into the hands of the enemy, leaving their helpless ones in the greatest danger. The savages turned, with a terrible yell of triumph, to murder them, but, at that moment, Isaac Hayden appeared with his famous pack of hunting hounds—some accounts say that they numbered sixty! He spurred his horse, called to the hounds, and charged.

The Indians knew very well how to fight men, but they did not know how to meet the dogs, so the women and children got into the fort in safety."

"And did he?" demanded Teddy excitedly.

"Yes; his horse was shot and some of his dogs were killed, but he got in with a part of his noble pack. And he was not hurt, although five bullets had passed through his clothing."

"Teddy has a story which he wants to tell, I know," smiled Uncle Jack.

SMALLEST NAVAL BATTLE IN HISTORY.

"It was while the Creek Indians were on the warpath that the smallest naval battle in history was fought. Samuel Dale was at Fort Madison, and went out to gather corn with a small force of men. They crossed the Alabama, Jerry Austill, with six others, bringing along two canoes which they found on the shore. Soon they got into a camp of Indians and the fight began. Oh, before that a little, all of the men had crossed the river but about a dozen, and one of the canoes was on the other side. Suddenly a large canoe, containing a dozen painted warriors, swept around the bend—something must be done quickly! Dale and two other men leaped into the canoe, which was managed by a negro, pushed out from the bank, and a miniature naval battle began against heavy odds."

"I read that!" ejaculated Ray. "If the odds were against them the Indians were killed, one by one, until only Tarchachee remained. He had trapped and hunted with Dale, and knew him well, and he shouted: 'Big Sam, I am one man, and you are another—now for it!' Dale wanted to spare him, but it was either one life or another and—Dale lived! The men then cleared the big canoe and rescued the party on shore. Weatherford commanded the Indians there, and after the war was all over he sent to ask Dale to be his 'best man' when he was married, and Dale went."

"The torture of the Mexicans was as much to be feared as that of the Indians," declared Teddy. "It was a Mexican captain who ordered

Colonel Bowie, a sick man, to be thrown upon the pile of dead soldiers at the Alamo, where Crockett was killed. Then the pile of bodies, saturated with camphene, was set on fire, and he was burned alive!"

"Some of our bravest and best frontiersmen have married Indian women," added Will. "Kit Carson's first wife was a Comanche girl, who died, leaving one child, a girl, who married and lived in Colorado for some years, she may be there now for all I know."

"Isn't there time for us to tell a story or two, Uncle Jack?" asked Roy eagerly. "I feel just like hearing Indian tales to-night."

"Yes, you have time, for the Seminole troubles begin our next lesson, and the subject requires more time than we can give it to-night. I suppose you are ready to begin with the first story," smiled Uncle Jack.

HOW A WOMAN DEFENDED HER HOME.

"I should tell the story of Mrs. Merrill of Virginia, and how she defended her home. Her husband was wounded as he stepped to the door to see what the dog was barking at, and Mrs. Merrill, aided by her daughter, closed the door as he fell back. The Indians began to hew the door with their hatchets, but she drove them away, then they clambered upon the roof to slide down the wide chimney, but they slid too fast and too soon."

"How was that?" asked Ray.

"Why, Mrs. Merrill told her little son to rip the bed open and throw the feathers upon the coals, so the two Indians were nearly smothered and fell into the fireplace. When the party got back to their own village a prisoner heard one of them tell the story. When asked what the news was, he answered, 'Bad news! The squaws fight worse than the Long-knives.'"

"I read that story, and another one of them said, 'They fight with feathers! Ugh, no good, much choke,'" laughed Ernest.

"I'll tell you something that happened in the summer of 1806, near Natchez. One morning a settler was surprised and a little alarmed to see a strangely painted Indian enter a lane behind his house. He was

accompanied by two other Indians, with sober serious faces, and he carried a gun in one hand and a bottle in the other, while his body was bright red. To the amazement of the settler he soon saw other Indians at the other end of the lane, among whom was one painted in the same manner, but he was unarmed," said Hadley.

"What were they doing?" asked Ray.

"They advanced to within twelve feet of each other, when the unarmed Indian bade his friends good-bye and, stepping in front of the other, bared his breast, and silently waited. The other, first drinking from the bottle which he held, raised his gun and shot him dead! Then he loaded the gun as quickly as he could, handed it to the son of the man whom he had just killed, stood before him and was shot in his turn."

"A duel—but what a queer one!" exclaimed Will.

"Yes, a duel. It seems that the two Indians had had a quarrel in which the one with the gun had bitten the finger of the other badly. He declared that he was 'spoiled' and they must both die! Then they agreed on the programme which was carried out."

CHAPTER XV.

FROM 1815 TO 1868.

"Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low!
Remember the wood where in ambush he lay,
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away!"

"SAY, fellows, you want to attend strictly to business to-night. John and Jim are going out again to spear salmon, and if we are ready we can go with them,—for Jim said so!" cried Ernest hurriedly, taking his books from the shelf.

"Well, begin at once then," said Uncle Jack briskly. "What happened in 1817, Will?"

"The Seminole Indians, in the Spanish province of Florida, with some of the Creeks, began a warfare along the Alabama and Georgia frontiers. General Jackson took the field against them. In 1818 an armed American vessel ran up the British flag, decoyed two prominent Creek chiefs on board, and Jackson ordered them hung. He invaded Florida soon after, and the matter was soon settled."

"I found this about the Cheyennes, who numbered 3250 in 1823," said Ernest. "They were a fine race, nearly all of the men being six feet tall. They had large quantities of horses, as wild ones roamed on their territory. The women were even beautiful when young. They lived by hunting and were a wandering tribe, but happy and contented. The emigrant trains began to cross their lands, and the government promised a sum of money for the right of way. The next news was from the agent sent to pay them, who reported that they were in a starving condition, with no buffalo to hunt, and confined to a limited space. Another agent who understood the situation said, 'This system of removing and congregating tribes on small parcels of land is legalized murder.' It was in 1857 that they asked for a new treaty, saying that they wanted peace and 'a place where they might be protected against

the encroachments of their white brothers until they had been taught to cultivate the soil and other arts of civilized life.' They wanted plows, and hoes, and to be taught their uses."

"I want to know more about the Seminole trouble. Tell us just how it was ended, Teddy."

"Well, General Jackson collected a force of about a thousand mounted Tennesseeans, invaded their country, and in a few weeks it was almost a desert. He confiscated or killed all of their cattle, burned their villages, and destroyed their corn-fields."

NAVAJO LOOM.

"Now I understand," Uncle Jack remarked significantly. "I suppose it was necessary to do that before the Indians would submit—they fought as long as they had any homes to fight for."

"Destruction is the result of war always," suggested Hadley.

"Very true, and the weaker must submit to the stronger. What war was begun in 1832, Ray?"

"The Black Hawk war. When the Sacs and Foxes were removed from their Wisconsin home, Black Hawk and some of his followers refused to go, and they were compelled by force in 1831. Not enough food was provided for them and they left their growing crops too late to start more. The next April Black Hawk, and some others, went to the

Winnebago territory to raise corn. This was considered a hostile act, and troops were sent to enforce obedience. Black Hawk sent messengers to bring them to his camp for council, but they were detained, and the militia killed two of the five who went on the peaceful errand. Black Hawk, angry because his flag of truce had been fired upon, and elated by his success when the troops fled, leaving their baggage and provisions behind them, was more resolved than ever, and the war went on. Finally troops attacked them, and men, women and children were killed—all who could not escape. Black Hawk said that they tried to surrender, but when they saw that no quarter was being given, they fought as long as they could."

BLACK HAWK A PRISONER.

"What happened then, Hadley?"

"General Atkinson drove the Indians beyond the Mississippi, and Black Hawk was taken prisoner, with some of his chiefs. They were treated well, and taken to some of the principal cities to convince them of the strength of the white man. They were greatly surprised at a balloon ascension. 'Ugh, air ship going to see the Great Spirit? The brave (the aeronaut) must be a Sac, he is so very brave and great,' said Black Hawk in astonishment."

"Then another chief said: 'If he is a Sac he'll get none of his brothers to follow his trail; none of them will ever see the smoke of his wigwam.' And, when the balloon was almost out of sight, Powahoe said: 'I think he can see the country of England,'" added Teddy.

"Was it the Sacs and Foxes alone who made this war, Ray?"

"Oh no, the Winnebagoes, the Menomonees, and the Pottawattomies, —who inhabited the region now known as Wisconsin—were engaged in it with them. Black Hawk was a little astonished when he saw how many white folks there were in America, and he didn't begin to see them either."

"What caused all the trouble, Will?"

"There were quarrels between Sac and Sioux chiefs and the whites

in this, but he witnessed the scene in silence, then he made such an eloquent speech against the practice that the Indians with him vowed never to torture another prisoner. He was about twenty years old when his brother was killed, and he took command of his people."

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"He did some good when he declared that he had been up in the clouds; that the first place that he reached was the home of the devil; and that all drunkards had to go there and endure everlasting thirst, with flames always coming from their mouths! Many of his people believed him, were frightened, and would drink no more 'fire-water'" laughed Ernest.

"He was the one who made this speech: 'Red men of the woods! Hear what the Great Spirit says to His children who have forsaken Him. There was a time when our fathers owned this land. Their lands extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit made it for their use; He made the buffalo and the deer for their food; the beaver and the bear, too, He made, and their skins served us for clothing. He sent rain upon the earth and it produced corn. All this He did for His red children, because He loved them. But an evil day came upon us. . . The white man crossed the Great Water; their numbers were small; they found friends, not enemies. . . We took pity on them, and they sat down amongst us. Their numbers increased; they wanted more land; they wanted our country!' And the worst of that speech was that it was truth!" cried Teddy.

"He didn't like it because the Indian graveyards had been molested so, for he said, 'Red men of the woods! Have ye not heard at evening,

and in the silent night, those mournful sounds that steal through the deep valleys and along the mountain sides? These are the wailings of

BLACK HAWK—CHIEF OF THE SAC NATION.

those spirits whose bones have been turned up by the plough of the white man, and left to the mercy of the wind and rain. They call upon you to avenge them!' " Will added.

"When Red Jacket took sides with a missionary against the Prophet at one time there was a conference among the Indians for nearly two hours. When it ended the oldest man there arose, and said gravely, 'For the future we will worship the God of the Christians!' Then the Prophet was so angry that 'he started from the ground, seized his tomahawk and, denouncing the vengeance of the Great Spirit upon the whole assembly, he darted out and disappeared in the deep forest,'" continued Ernest.

"Can you name any of the chiefs who were with Tecumseh, Teddy?"

"Black Hawk, who afterwards led in the Black Hawk war; and Blue Jacket, who was leader of a large band of the fiercest warriors. At one time he laid a plan to assassinate General Harrison, but Beaver, a Delaware to whom Harrison had been like a father ever since his own father was killed in battle, put Blue Jacket out of the way before the scheme could be carried out."

GENERAL HARRISON.

"What can you tell us of the campaign conducted by General William H. Harrison, the man who was sent against Tecumseh, Hadley?"

"He took with him a body of Kentucky and Indiana militia, and one regiment of regular troops. On the sixth of November he reached the junction of the Wabash and Tippecanoe rivers, near the town of the Prophet. The wily Prophet sent several of the principal chiefs to meet him, with humble offers of submission, but Harrison was up to his tricks, and knew that he was only trying to gain a little time, as indeed he was! So the general had his men bivouac on their arms that night, and sure enough, the Indians did attack him, about four o'clock in the morning. They were surprised at the reception which they received, and retreated after a sharp fight.

"Was Tecumseh there, Ray?"

"No, he wasn't there. General Harrison followed up his victory by destroying the Prophet's town and building some forts in the vicinity

for the protection of the country. Then the battle of Tippecanoe insured quiet for a little while."

"In the war of 1812 the Indians fought with the English, and by the surrender of Detroit the whole northwestern frontier was exposed to the British and their Indian allies. Great Britain, unmindful of the shame she had incurred by the employment of savages during the Revolution, did not hesitate to do the same thing again," Will added.

"The battle of Tippecanoe did not put much of a stop to the warfare," said Uncle Jack positively. "Tecumseh had visited the Creeks and had incited them to war also. The Lower Creeks took up arms against their brethren, and the Choctaws and Cherokees joined the Americans, too. These Creeks have never been equalled in bravery and valor; in all the battles of that nation not one has ever begged for quarter. General Sam Houston repeatedly declared that the difficulties with the Indians were due to the government alone, and that the Indian had never been the aggressor but always the party injured. Now tell us what you know about the Creek war, Will."

INDIANS BADLY DEFEATED.

"In August, 1813, the Creeks attacked Fort Mimms, killing the three or four hundred settlers who had taken refuge there. The Indians were defeated at the battles of Tallasehatche and Talladega, then one of their towns was attacked November 29, and over two hundred of their warriors were killed, but still their spirit was not broken."

"There are different accounts of how many escaped from Fort Mimms, but this is one story. A boy sixteen years old was the only one who got away. He jumped from the top of the fortification and got quite a ways before he was discovered. Two Indians started to catch him but he outwitted them, and crawled into a hollow log where he remained until it was safe for him to venture out," said Roy.

"What ended the war, Ray?"

"General Jackson attacked their entrenched camp at Horseshoe Bend, in March, 1814, killing six hundred warriors and taking two

hundred and fifty women and children. This blow caused them to be very willing to make peace, but they had to give up more than two-thirds of their hunting grounds to 'pay expenses!'"

"What can you tell us of William Weatherford, Ernest?"

"Weatherford and Red Eagle were one and the same man, and General Jackson once said of him: 'He is fit to command armies.' Although a half-breed, he was brought up as a real Indian, and was a hereditary chief of the highest rank."

"How was that?"

"The Creek traditions tell that the Muscogees fought with the Aztecs against Cortez, and came north when Mexico was conquered. The Creek nation is a confederacy of several tribes, and the Muscogees were the first. They had their own laws and were semi-civilized when the white men came. Some families ranked higher than others, and Red Eagle's mother was a princess of the ruling family, that of the Wind, the very highest in the confederation. Red Eagle could speak English, French and Spanish, as well as his own language, although he could neither read nor write."

SURRENDERED TO SAVE HIS PEOPLE.

"How did he happen to become General Jackson's prisoner, Hadley?"

"At the end of the war, when the Indians concentrated, their warriors were surrounded and beaten so badly, they did not ask quarter, but fled and hid—those who could get away. Jackson sent word to them that Weatherford must be given up, unconditionally, before he would make any terms with them. The people would not do this if they died with him, but the chief immediately mounted his horse, the same one with which he had made the desperate, daring leap at Holy Ground, and rode straight into Jackson's camp."

"And that's how he became a prisoner," cried Teddy. "He was not taken, he surrendered to save the remnant of his people!"

"What about the leap at Holy Ground, Ray?"

"Red Eagle was upon a bluff, eleven feet or more above the river, and surrounded by his enemies. There was but one chance of escape, and that was a desperate one. But he was used to taking such chances, so he spurred his horse over the bluff into the river. Some writers say

ANDREW JACKSON—"OLD HICKORY."

that the leap was fully fifty feet, but I guess they don't know. Red Eagle himself is said to have set it at ten or fifteen feet. Both horse and rider disappeared under the water. When they came to the surface the chief slid from the saddle, clutching the horse's mane in one hand

and holding his rifle in the other, while the gallant animal swam to the shore."

"I guess General Jackson was surprised to see him when he rode into camp so coolly," laughed Roy. "The daring chief's salutation was: 'General Jackson, I am not afraid of you. You can kill me if you desire. I come to beg of you to send for the women and children who are now starving. Send for them, they never did you any harm; but kill me if the white people want it done.'"

"Did they kill him?"

"No," answered Will. "The soldiers shouted for his death, but General Jackson said anyone who would kill so brave a man as that, would rob the dead! Then he told the chief that if he wished to continue the war, he should go away unharmed; but if he wanted peace, he should be protected."

AFTERWARD BECAME A PLANTER.

"Where did he go then, Ernest?"

"When the treaty of peace was made he went with Jackson to his home in Tennessee, where he remained a year; then he returned to Alabama and became a planter. He owned a fine farm there. His influence was very great, and always given on the side of right and order. When he died he left a large family, all of whom intermarried with the whites until hardly a trace of their Indian blood remained."

"Story!" shouted Hadley. "When Weatherford stormed Fort Mimms, the strongest fort in the southwest, he sent terror to the ones which were smaller and weaker. At one of these the men, women and children were outside of the fort when the attack was made. In the panic the men rushed into the fort to save it from falling into the hands of the enemy, leaving their helpless ones in the greatest danger. The savages turned, with a terrible yell of triumph, to murder them, but, at that moment, Isaac Hayden appeared with his famous pack of hunting hounds—some accounts say that they numbered sixty! He spurred his horse, called to the hounds, and charged.

The Indians knew very well how to fight men, but they did not know how to meet the dogs, so the women and children got into the fort in safety."

"And did he?" demanded Teddy excitedly.

"Yes; his horse was shot and some of his dogs were killed, but he got in with a part of his noble pack. And he was not hurt, although five bullets had passed through his clothing."

"Teddy has a story which he wants to tell, I know," smiled Uncle Jack.

SMALLEST NAVAL BATTLE IN HISTORY.

"It was while the Creek Indians were on the warpath that the smallest naval battle in history was fought. Samuel Dale was at Fort Madison, and went out to gather corn with a small force of men. They crossed the Alabama, Jerry Austill, with six others, bringing along two canoes which they found on the shore. Soon they got into a camp of Indians and the fight began. Oh, before that a little, all of the men had crossed the river but about a dozen, and one of the canoes was on the other side. Suddenly a large canoe, containing a dozen painted warriors, swept around the bend—something must be done quickly! Dale and two other men leaped into the canoe, which was managed by a negro, pushed out from the bank, and a miniature naval battle began against heavy odds."

"I read that!" ejaculated Ray. "If the odds were against them the Indians were killed, one by one, until only Tarchachee remained. He had trapped and hunted with Dale, and knew him well, and he shouted: 'Big Sam, I am one man, and you are another—now for it!' Dale wanted to spare him, but it was either one life or another and—Dale lived! The men then cleared the big canoe and rescued the party on shore. Weatherford commanded the Indians there, and after the war was all over he sent to ask Dale to be his 'best man' when he was married, and Dale went."

"The torture of the Mexicans was as much to be feared as that of the Indians," declared Teddy. "It was a Mexican captain who ordered

Colonel Bowie, a sick man, to be thrown upon the pile of dead soldiers at the Alamo, where Crockett was killed. Then the pile of bodies, saturated with camphene, was set on fire, and he was burned alive!"

"Some of our bravest and best frontiersmen have married Indian women," added Will. "Kit Carson's first wife was a Comanche girl, who died, leaving one child, a girl, who married and lived in Colorado for some years, she may be there now for all I know."

"Isn't there time for us to tell a story or two, Uncle Jack?" asked Roy eagerly. "I feel just like hearing Indian tales to-night."

"Yes, you have time, for the Seminole troubles begin our next lesson, and the subject requires more time than we can give it to-night. I suppose you are ready to begin with the first story," smiled Uncle Jack.

HOW A WOMAN DEFENDED HER HOME.

"I should tell the story of Mrs. Merrill of Virginia, and how she defended her home. Her husband was wounded as he stepped to the door to see what the dog was barking at, and Mrs. Merrill, aided by her daughter, closed the door as he fell back. The Indians began to hew the door with their hatchets, but she drove them away, then they clambered upon the roof to slide down the wide chimney, but they slid too fast and too soon."

"How was that?" asked Ray.

"Why, Mrs. Merrill told her little son to rip the bed open and throw the feathers upon the coals, so the two Indians were nearly smothered and fell into the fireplace. When the party got back to their own village a prisoner heard one of them tell the story. When asked what the news was, he answered, 'Bad news! The squaws fight worse than the Long-knives.'"

"I read that story, and another one of them said, 'They fight with feathers! Ugh, no good, much choke,'" laughed Ernest.

"I'll tell you something that happened in the summer of 1806, near Natchez. One morning a settler was surprised and a little alarmed to see a strangely painted Indian enter a lane behind his house. He was

accompanied by two other Indians, with sober serious faces, and he carried a gun in one hand and a bottle in the other, while his body was bright red. To the amazement of the settler he soon saw other Indians at the other end of the lane, among whom was one painted in the same manner, but he was unarmed," said Hadley.

"What were they doing?" asked Ray.

"They advanced to within twelve feet of each other, when the unarmed Indian bade his friends good-bye and, stepping in front of the other, bared his breast, and silently waited. The other, first drinking from the bottle which he held, raised his gun and shot him dead! Then he loaded the gun as quickly as he could, handed it to the son of the man whom he had just killed, stood before him and was shot in his turn."

"A duel—but what a queer one!" exclaimed Will.

"Yes, a duel. It seems that the two Indians had had a quarrel in which the one with the gun had bitten the finger of the other badly. He declared that he was 'spoiled' and they must both die! Then they agreed on the programme which was carried out."

CHAPTER XV.

FROM 1815 TO 1868.

"Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low!
Remember the wood where in ambush he lay,
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away!"

"SAY, fellows, you want to attend strictly to business to-night. John and Jim are going out again to spear salmon, and if we are ready we can go with them,—for Jim said so!" cried Ernest hurriedly, taking his books from the shelf.

"Well, begin at once then," said Uncle Jack briskly. "What happened in 1817, Will?"

"The Seminole Indians, in the Spanish province of Florida, with some of the Creeks, began a warfare along the Alabama and Georgia frontiers. General Jackson took the field against them. In 1818 an armed American vessel ran up the British flag, decoyed two prominent Creek chiefs on board, and Jackson ordered them hung. He invaded Florida soon after, and the matter was soon settled."

"I found this about the Cheyennes, who numbered 3250 in 1823," said Ernest. "They were a fine race, nearly all of the men being six feet tall. They had large quantities of horses, as wild ones roamed on their territory. The women were even beautiful when young. They lived by hunting and were a wandering tribe, but happy and contented. The emigrant trains began to cross their lands, and the government promised a sum of money for the right of way. The next news was from the agent sent to pay them, who reported that they were in a starving condition, with no buffalo to hunt, and confined to a limited space. Another agent who understood the situation said, 'This system of removing and congregating tribes on small parcels of land is legalized murder.' It was in 1857 that they asked for a new treaty, saying that they wanted peace and 'a place where they might be protected against

the encroachments of their white brothers until they had been taught to cultivate the soil and other arts of civilized life.' They wanted plows, and hoes, and to be taught their uses."

"I want to know more about the Seminole trouble. Tell us just how it was ended, Teddy."

"Well, General Jackson collected a force of about a thousand mounted Tennesseeans, invaded their country, and in a few weeks it was almost a desert. He confiscated or killed all of their cattle, burned their villages, and destroyed their corn-fields."

NAVAJO LOOM.

"Now I understand," Uncle Jack remarked significantly. "I suppose it was necessary to do that before the Indians would submit—they fought as long as they had any homes to fight for."

"Destruction is the result of war always," suggested Hadley.

"Very true, and the weaker must submit to the stronger. What war was begun in 1832, Ray?"

"The Black Hawk war. When the Sacs and Foxes were removed from their Wisconsin home, Black Hawk and some of his followers refused to go, and they were compelled by force in 1831. Not enough food was provided for them and they left their growing crops too late to start more. The next April Black Hawk, and some others, went to the

Winnebago territory to raise corn. This was considered a hostile act, and troops were sent to enforce obedience. Black Hawk sent messengers to bring them to his camp for council, but they were detained, and the militia killed two of the five who went on the peaceful errand. Black Hawk, angry because his flag of truce had been fired upon, and elated by his success when the troops fled, leaving their baggage and provisions behind them, was more resolved than ever, and the war went on. Finally troops attacked them, and men, women and children were killed—all who could not escape. Black Hawk said that they tried to surrender, but when they saw that no quarter was being given, they fought as long as they could."

BLACK HAWK A PRISONER.

"What happened then, Hadley?"

"General Atkinson drove the Indians beyond the Mississippi, and Black Hawk was taken prisoner, with some of his chiefs. They were treated well, and taken to some of the principal cities to convince them of the strength of the white man. They were greatly surprised at a balloon ascension. 'Ugh, air ship going to see the Great Spirit? The brave (the aeronaut) must be a Sac, he is so very brave and great,' said Black Hawk in astonishment."

"Then another chief said: 'If he is a Sac he'll get none of his brothers to follow his trail; none of them will ever see the smoke of his wigwam.' And, when the balloon was almost out of sight, Powahoe said: 'I think he can see the country of England,'" added Teddy.

"Was it the Sacs and Foxes alone who made this war, Ray?"

"Oh no, the Winnebagoes, the Menomonees, and the Pottawattomies, —who inhabited the region now known as Wisconsin—were engaged in it with them. Black Hawk was a little astonished when he saw how many white folks there were in America, and he didn't begin to see them either."

"What caused all the trouble, Will?"

"There were quarrels between Sac and Sioux chiefs and the whites

in 1827, because white men interfered with the feuds and murders between the Sioux and the Chippewas. You know we never can get a true Indian history because they had so much trouble among themselves that we knew nothing about. The Sioux chief, Red Bird, and Black Hawk had been brought to trial in United States courts. Red Bird died in jail but there was not evidence enough against Black Hawk, so he was set free."

"Well, in 1830, a part of Black Hawk's tribe was told to leave some lands which a Sac chief, named Keokuk, had sold without the knowledge of Black Hawk, who was not only his rival but really the leader of the tribe. They would not leave the lands and Keokuk tried to get the lands back. The band went on their annual hunt, and returned to find settlers in their homes, coolly helping themselves to their corn. The white men were bound to stay, and the red men wouldn't leave, so it didn't take long to make a fuss," continued Ray.

WHOLE BAND CUT TO PIECES.

"What was the result, Ernest?"

"Why, the militia were called out, there was a great hue and cry about another savage outbreak, and the Indians were driven from their homes. They were then pursued because they were so violent and quarrelsome, and the entire band was cut to pieces! No quarter was given except to women and children, and not always to them. It was just after this that Black Hawk, his two sons, the Prophet Neopope, and five principal warriors, were taken over the country to show them the strength of the white man."

"It was in 1837 that the Sacs and Sioux, always enemies, fought a desperate battle near the mouth of the Otter river. It was also in that year that a delegation from both of these tribes visited Washington, but there was one meeting, at least, that the Sacs would not attend because, as one of them naively owned, they could not bear to sit quietly beside the Sioux when they would so much rather scalp them!" laughed Teddy.

"What can you tell us of Black Hawk, Ray?"

"When he died he was buried on a hill, in sitting posture, in his full war dress. It is said that his brother, Wabokeshiek, was a prophet, had less intelligence than he, but greater decision and firmness, and his tribe trusted him."

"How was the body of a great chief buried, Hadley?"

"He was dressed in full war costume, painted as if he were about to start on the warpath; brilliant ribbons; glittering belts, in which were his tomahawk and scalping knife; earrings and nose jewels adorned him; a lance was in his hand; a pipe between his lips, and a filled bowl by his side, as he sat upright upon the grass. Then there were orations telling of his bravery and virtues, and his death song was chanted, accompanied by the low music of a softly beaten drum and the tinkling of little bells. Then the body was placed in a grave, still in a sitting posture, with plenty of choice food, covered from mortal sight, and the spirit dismissed to the happy hunting grounds beyond the setting sun. Sometimes his favorite dog and horse were killed on the mound, and further back, maybe, his favorite wife shared the same fate."

"Can you tell us anything about the last war dance of the Pottawattomies before they went to their new homes beyond the Missouri, Will?"

ARMED WITH TOMAHAWKS AND WAR CLUBS.

"It was in August, 1835, I think, and the tribe was in Chicago, to receive their last annuity from the government. Lots of white folks were there to see them. The Indian dancers were brilliantly painted and wore breech clouts; their hair was decorated with ribbons and feathers; they were armed with tomahawks and war clubs; and had a' tom-tom' band. I guess the people were glad when it was over, although there was no danger, of course."

"In 1835, the government decided that the Seminoles must go beyond the Mississippi, and they resisted. This war was unjust, because the rights of the Indian were disregarded entirely; and it was unwise,

because the territory was not wanted for settlement. What can you tell us of this war, Ray?"

OSCEOLA, CHIEF OF THE SEMINOLES.

"It began with As-se-se-ha-ho-lar, or Osceola, as leader. He was the son of a white trader and a Creek mother, slender in figure, manly in bear-

ing, and resolute in character. He hated the whites fiercely, and perhaps he had reason for doing so. It is said that his wife was seized because her mother was a slave, and that she was given the same fate, while he was put in irons for trying to help her. He was a brave and cautious leader, and had many good qualities, although he has also been called treacherous and deceitful. He would have to be pretty smart to beat some of his enemies at those things."

"Can you tell us any more, Ray?"

"General Jackson was sent to force the Indians to move to a new place, they were to be paid for the territory which they were occupying, given free transportation, and provisions for a year; but the Indians did not want to go, and it was almost impossible to hunt them from the dense swamps and forests. The decisive battle was fought at Lake Okeechobee, and a treaty was made with them in 1839."

TREACHERY OF THE WHITES.

"It was in May, 1836, that the Creeks joined them, and the war spread into Georgia," continued Ernest. "The Creeks were soon conquered and sent 'west of the Mississippi,' but the Seminoles went on with the war. As soon as they were defeated they fled to the swamps and everglades where it was difficult for the whites to follow," said Will.

"What more can you tell us about Osceola, Ernest?"

"He was taken prisoner by treachery in October, 1837. He came to the camp of General Jessup, under a flag of truce, to make negotiations, and was seized and bound, then taken to Fort Moultrie, where he died of fever,—so history tells us,—and a small monument marks his grave near the entrance to the fort. The reason given for this violation of a flag of truce was that the war would not stop until he was taken, so an international law was disregarded."

"If the Indians had taken a white man that way what a fuss there would have been!" ejaculated Teddy. "Everyone would have been telling what terrible savages they were."

"What was done with the Indians who surrendered, Teddy?"

"They were taken to Indian territory where, as usual, little preparation had been made to receive them. A few of them remained in the

CHIEF TOSH-A-WAH—COMANCHE TRIBE.

Everglades of Florida. These Seminoles are industrious, and rank next to the Creeks and Cherokees."

"Osceola was cruel, too. When Major Dade and his soldiers marched into his ambuscade this chief said:—'I am going to kill a man whom I

love.' And then he shot him dead. Perhaps that is only a story, though," suggested Ernest.

"There was one strange thing about that fight. When discovered the bodies of the soldiers had their pins, their watches, and their money untouched. Does that not prove that the Seminoles were just fighting for the purpose of defending their rights and their homes, Uncle Jack?" questioned Hadley.

"I think so, and that is the general opinion, I believe. What about the Oregon tribes, Teddy?"

"Governor Stevens concluded his report of them with these words: 'These hitherto neglected tribes, whose progress from wild wanderers of the plains to kind and hospitable neighbors is personally known to you, are entitled by every consideration of justice and humanity to the fatherly care of the government.'"

WHAT CAME OF AN OUTBREAK.

"Was this suggestion listened to, Ray?"

"No, and in 1855 there was an outbreak among them, and the settlers were more like insane men than rational human beings. An official report says of them: 'Every day they ran off the stock of the friendly Indians, whom I shall not be able to restrain much longer!'"

"They were not the only good ones," declared Will. "One hundred and seventy Delawares fought in the Union army in 1862. They were 'sober, watchful, and obedient to their superiors.' In 1893 only about eighty of these people remained, and they were associated with others on the Wichita Agency. They were reported as being peaceable and well-disposed, and actively engaged in farming."

"The Sioux used to boast that they had never taken the life of a white man, and Nicolet called them the finest type of wild men that he had ever seen, yet they went on the warpath in Minnesota in 1862—why?"

"Because the government did not keep its agreement with them, and they needed the money due them. Little Crow began a massacre of

the whites on both sides of the Minnesota River and, on the very day of the outbreak, the money due was sent to Fort Ridgeley. Six hundred people were killed, and two hundred taken as captives, before a stop could be put to it. The next year Little Crow went on the warpath again. Thirty warriors were executed in February, 1863. Little Crow was shot, and it is said that his skeleton is in the collection of the Minnesota Historical Society."

"My great-great uncle, Hiram Hall, lived in Minnesota then. He had always been kind to the Indians and they did not come to his house, although they came very near. After the scare was all over they found an arrow and a queer mark where two roads met not far from their mill, and not an Indian had come beyond that! Was that not a clear case of Indian gratitude?" said Hadley.

STATEMENT OF A SIOUX CHIEF.

"Here is what a Sioux chief said: 'When I was a young man, and I am not yet fifty, I traveled with my people through the land of the Sacs and Foxes, to that of the Winnebagoes, and saw no white men. Now see! The whites cover all our lands, also the lands of the Poncas, the Omahas and the Pawnees. The Cheyennes and the Arapahoes have no longer any hunting grounds. Our country has become very small and, before our children are grown up, we shall have no game.' But a few years have passed and his fear is realized," continued Ray.

"There is a story told of the removal of the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail bands which will bear repeating, although you might search in vain for an official report of it," said Teddy. "They had waited a long time to be sent back, as they had been promised, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs himself went to hold council with them. As soon as he arose to address them, Spotted Tail rushed towards him, holding the paper which contained the government's promise to return them to White Clay Creek, and exclaimed excitedly: 'All of the men who come from Washington are liars, and the bald-headed ones are worst of all! You have but one thing to do here, and that is to give the order for us to return

to White Clay Creek. Here are your written words; and if everything here is not on wheels inside of ten days I will order my young men to tear down and burn everything in this part of the country! I don't want to hear anything more from you, and I having nothing more to say to you.'"

"Was it done?"

"I guess it was! Spotted Tail had about four thousand armed warriors at his heels, and the order was given. The report of the Secretary of the Interior said coolly:—'The Indians were found to be quite determined to move westward, and the promise of the government was faithfully kept!' Would it have been if Spotted Tail had been a less powerful chief, or a less determined one?"

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF RED CLOUD.

"Can you tell us anything about Red Cloud, Hadley?"

"He was six feet and six inches tall. He was made chief for bravery, fought in eighty-seven battles, and was wounded several times. He was head chief when he was thirty years old, and declared war against all white men who invaded his country. He gained his point, too, and the road through that region was abandoned for the time. More than that the garrisons were taken away. Then Red Cloud was reverenced by all of the Indians as the greatest warrior in the whole world!"

"Tell us about the Sand Creek massacre of 1863-64, Will."

"Some of the lawless Indians attacked emigrant teams and it was a hard matter to find out the guilty ones. Many who were peaceable suffered for what the others did. The Governor of Colorado issued a proclamation to all the Indians of the plains, calling on the friendly ones to come to places which he designated and they should be protected. Several bands of Cheyennes and Arapahoes came to Fort Lyon, and were encamped near there. They were massacred—men, women and children—taken by surprise one morning and killed! Is it any wonder that the few who escaped made terrible vows of vengeance, and that a fearful war followed?"

"Was there any official report of this affair, Roy?"

"Yes, and it said:—'It will be long before faith in the honor of the whites will be re-established in the minds of these barbarians, and the last Indian who escaped from the brutal scenes of Sand Creek will probably have died before its effects will have disappeared.'"

ATTACK UPON A UNITED STATES MAIL COACH.

"Black Kettle was there and escaped. I read that the United States flag, with a white flag under it, was flying over his tent at the time. Later he said to the men who came to make a treaty: 'I once thought that I was the only man who persevered to be the friend of the white man, but since they have come and cleaned out our lodges, horses, and nearly everything else, it is hard for me to believe white men any more. All of my friends, the Indians who are holding back, are afraid

to come in—are afraid that they will be betrayed as I have been. I am not afraid of the white man, but come and take you by the hand," added Ernest.

"What about Black Kettle's death, Teddy?"

"It was in 1868 that he and his band were killed by General Custer's command on the Wachita river. This chief had always been

CHEYENNE INDIANS INSPECTING FIRST TRAIN ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

friendly, and was known as such. Indian Agent Wynkoop said: 'I know that Black Kettle had proceeded to the point where he was killed, with the understanding that it was the locality where friendly Indians were to congregate. And the charge that he was in the Solomon and Saline depredations is utterly false, and I know it!' Superintendent Murphy of the Osage Agency declared: 'Black Kettle was one of the best and truest friends that the white man ever had among the Indians of the plains.'"

"Then 'some one has blundered,'" said Ray, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Here is a story which should come before we close this lesson," cried Roy. "It shows how narrow escapes people may have. Lieutenant Beall was pursued by Indians, and although he knew that it would be a hot chase, he was mounted upon a blooded mare of fine racing stock and felt confident that he could escape. As he dashed over the brow of a hill he saw one of his own men coming on foot to meet him. 'You are a husband and a father—mount—ride to camp and tell them to come out and give my body a decent burial.'"

"He didn't give up the horse and his chance of getting away!" exclaimed Teddy.

"That is just what he did do. The man dashed away on the mare, and the officer sat down to await his fate. Revolver in hand, he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. He was surprised when the yelling Indians passed without noticing him after the horse and rider. Perhaps they took him for a stump, as he sat perfectly still. He did not wait for them to come back. He took a circuit and reached the camp just as a body of men were setting out to observe his last request for a decent burial!"

"I guess he was glad to get to camp," said Will with a deep sigh.

"A good many folks were glad in those days, I reckon, and many more were sorry. I am glad I didn't have to take the chances," Ray admitted slowly.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM 1868 TO 1878.

"A few moments' fiercest fighting,
And the bloody deed was done;
Many patriots were dying,
But the victory was won."

"WE will begin with the Winnebagoes, and their removal from Minnesota at the time of the Sioux outbreak there. Hadley, go on," said Uncle Jack.

"They were a part of the Dacotah family, or Sioux, and were more for peace than for war, when their brethren went on the warpath. The Sioux called them 'O-ton kah,' which means 'the large, strong people.' In 1822 Dr. Jedikiah Morse said: 'They are industrious, frugal, and temperate, and raise corn, potatoes, pumpkins, squashes, and beans. They number five hundred and eighty souls.' After being moved two or three times they made a new treaty in 1855, by which they were to have a tract of land on the Blue Earth river, for their 'permanent home.' In 1860 the commissioner said: 'The Winnebagoes continue steadily on the march of improvement, and some individuals have raised as high as sixty acres of wheat on a single farm. Wigwams are as scarce as houses were, and the schools are in a flourishing condition."

"Did they take part in the Minnesota outbreak, Ernest?"

"No, they refused to, so they were in danger from those who did. The annual report for 1862 tells all about it. It says: 'While it may be true that a few of them were engaged in the atrocities of their brother Sioux, the tribe as a tribe is no more justly responsible for their acts than our government would be for pirates who happened to be born within our territory. Notwithstanding this, the people of Minnesota demand that the Winnebagoes, as well as the Sioux, be removed from the State. The Winnebagoes are unwilling to go, yet the people are so excited that not one of them can leave their reservation for danger of being shot. The

game on the reservation is exhausted, their arms have been taken from them, and they are starving.' "

"Did they have to go, Teddy?"

"They were forced to leave their 'permanent' homes in February, 1863, and 'move on,' not because of any crime of theirs, but because the white man said they must go, and other Indians were causing trouble! The commissioner's report said of it: 'The case of the Winnebagoes is one of peculiar hardship. * * * This tribe was in no way responsible for the outbreak. * * * Their misfortunes and good conduct merit our pity.' "

WINNEBAGO CHIEF—MINNESOTA INDIANS.

"Pity wouldn't help them any!" cried Ray indignantly.

"What became of them, Hadley?"

"In 1865 some of the Omaha reservation was purchased for another 'permanent home' for them. In 1870 they had three schools, and four hundred acres under cultivation. They have well built cottages; they own their horses, wagons, tools and furniture; many have large farms, many are wholly self-supporting. 'The issue of rations has been stopped, except to the Wisconsin branch and to the sick.' "

"I think that we have the whole situation in this removal of these

Winnebagoes. They were forced to bear the punishment which they did not deserve, because the Indian race is classed as a whole, just as they judge all of the whites from the few who have cheated and wronged them," Uncle Jack remarked thoughtfully. "There are good and bad classes and races, and——"

"And because the good ones keep still and mind their own business we do not hear anything about them, while the bad ones make the trouble and the good ones have to suffer the penalty with them," Teddy interrupted impulsively.

"That is just about it, my boy. Now, Ray, you may go and read that extract from the letter written by Lieutenant Whitman in 1871, the one which I called your attention to to-day."

MEANT TO KILL ALL THE INDIANS.

"'I learned that a large party had left Tuscon for the avowed purpose of killing all of the Indians at this post, and immediately sent out to have them come inside. * * * My messengers returned with the intelligence that they could find no living Indians, and there were no wounded. * * * I did what I could when they began to come in that evening, so changed as to be hardly recognized, for in forty-eight hours they had neither ate nor slept, * * * One man said: I no longer wish to live.'"

"That was another instance of the innocent suffering for the guilty. In all the long, dark history of Indian troubles the red man has not always been in fault, nor is he the only one who can be cruel, treacherous and deceitful. White men practiced the very things which they condemn the Indian for in intercourse with him. The pity of it is that so many innocent ones, on both sides, must suffer for the crimes committed by the lawless ones. What occurred in 1873, Hadley?"

"A troublesome war began with the Modocs on the Pacific coast. These Indians had been removed by the government from their homes in California to reservations in Oregon. They said that they could never get a living in this new home, got dissatisfied, and began their usual

way of redressing their wrongs by depredations on innocent settlers. Troops were sent against them, but they retreated to the lava beds and defied them for some months. That this tribe was once great and powerful is clearly proven by the remains of their villages."

"These Modocs have always been unconquerable and treacherous,

THE LAVA BEDS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

and at war with their own race when not at war with the white man," added Ray.

"A part of the tribe were already living in Oregon, but Captain Jack's band didn't want to go there. The Klamaths lived on that reservation, also, and there was a bitter feeling between them and the Modocs—that's why they didn't want to stay there," declared Will.

"Mr. A. B. Meacham, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon,

suggested that they should be given a separate reservation, but it was not done," Roy added.

"When did actual hostilities begin, Ernest?"

"The first fight was November 29, 1872, when the Indians fought and ran away. Then General Wheaton had a severe battle with them in January, 1873. Some of the Klamath Indians took active part against them.

"But the soldiers couldn't drive them out of the lava beds, where they maintained a successful resistance for several months. The government re-inforced the troops which had been sent against them, and General Canby was appointed to the command. At the same time a commission was appointed to try to settle the quarrel with the Indians peaceably. They held several con erences with Captain Jack, the head chief of the Modocs, and the other Indian leaders, but they could accomplish nothing. At last the commissioners and General Canby agreed to meet them a short distance in advance of the line of troops, unarmed, and without an escort," said Ray.

A SUDDEN ATTACK.

"That was a foolish thing to do,—didn't they know it?" cried Teddy in astonishment.

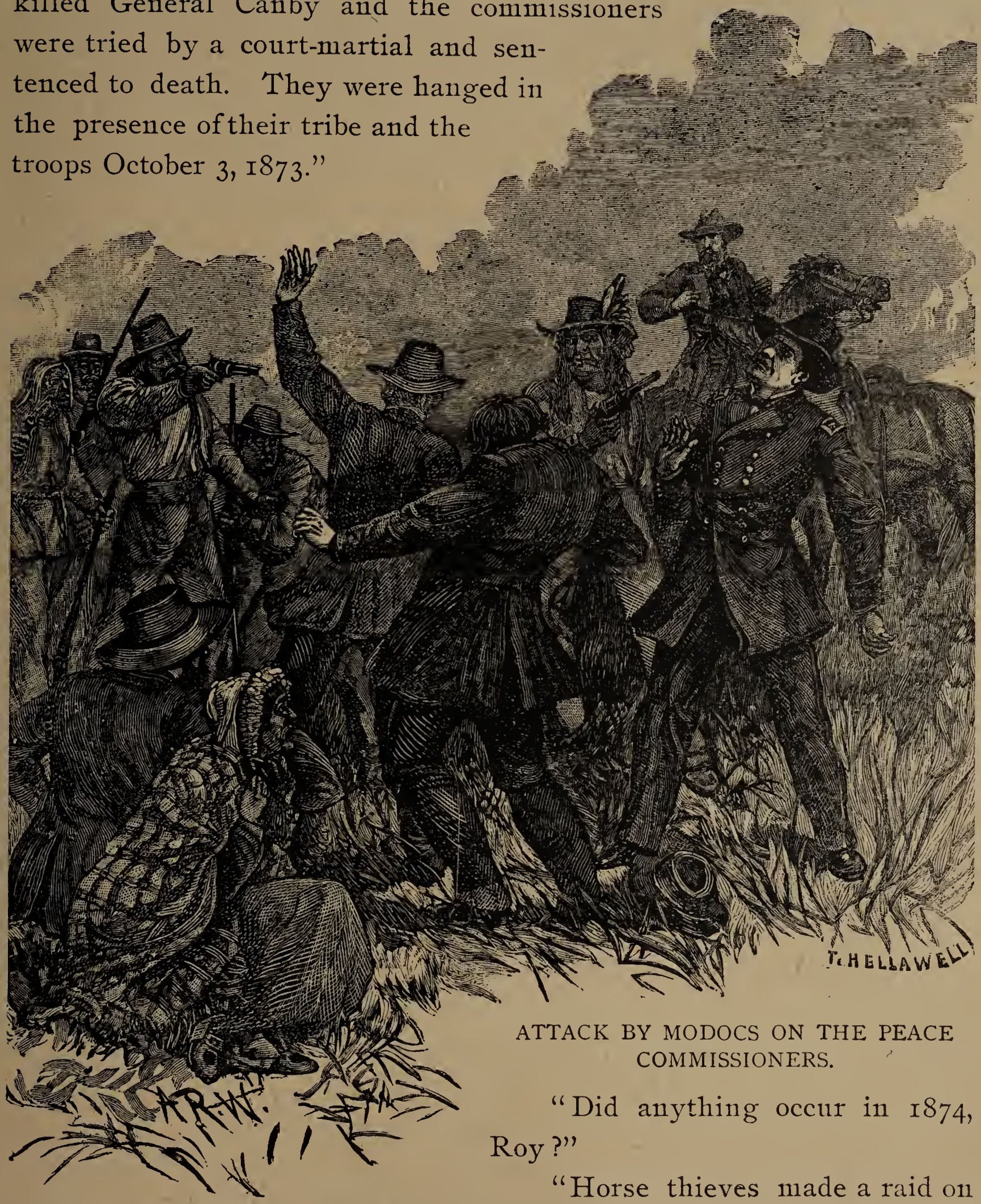
"They soon found it out. While the conference was in progress the Indians suddenly attacked them, and killed all but one. He managed to escape but he was severely wounded, and General Canby was shot."

"What did the Indians do then, Hadley?"

"They fled to their strongholds amid the rocks. The troops, incensed at the murder of their commander, closed in upon them from all sides, and shut them into the lava beds. But they hadn't got them, for they had a position which a handful of men could hold against an army as long as their provision and ammunition held out."

"But the United States soldiers can do almost anything and they were finally killed and captured. Captain Jack and the others who

killed General Canby and the commissioners were tried by a court-martial and sentenced to death. They were hanged in the presence of their tribe and the troops October 3, 1873."



ATTACK BY MODOCS ON THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

"Did anything occur in 1874, Roy?"

"Horse thieves made a raid on an Indian reservation and stole some ponies, and they were offered for sale in Dodge City. Little Robe's son, and a few braves, went to try and re-take them. They were not successful, so they stole the first stock

that they saw on their return. The owners pursued them and Little Robe's son was seriously wounded. This brought on a war, and the Cheyennes, the Kiowas, the Osages, and the Comanches were on the warpath for several months. After they surrendered it was decided to send thirty-three of the head ones to St. Augustine as prisoners, but, before a choice could be made, the braves stampeded and escaped with the loss of three of their number."

"Can you tell us anything about the Sioux, Ernest?"

ENTERPRISE OF THE SIOUX.

"In 1873 the government sent them oxen, wagons and ploughs to stock thirty farms. In 1874 they had broken up one hundred and seventy acres of new prairie land, and built twenty new houses. Besides this they cut and hauled two hundred cords of wood forty miles to market—hauled freight with their teams—caught furs to the value of thirty-five hundred dollars—and one Indian held a mail contract, for which he received a thousand dollars a year."

"Sitting Bull was one of these Indians, what can you say of him, Ernest?"

"He was daring and crafty, and had been against the whites all of his life. He had natural ability and energy, but was unprincipled and treacherous. Perhaps environment helped to make him what he was—it does that with all of us—but he was what white folks call 'a bad Indian.'"

"He was a chief by inheritance and by his deeds. His father was Jumping Bull, also a chief. Two of his uncles were chiefs—Hunting-his-lodge and Four-horns. He not only made war on the whites, but on those of his own race who would not listen to his teachings. When the whites invaded the Black Hills, he said to the commissioners: 'Tell them at Washington if they have one man who can speak the truth, to send him to me and I will listen to what he has to say,'" Teddy added.

"What about the Black Hills, Hadley?"

"They were on the Sioux reservation, I think, and when gold was discovered there, the Indians refused to sell the land. The result was

a war, and the soldiers were called out to 'drive' them back. The terrible tragedy of the Little Big Horn followed."

CHIEF KICKING BIRD, KIOWA TRIBE.

"Why were the white men so particular about having the land? Why should they 'drive' the Indians from what was theirs rightfully? Can you tell us, Ray?"

"Why-e-e, I suppose they wanted the gold, and they thought that there was a great deal more there than there really was. The Indians wouldn't go peaceably, and so they made 'em."

"What is your opinion, Will?"

"When gold was discovered in the Black Hills, many miners immediately went there, each one trying hard to get a claim first. The government tried to take measures which would prevent them from going upon the Indian reservation, but the officials were too slow—perhaps they wanted to be! Private expeditions were fitted out, some were driven back or killed by the Indians, but others followed closely, and some of them reached and held portions of the gold lands."

RESTLESS ON THE RESERVATION.

"It was in 1875 that the government tried to buy this land, but the Indians wouldn't sell it, although it is not likely that they wanted to mine the gold themselves. The Sioux had never been willing to stay on their reservation, to which the treaty of 1867 confined them, and they thought that they now had a good excuse for war, for their territory was invaded by the white men," said Roy.

"What did the government do about it, Ernest?"

"Oh, the same old story. Early in 1876, it was resolved to send soldiers to drive them back out of the way, but the force sent was not large enough to accomplish the object in correct style. Still they succeeded in forcing Sitting Bull's band back to the Big Horn mountains, where they took a strong position."

"What next, Hadley?"

"The terrible battle of the Little Big Horn. Generals Reno and Custer went forward to see where the enemy were. They found the Indians encamped on the left bank of the Little Horn river, the village being as much as three miles long. Custer at once attacked the place, thinking that Reno would come up in time to support him."

"Those who have been to Standing Rock Agency among the Indians say that they were as much surprised as the whole country was at the

result of that fight—they didn't expect to win the day. They say, too, that Custer attacked the village without orders," interrupted Ray.

"Well, Reno was not able to advance, and Custer's little band was soon surrounded by thousands of the fiercest Sioux warriors. You all know the ending of that conflict, and how Custer and all of his men were killed," said Will.

"Where was General Reno, Roy?"

"He was at the other end of the town, and was having his hands more than full with his own affairs, so that he couldn't go to help Custer. He succeeded in retreating to the bluffs of the Little Horn, where he held a position until reinforcements

INDIANS SURPRISED AND DEFEATED.

came to him. This disaster was the worst of any which our soldiers ever had in a fight with the Indians, and was due to 'the criminal folly of sending a mere handful of troops to meet a strong body of the bravest Indian warriors on the continent.'"

"Right here I want to tell you fellows about a famous battle shirt belonging to White Eagle, and which was in Sitting Bull's possession for some time. White Eagle was a fierce Sioux warrior, and the shirt is now in a museum of North American Indian relics. It is made of heavy buckskin, trimmed with much embroidery of porcupine quills, gaily colored, and ornamented with about four hundred human scalps! There are all the colors and shades of hair, curling locks of children; long, silken tresses of women; the short hair of men grown gray in service and the hoary locks of age."

SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT A SHIRT.

"You don't pretend to tell us that even an Indian wore a shirt like that!" exclaimed Teddy.

"Yes, I do," asserted Ernest. "He never went into battle without it; he regarded it with a superstitious awe, and believed that his power against the palefaces depended on it. It failed him at last and was taken from his body as he lay on the battle field after his last fight. It changed hands several times and was finally sold to the museum."

"Were the Indians beaten, Hadley?"

"Yes, they were beaten, one band after another, until only those of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse remained. The latter were soon conquered and Sitting Bull fled to Canada with his followers."

"Ray, can you tell us what he said to the commissioners who went to Canada to treat with him?"

"Yes, he said:—'For years you have kept me and my people and you have treated us bad. What have we done that you should want us to stop? We have done nothing. We could not go anywhere else, and so we took refuge in this country. The part of the country which you gave me, you run me out of. This is a medicine house. You came

here to tell us lies, but we don't want to hear them. This is enough, so no more. I wish you to go back and to take it easy going back. * * * I have done.' That sounds as though there was a red man's side, as well as a white man's side to the question. And I suppose they both think that they have the right of it?"

"What can you tell us of the Nez Perces, Will?"

"Of all the tribes living in Oregon ninety years ago this tribe was the richest, the most gentle and noble. In 1851 the Oregon superintendent said: 'They have become distrustful of all the promises made by the United States Government, and believe the design is to defer doing anything for them until they shall have wasted away. The whites settle on the lands secured to the Indians by treaty, and I receive complaints from both sides almost daily.'"

TROOPS SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION.

"What have you to say of them, Roy?"

"It was in 1858 that the Nez Perces fought with the United States soldiers against hostile Indians, and one detachment of the troops was saved from destruction by them. The Flatheads and the D'Oreilles were also loyal. Captain Bonneville said of the Nez Perces and Flatheads: 'They are friendly in their disposition and honest to the most scrupulous degree in their intercourse with the white men.'"

"Can you tell us more about them, Ernest?"

"Chief Joseph said, when told to leave his valley home, 'I was made of its earth and grew up in its bosom. As my mother and nurse it is too sacred in my affection to be valued by, or sold for gold and silver. . . I ask nothing of the President. I am able to take care of myself, and disposed to live peaceably. I and my band have suffered wrong rather than do wrong ourselves.' And their agent said: 'Of all the Indians I have ever seen, they are by far the most intelligent, truthful, and truly religious. Their Chief Joseph is a man of courage, intelligence, and other qualities which rank him above the average man, red or white.'"

"When Colonel Wright made a treaty with them, and asked them what they wanted most, they replied, 'Peace, plows and schools.' Many

WHITE BIRD CANYON.

of them had large farms, and owned herds of cattle and horses," Teddy continued.

"Hadley, can you tell us in a few words what happened in 1877?"

"Joseph and White Bird flatly refused to move, and troops were sent gainst them, to compel them to do so. They found a camp near White

Bird canyon, and were forced to retreat. But it was of no use. Although the Indians claimed that they held the land by the treaty of 1855, they had to go. General Howard took the field in person, and, when one charge was made, they found that the Indians had abandoned the camp in hot haste. Their lodges were still standing, blankets and robes were there; and food was cooking by the fires."

"What happened next, Ray?"

"Joseph began his famous retreat, but many lives were lost before he started for Idaho. They were overtaken at Bear Paw Mountain where, after a hard battle, the Indians surrendered. General Sherman said of this time: 'All through the campaign the Indians displayed a courage and skill which elicited universal praise. They abstained from scalping, let captive women go free, did not murder as indiscriminately as usual, and fought with scientific skill.'"

SINGULAR INDIAN NAME.

"What was Joseph's Indian name, and what did it mean, Will?"

"It was In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat, and it meant Thunder-traveling-over-the-mountains. And he was chief of the Wallam-wat-kin band of the Nez Perces."

"What laws did he say that their forefathers gave them, Roy?"

"'They told us to treat all men as they treated us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that it was not right to take a man's property without paying for it. We are taught to believe that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit home according as he deserves it.'"

"Joseph reasoned it out about how the government got the Indian's lands in a cute way. He said: 'Suppose a white man should come to me and say, "Joseph, I like your horses, and want to buy them," and I didn't want to sell. Then he goes to my neighbor, and says to him, "Joseph has some good horses, and I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell," 'and my neighbor answers,' "Pay me the money, I will

sell you the horses." The white man comes to me and he says, "Joseph, I have bought your horses, and you must let me have them." What do you think of that? If we sold our lands to the government this is the way that they were bought," said Ernest.

"It was this Chief Joseph who said: 'I do not believe that the Great Spirit gave one kind of men the right to tell another kind what they must do,'" nodded Teddy.

"It was another of the Nez Perces, Too-hool-hool-suit who said: 'Who are you? Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world? Did you make the sun? Did you make the rivers to run for us to drink? Did you make the grass to grow? Did you make all these things, that you talk to us like boys? If you did then you have the right to talk as you do.' Then General Howard called him an 'impudent fellow,' and had him arrested!" Hadley added.

WAR MIGHT HAVE BEEN AVERTED.

"What did Too-hool-hool-suit do?

"He didn't do a thing," returned Ray. "He did not make any resistance but he said: 'Is that your order? I don't care. I have expressed my heart to you. I have nothing to take back. I have spoken for my country. You can arrest me, but you cannot change me, nor make me take back what I have said.'"

"Did Joseph have anything to say about the affair, Will?"

"He said: 'If General Howard had given me plenty of time to gather up my stock, and had treated Too-hool-hool-suit like a man, there would have been no war.'"

"What did he say of the promises which were made to him, Roy?"

"That was when it was all over with the Nez Perces, and he said: 'Words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country now overrun by the white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for all my horses and cattle. They will not give me back my children. They will not get my people a home where they can live in peace

and take care of themselves. I am tired of the talk which comes to nothing.' "

"What happened in 1878, Ernest?"

"About half of the northern Cheyennes refused to live with their southern brethren, and started for their old home in Dakota. They were

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

overtaken and imprisoned atFort Robinson for more than two months. When told that they were to be taken back to Indian Territory, they declared that they would rather die."

"What was done with them then, Teddy?"

"Fire and food were taken away from them for five days to make them submit!"

"Did they do it?"

"Not much! Dull Knife, their chief, gave the signal and they all —men, women, and children,—leaped through the windows of their prison house about eleven o'clock one night."

"And were shot down by the guards!" ejaculated Hadley in horror.

"About forty of them were, and the rest eluded their pursuers for nearly two weeks, then they were overtaken fifty miles from the place. They made a bold stand until their ammunition was gone, then—'they were easily disposed of!'"

"Seems as if 'somebody blundered' again," said Ray slowly. "A village of these Cheyennes were surprised in winter, and all of their provisions and robes burned. In the spring, Hump, their chief, gave his belt and gun to General Miles, when they surrendered, saying:—'I am no longer a chief or a warrior. I never went to war with the whites. The soldiers began chasing me about, for what cause I know not to this day. I dodged as long as I could, and hid my village away, but at last they found it, and I had to fight or perish.'"

WHAT STANDING BEAR SAID.

"What about the Poncas in 1876, Will?"

"The words of Standing Bear, one of their chiefs, tells the story better than I can. He said:—'We have lived on our land as long as we can remember, no one knows how long ago we came here. This land has been owned by our tribe as far back as the memory of man goes. We were living quietly on our farms. All of a sudden the white man came. We did not know what he came for. They told us the President said for us to pack up—that we must move to Indian territory.'"

"And most of them had to go," asserted Roy. "Standing Bear and his party settled on an island, a part of their reservation which had been overlooked when possession was taken of the rest. Later some of the others came back and joined them."

"The Poncas were once quite a tribe, but now live with the Omahas. What can you tell us about them, Ernest?"

"In her 'Century of Dishonor,' H. H. tells a representative story of the favors which this tribe have received from the whites. 'A party of Poncas, consisting of four men, six women, three boys, and two girls, returning from a visit to the Omahas, camped for the night about twelve miles from their own reservation. In the night a party of soldiers, from a military post, came to their camp. . . . The Indians, alarmed, pulled up their lodge and escaped to a copse of willows close by. The soldiers fired at them as they ran away, then cut the lodge covers in pieces, burned the saddles and blankets, cut open sacks of beans, corn, and dried pumpkin, and strewed their contents on the ground. Then they went away, taking with them a skin lodge covering, beaver skins, buffalo robes, blankets, guns, and all the smaller articles. The ponies were hidden safely in the willows."

AN INFAMOUS DEED.

"What did the Indians do when they were gone?"

"They returned, picked up what they could, packed their ponies, and started for home. After going a few miles they stopped and built a fire to parch some corn. . . . Here the soldiers came upon them again. As soon as the poor Indians saw them coming they fled, but they were not quick enough. There is no need to tell what happened; you can guess it. One of the boys ran to the river and dived through a hole in the ice. As often as he lifted his head they fired at him, but, after they went away, he crawled out and reached the agency. And the company and State of the soldiers who did this deed is given!"

"Was nothing said about it?"

"Oh, the outrage was reported, considerable correspondence was made about it, and the next year the commissioner's report contained this:—'Attention was called last year to the fact that the murderers of several of this loyal and friendly tribe had not been discovered or punished. I trust that, as there seems to be no probability that this will be done, a special appropriation may be made for presents to the relatives of the deceased!' There's cheek for you!"

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM 1878 TO 1903.

"I hate the pale-faces! I'll fight to the death
While the prairies are mine, and a warrior has breath!
By the bones of our fathers, whose ruin they wrought
When they first trod our land, and for sympathy sought;
By the souls of our slain, when our villages burned;
By all the black vices our people have learned;
No season of rest shall my enemies see,
Till the earth drinks my blood, or my people are free!"

"I BELIEVE our lesson begins with the year 1879. Did anything unusual occur in that year, Ernest?" asked Uncle Jack, when they were seated around him.

"There was trouble with the Utes. Until then that tribe had been noted for keeping peace with the whites, and had always been mentioned in the reports as being models of good behavior."

"What was the cause of the trouble, Teddy?"

"A treaty had been made with them in 1868, whereby a tract of land in Southern Colorado was 'solemnly set apart for their exclusive use.' Two agencies were established for them, and it was all right until immigrants and miners began to rush in and settle upon their lands."

"And then they were told to move on, I suppose!" ejaculated Ray.

"They sold the mining lands to the government in 1873. Folks got the idea that the government was supporting them, but what they did receive wouldn't amount to more than two and a third cents a day for each one. They couldn't live on that!" said Hadley.

"So it came to a massacre in 1879, when Agent Meeker, of the White River Agency, and all of his male assistants were killed," nodded Will.

"How did it end, Ray?"

"About the same as it did in all of the other little rebellions made by the Indians. No matter how badly they are used, it don't do a bit of good for them to say a word about it—to try to get justice from their white brothers. It is a case of the big dog licking the little one—and keeping him licked!"

"What of the Messiah craze in 1880, Ernest?"

"It was begun by a Columbia river Indian named Smohalla, who told the red men that the Messiah was coming to their relief; that they should have their lands restored to them; that all white men would be swept from the earth; and that their blood would wash out the wrongs of the Indian, who would come to his inheritance again! This new and welcome belief ran from tribe to tribe, and the ghost dance was begun. Sitting Bull saw his chance and tried to inflame the anger of the red people. He said that the Messiah, who would restore their lands, would also bring back the buffalo, and the wild hunting days of their forefathers."

"Didn't they know better than to believe him?" demanded Teddy scornfully. "They will never find the buffalo until they reach the happy hunting ground, and find his shadow."

"This Smohalla also told them that neither the skill of the white man, nor his deadly weapons, would have any effect on them in the war which was coming. His words were hailed with joy, and swift runners carried the glad tidings to the distant tribes. They reached the Arapahoes, the Shoshones, the Sioux tribes, and the Cheyennes," Hadley added.

"In 1890 there was another Messiah craze. It is a strange fact that the Indians have a firm belief in the coming of a Messiah, who will be their special deliverer, and they are always thinking that the time is close at hand, just as the Jews did at the time when the Saviour of men came upon earth," said Uncle Jack. "Did any others say anything about it, Hadley?"

"Just before the ghost dances began a man named Johnson went to

the different tribes, telling them all that he would return when the grass was eight inches high, that a wave of mud would sweep the pale-faces

CHIEF PACER'S SON, APACHE TRIBE.

from the earth, that they would own their lands again, and that all of the cattle would be changed into buffalo!

"Another chief seemed to be the great apostle this time. He

traveled among the tribes, even telling the Indians that he had received a direct message from the Messiah, who directed them to wait fourteen days, and then he would appear to them," said Ray.

"Yes, and he took good care to have it come to pass!" exclaimed Will. "He gave them a white nut which he told them to eat at just such a time. After they waited as he directed them to do a 'a great crowd suddenly appeared unto them, and the Christ was among them.'"

"Red Cloud was the wisest," declared Roy. "When they told him the story first, he said: 'If it is true it will spread all over the world; if it is not true it will melt away like the snow under a hot sun.'"

SAID HE SAW THE CHRIST.

"But Sitting Bull told them the strangest story about it! He said that he saw the Christ, and this was how he found Him. He saw a bright star when he was out hunting, and he followed it unconsciously until he came to a place where there were a great many Indians. On looking closely he saw many of his old friends who had been slain in battle, especially the great and good chief Black Kettle. They were all dancing the ghost dance," cried Ernest.

"Is that all of that story," questioned Teddy.

"Oh, no. Sitting Bull said that the Christ shook hands with him and asked him what he would like to eat. The chief told him that it had been a great while since he had eaten buffalo hump, and he would like to see if it tasted as it used to! Then the Messiah waived his hand, and lo! there was a fine herd of buffalo waiting to be killed!"

"Pho, and they believed that stuff!" ejaculated Teddy.

"Why shouldn't they?" asked Will thoughtfully. "Even white people believe crazy things sometimes when they want to. Think of what was promised to them! No more reservations; no more white men to take their lands from them; no more soldiers to disturb them; the prairies covered with rich grass instead of the white man's grain; plenty of buffalo; elk, deer and antelope in the forests. Think of it!"

"Well, what was the result of this craze, Roy?"

"General Miles was placed in command, and troops were ordered forward to the number of three thousand, the number of Sitting Bull's

LITTLE RAVEN'S SONS, ARAPAHO TRIBE.

warriors. The War Department wanted to frighten the Indians by sending as many men as they had in the field."

"The next news rather took people by surprise. It was a well

known fact that General Miles considered Sitting Bull the one who was putting the rest up to trouble, but no one knew that he intended to arrest him the first thing. But the Indian police on the Pine Ridge Agency were ordered to make the arrest," added Ernest.

"And they took him," nodded Teddy, "but he was shot, with his son and six of his braves, while four of the police were also killed. After his death the others gave up and surrendered in December."

"Indians who remained friendly to the whites at that time were in danger of their lives. Among these was one of the Sioux tribe, a prominent chief, who had always been friendly to the government. His name was American Horse, and he had a narrow escape from assassination at the hands of some of the 'wild' Indians of the Pine Ridge Agency," asserted Hadley.

TWO SINGULAR NAMES.

"A pretty good story is told of how Sitting Bull named two of his children, a pair of twins. The alarm was given that Custer was after them, and he gathered his family and started for cover. He went some distance before he found that one of the twins was missing! As he heard no firing he returned to the camp, to find that a battle had been fought and won without him, and, in his deserted cabin was the missing child," laughed Ray.

"What has that to do with the names?" asked Will.

"A great deal, for he named one of them The-one-that-was-taken and the other The one-that-was left!"

"When the Indian police were ordered to take Sitting Bull they did it, but, after he was taken, some of his friends rallied to his rescue, and there was the hottest kind of a fight in a minute. Sitting Bull, one of his sons, and several braves were killed on one side; four of the native police were also killed, and three badly wounded; Captain Wallace of the cavalry was killed, and Lieutenant Garlington was wounded on the other side. The Indians surrendered soon after that," said Roy.

"Was that the last of the Messiah craze, Ernest?"

"No, it started up again in 1900, but not very much. This move was made by Porcupine, a Northern Cheyenne. In October he was arrested, and put to hard work at Fort Keogh. He was released in March, 1901, and since then nothing further has been heard from him. Perhaps the hard work cured him."

CHIEF AMERICAN HORSE, A FRIEND TO THE WHITE MAN.

"There was a small Indian trouble elsewhere in 1890 or 1891, can you tell us about it, Ernest?"

"It wasn't a war, but it might have been. Two young Indian braves, said to be guilty of murder, challenged and actually fought quite a body of United States cavalry. It was said that they had killed a man named Boyle, within three miles of the cavalry camp, and then fled to the hills. The Indian police and the soldiers failed to catch them."

"Then they got away," nodded Teddy.

"They might have, but they soon got tired of hiding, still they were not willing to suffer the disgraceful penalty of their crime. They owned that they knew that they had forfeited their lives, that the friends of the white men had a right to demand them, but they wanted to die in

fair fight, not to be strangled like a dog. And so they offered to fight the whole crowd of soldiers!"

"They did more than offer," cried Hadley. "They sent word that if the troops were not there to meet them they would raid the agency and kill every white person that they saw. You may laugh at that threat from two men, but when they were desperate Cheyenne braves there was a chance that somebody wouldn't laugh more than once."

"And they did actually fight the troops," continued Ray. "They sent word to all of their people to come and see how bravely they would die. They were well armed and mounted, and waited in the hills for the cavalry to come out of the camp. One of them wore a splendid war bonnet, which swept low towards the ground, and both were in approved war dress and paint."

RODE STRAIGHT TO DEATH.

"And when they saw the troops coming they rode out to meet them —rode straight to death, with both eyes wide open. There was no more reckless bravery, no, not even in the times of the Spartans and Greeks."

"Yes, and they sang their weird death song as they advanced. Remember that they were Cheyenne braves, the sons of Cheyenne warriors whose deeds had been sung at their camp fires, and that the eyes of hundreds of their tribe were upon them, quick to note and scorn the faintest trace of fear," answered Ray.

"The fight was desperate, but soon over," sighed Roy, with a ready sympathy for the "under dog in the fight." "And then the worst of it was found out. One of them was a mere boy, who had had no hand in the murder, but was too 'honorable' to say so, and thus fasten the guilt where it belonged, upon his companion."

"After the fight was all finished," continued Ernest, "the Indian mothers, who, like the Spartan women of old, had watched while their sons died bravely, came forward to claim and care for their dead. Then the air was filled with lamentations for the fallen, and with triumphant songs of praise for their valor."

SITTING BULL IN HIS WAR-DRESS.

"Does it strike any of you that that fight is an emblem of the Indian question?" asked Teddy slowly and earnestly. "There were two desperate Indians on one side, and one of them was innocent; there were fifty well trained United States soldiers on the other side."

"It does suggest something which we hardly like to own, doesn't it?" Uncle Jake admitted. "In the summer of 1900 Mr. Stewart Culin made an extensive tour among the Indian reservations of the west for the purpose of collecting ethnological specimens for the museum and we will finish our lesson to-day with extracts from his account. Ernest, you may begin."

"The first stop was at Tama, Ia., within three miles of a fragment of the great Sac and Fox nation. Though so near the whites, these Indians are among the ones least effected by our civilization. They are pagans, have rejected Christianity, and the missionaries have left the reservation for a time."

"But they are shrewd at a bargain, and the women make fine beaded work and moccasins for sale to the whites. These Indians are very robust and intelligent, and appear to have suffered less from the degrading influences of contact with the whites than any others who were met with. Now Hadley can tell you about the Shoshones at the Great Wind River Agency," added Ray.

HOW THEY WERE DRESSED.

"There are two tribes there, the eastern band of the Shoshones and the Northern Arapahoes. It was ration day and they were assembled to receive their weekly allowance. The Indian men, wrapped in gay blankets, with the usual sombreros on their heads, were playing cards on blankets spread on the ground. Now and then a farm wagon, laden with Indian women and children, would rattle by, taking home the supplies of fresh beef from the agency's slaughter house."

"Can you tell us how they were dressed, Will?"

"The women wear calico dresses and high moccasins. They paint their faces red and are not very handsome. The children are very numerous, are idolized by the parents, and are seldom scolded or corrected. But they will run and hide at the sight of a white man, one and all, for he is the 'bogie man' of their simple lives."

"Where was the next visit, Roy?"

"At the Fort Hall reservation in Idaho, where the Bannocks and more of the Shoshones live. The Shoshones take quite kindly to labor, and settle down to an industrious life, but the Bannocks are of a roving disposition, and do not like civilized pursuits."

"The next stop was at the Ute reservation at White Rocks, in Utah. It is inhabited by eight Ute bands, but there is no good accoun'

of the manners and customs of these Indians yet. They still use bows and arrows to kill small game, because ammunition is so high,—that is, the traders charge them good round prices for it. They are not allowed to hunt where they please so they can no longer dress in deer skin, as they used to do," nodded Ernest.

"But they have one thing that we can't afford to have," declared

CAPTAIN WALLACE FOUND AFTER THE WOUNDED KNEE FIGHT.

Teddy. "They have old and valuable Navajo blankets,—the real article, with no cheap yarn and color about them,—such as the Navajos themselves seldom make now."

"Why not?" asked Hadley.

"Don't you know?" retorted Ray. "It is because they use boughten yarns and cheap, brilliant colors now. They can make the blankets quicker, you see."

"The next visit was to the Piutes, at the Pyramid Lake reservation,"

continued Will. "They belong to the unjustly named Digger Indians. They are an industrious people, receiving but five per cent. of their subsistence from the government, against sixty-five per cent. for some of the other tribes. Those at Fort Bidwell get no rations at all."

"You may tell us about the Hupa Indians, Roy."

"They have a very beautiful reservation along the Trinity River, which is in a high state of cultivation. They live in good wooden houses and are industrious and happy."

"The Makah Indians near Cape Flattery are fishermen who earn a good living. They are industrious and frugal, dressing like their white neighbors, and having good homes. The children all speak the English language," said Ernest.

SUPPORT THEMSELVES.

"What about the tribes at the Yakima reservation, Teddy?"

"Five or six tribes live there, and they support themselves, receiving nothing from the government. Soldiers have not been stationed there for years, and the officers' quarters are occupied by the teachers of the schools. These Indians have been selling off their old-time ponies, and are getting a better grade of horses. They are also giving up their old customs and orgies, and are becoming good citizens."

"What did Mr. Culin say of the white man's fire-water on these agencies, Hadley?"

"He did not tell about drunkenness in but one place that he visited, and that was at the Umatilla reservation in Oregon. But he also said that the condition of the Indians there, with that exception, was very good, and they were making considerable progress in civilization."

"That is what is the matter, they are getting too much civilization!" cried Teddy.

"What of the Sioux, Ray?"

"He visited some of the Sioux reservations and other places in Dakota and Montana, but he did not tell how he found them."

"I can tell you what a missionary at the Standing Rock reservation

told me," cried Will. "She said that they were trying to advance and were working hard, and at a disadvantage simply because they were

SANKE AND HATPY, CHEYENNE SQUAWS.

Indians, and no one believed that they could do anything. Give them a chance and see what they can do."

"That seems to be what they all need with a little judicious encouragement and aid," said Uncle Jack. "I think that will do for to-night. The next lesson will be on the Indians of Alaska. I hoped to get you more statistics of those tribes, but I have been disappointed. You must find out what you can about that country and its inhabitants and leave the rest until another time. I think you can make an interesting lesson if you try."

"We're sure to do that, if only to please you, Uncle Jack. And truly Indian history isn't so bad after all," owned Teddy, with a sidelong glance at Ernest.

ONE THING WANTING.

"We would have tried it long ago if we had had Uncle Jack," nodded Hadley.

"And a camp in the Maine woods," added Ray.

"And Jim and John and—and a mind to do it," Roy concluded with a laugh.

Then they 'turned in' and, after a time of watching the moonlight through the little camp windows, they fell asleep. Along in the night Teddy awoke with a start and a shiver. For an instant he could not tell why he awoke—he had been dreaming of a fight with Sitting Bull and the Indian police—but then there came a sound from afar off in the forest, a sound that made his hair stand on end, and his teeth chatter. The awful sound came nearer—he had never dreamed of the like before. He pinched himself to make sure that he was awake, then he turned on his back and tremblingly reached out his hands.

"Ernest—Will," he whispered softly, nudging the two boys nearest him in the bunk, and wishing that it was Ucle Jack.

"Eh—what ye want?" mumbled Ernest, half awake and not at all pleased at the interruption of his slumbers.

"You are always waking a fellow up," grumbled Will. "I wish you had a bunk of your own. What's up now?"

"Listen—you'll hear it. There it is now," breathed Teddy.

"They listened and they did hear it. Once was enough, and the bed-clothes were quickly drawn up.

SA-HO-SON, SON OF SA-TAN-TA, KIOWA TRIBE.

"Indians!" gasped Will, the cold shivers running up and down his back.

"Ernest didn't say anything, but he did a great deal of thinking,

as he listened and waited. Nearer and nearer came the awful sound, growing more distinct and terrible every second. The other boys awoke, but none of them dared speak. Not a soul of them thought of such a thing as going across the camp to the small bed where Uncle Jack was seemingly fast asleep, nor to the smaller bunk where Jim and John were.

A FRIGHTFUL SCREECH.

Nearer and still nearer, until the awful screech sounded close beside the door of the camp—or the boys thought that it did. Then John jumped up and threw some dry wood upon the fire, and Jim silently reached for his rifle. Not a word was spoken. The next yell was farther away, then farther and farther, until they could just hear it in the echoing forest. The boys looked in each others faces with a feeling of relief and joy.

"What was it?" asked Roy, with a tremble in his voice. "I never heard anything like that before."

"And I never want to hear it again," declared Teddy. "Was it Indians, Jim?"

"Worse—him Injun Devil," said John, putting his rifle up, "p'raps hear him agin—can't tell. P'raps never—hope never."

"Let us hope that we never may hear the like of that again," said Ray gravely.

"Perhaps you would like to sit up and tell Indian Devil stories," suggested Uncle Jack with a twinkle in his eyes. "I wouldn't be surprised if John could tell you some good ones."

"Once when we were together away up to the headwaters of the Aroostook river," John began but Teddy interrupted wildly:

"Not now, wait until daylight, the thing may come back if we go to talking about him," he cried.

"Well, turn in again, boys, he is two miles off by this time," said the guide with a short laugh. "You are the Invincible Six—you are!"

Mrs Florence Birtwick
London
England
Steamship Minneapolis
bound for U.S.A. July 22